

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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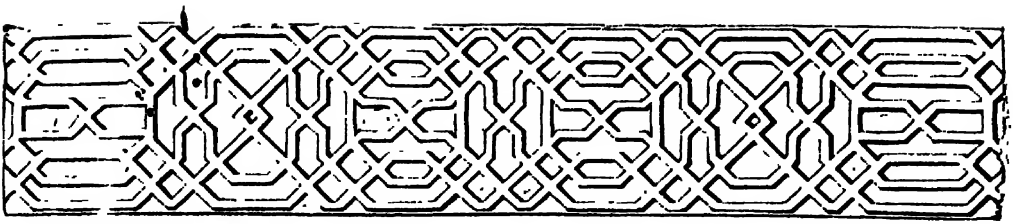
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ON DÖLLINGER'S INTERPRETATION OF CHRIST'S PRECEPT ABOUT DIVORCE.

NOT long ago, I had the advantage of hearing an Assize Sermon from the Oxford University Pulpit by one of the most eloquent preachers of the day.* In the course of it, reference was made to the present law of divorce, and the words of our Lord and the rule of the State were sharply contrasted. Christ permitted divorce only in the case of unchastity before marriage; the State allows it in the case of subsequent adultery. I was a good deal startled by this interpretation, which was quite new to me, especially as it was announced as our Lord's doctrine, without any intimation that there was any other view which could be taken. On inquiry, I learnt that the interpretation itself, and the reasons for it, were to be found in Döllinger's "First Age of the Church." I have examined this *locus classicus*, and as I do not find myself at all convinced by it, I will venture to state why it appears to me an unsatisfactory solution. How far it is Döllinger's own I do not know. He admits that he is at issue with modern Reformed divines: he implies that he is in accord with the earlier views of the Church about divorce; but this may only refer to the practical conclusion, and not to the interpretation which justifies it.

* The preacher, Mr. Liddon, has since published the sermon under the title of "Christ and Human Law" (Rivingtons, 1869), with a justificatory note on the passage in question, containing an abstract of Döllinger's argument.

Döllinger's view then is, that our Lord's real teaching about divorce is to be found in St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. Paul, all of whom declare marriage to be indissoluble, and that the exception in St. Matthew was a sort of condescension to the strong feelings entertained by the Jews about unchastity before marriage, closely connected with the Hebraic origin and general character of his Gospel.

Perhaps I had better examine first Döllinger's objections to the ordinary interpretation, as it is evident that he relies a good deal on them as paving the way for the establishment of his own.

His first assertion is that *πορνεία* is never used in the New Testament or LXX. or in profane authors for adultery. He reviews several passages, and pronounces them to be either misunderstood or only apparent exceptions. He does not deny that *πορνεία* may be used of indiscriminate unchastity on the part of a married woman, but will not allow that it can be used of adultery with a single paramour. It is not easy to see how he can get over Ecclesiasticus xxii. 22, 23, οὗτος καὶ γινῆ καταλιποῖσα τὸν ἄνδρα καὶ παρεστῶτα κληρονόμον ἐξ ἄλλοτρίων· πρῶτον μὲν γὰρ ἐν ἰέμῳ ἐψήϊστον ἠπείθισε. καὶ δεύτερον εἰς ἄνδρα ἑαυτῆς ἐπλημμέλησε, καὶ τὸ τρίτον ἐν πορνείᾳ ἐμοιχείθη. ἐξ ἄλλοτρίων ἀνδρῶς τέκνα παρέστησει, words which seem to point to intercourse with a single paramour. All that he says of this passage is that "both words are put together for emphasis," which they would hardly be if one of them were inapplicable. Certainly it would seem difficult (I do not say impossible) to limit the use of *πορνεία* in the case of a married woman to indiscriminate profligacy, when it is not so limited in the case of the unmarried. The truer view would appear to be that the word, though generally used of indiscriminate intercourse, is extended to all unchastity, and that as such it may be used of adultery, the act being viewed in relation, not to the husband, but to the paramour. Döllinger disposes of 1 Cor. v. 1, which had been adduced for the extension of *πορνεία* to adultery, by supposing the act condemned to be marriage with a father's widow, which is called *πορνεία* because there is no other word for it. Has he not in doing so overlooked 2 Cor. vii. 12? If the father is not alive, who is the ἀδικηθεὶς there?*

Döllinger, however, asks why, supposing that *πορνεία* can be extended to the act of adultery, it should have been used in a critical and crucial passage, where it might be misunderstood. There are two possible answers to this, either of them, it seems to me, perfectly reasonable. *Πορνεία* may have been used to include

* I see from Dean Alford's note on the latter passage that other interpretations have been proposed; but surely he is right in rejecting them as unnatural. At any rate, why does not Döllinger notice the apparent difficulty?

along with adultery what Döllinger thinks is its only meaning, unchastity before marriage discovered afterwards, which is the view of Michaëlis, Stier, and Alford. Or it may have been used just for the same reason as might make a modern writer, treating of the subject in a similar way, prefer the word unchastity to the word adultery. Our Lord says that the indiscriminate divorce which was common among the Jews in his time really involved the multiplication of adulteries. To say, "Whosoever shall put away his wife, except for the cause of adultery, causeth her to commit adultery," produces a sentence which has the disadvantage as well as the advantage of a terse quasi-epigrammatic form: to substitute "unchastity" for "adultery" in the first of the two instances does not really interfere with the thought, and is more in accordance with simplicity of expression. I am assuming, of course, that the original readers of St. Matthew would not be startled by finding *πορνεία* applied to adultery considered as a trespass of a married woman with a paramour, which, on the strength of the considerations advanced in the last paragraph, I think I am entitled to do.

But Döllinger objects that the ordinary interpretation introduces a contradiction between St. Matthew on the one hand, and the three other sacred writers on the other, and that of a peculiarly perplexing kind, as the important exception supposed to have been allowed by our Lord could not then have been known to the Church generally till St. Matthew's Gospel had been translated from Aramaean into Greek. I do not know how this argument from historical probability may appear to others, but to me it seems rather like a burlesque of the modern mode of realizing past times to one's self by projecting one's self into them. If we must entertain such questions about matters concerning which, I suppose, we know very little, why are we to suppose that this exception was, so to speak, an historical fact only known to St. Matthew and his readers, and not part of a body of recollections more or less common to the Church, though the other sacred writers did not happen to introduce it into their account? or, assuming that it became known only on the publication of St. Matthew's Aramaean Gospel, why may we not conjecture that so important a fact as Döllinger says this must be considered to be would be circulated by those who had read the Aramaean text even before the Greek translation appeared? But such speculations on lost history are, as I venture to think, rather of the nature of child's play. The solid fact that St. Paul, St. Mark, and St. Luke do not mention what St. Matthew does is, I conceive, to be accounted for simply by the consideration that they were concerned rather with the rule, which of course was the thing on which our Lord laid most stress, than with the exception.*

* There is no reason to think that St. Paul is contemplating the contingency of

A further objection is, that our Lord is not likely to have allowed adultery as a ground for divorce, because the Jewish law, which still existed at the time of His ministry, punished adultery with death. This assumes, what we know to be directly the reverse of the truth, that He contemplated the Jewish polity as one that would last in its existing form. But (continues Döllinger) Christians living under the Roman law could only rid themselves of an adulterous wife by prosecution under the Roman forms; and we know that St. Paul interdicted going to law before unbelievers. Is it certain that St. Paul would have allowed no exception in a case so obviously and manifestly exceptional? Assuming that our Lord did allow divorce for adultery, we may surely assume that the Apostle would permit a Christian to obtain it by the ordinary tribunals when it could not be effected by the Christian community without subjecting the parties concerned to legal penalties. Surely the answer to both objections is that our Lord was not thinking of possible collisions either with the Jewish or with the Roman law, but laying down precepts which were to form the rule of Christian practice at such time and in such manner as circumstances would hereafter allow.

These are the chief objections urged by Döllinger against the ordinary interpretation, on philological and historical grounds. He has also moral objections, which I may as well reserve till I have said something about his own view.

Philologically, of course, he has the advantage of giving a sense to *πορεία* which no one can dispute. But this seems to me his only advantage.

His position is, that the exception was intended to be only a temporary one, conceded on special grounds to the Jews. It is natural enough that he should be anxious to show that, as understood by him, it has only a temporary character. Few modern legislators would dream of enacting that, while adultery does not vitiate a marriage, ante-nuptial unchastity concealed from the husband should vitiate it. But though Döllinger escapes this difficulty, he involves himself in another of a different kind, but quite as serious. What probability is there that our Lord should have made any such temporary exception? Are temporary exceptions to be found elsewhere in the Sermon on the Mount? Are they at all in keeping with the general spirit of our Lord's practical precepts? We are required to believe that, there being two courses open to the injured husband under the Mosaic law—public exposure, leading to the execution of the wife, and private repudiation—He

adultery at all in 1 Cor. vii. 11, as the context generally seems to point to other causes for separation. It is well, also, to observe that the words *ἐὰν ἔε χωρισθῆ—καταλλαγῆτω* are not part of our Lord's precept, but a parenthetical interposition by the Apostle, though a reader of the English version might naturally think otherwise.

intended to authorize the milder. Are we to suppose that He sanctioned the Jewish marriage-law in other points in which He does not reform it, the stoning for adultery, &c. ? Yet if we consider Him to have entered into such temporary questions at all, we are obliged in consistency to meet these and similar difficulties. Döllinger quotes the Book of Proverbs to show "the fiery jealousy of the Jews, which could not be appeased by gifts." No doubt: but this is precisely the spirit against which the Sermon on the Mount wages war; and it wages war not by compromise and concession, but by unflinching opposition. It is indeed passing strange that a commentator who has entered into the grandeur of the contrast running through that 5th chapter of St. Matthew, "Ye have heard that it has been said . . . but I say unto you," should bring himself, under any circumstances, to believe that one of the great utterances of the Divine Lawgiver was qualified by an exception granted *propter duritiam cordis*, and intended apparently to disappear within a century, soon after the Aramaean original should have been turned into Greek. I doubt whether anything more unworthy of so great an occasion was ever devised even by an expositor of the earlier days of rationalism.

My own belief is, that the interpretation spoken of by Döllinger as that generally accepted by Protestant Germany is the true one, and that our Lord in this verse not only sanctions divorce on account of adultery, but declares implicitly that re-marriages, where the first marriage has been dissolved by adultery, are not adulterous. I do not believe that the words *πᾶρεκτος λόγου πορνείας* can be understood in any other way than that in which they are generally understood. Döllinger's view, though philologically sound, is refuted, as I have said, by other considerations. Other interpretations, such as that *πορνεία* means idolatry, or that *πᾶρεκτος λόγου πορνείας* means "without entering into the question of fornication," may be left to refute themselves. Believing this, I cannot understand how the exception mentioned in the former part of the verse can be supposed not to apply to the latter as well.* A clear and intelligible principle is laid down, that marriage is dissoluble for one cause, and for one cause only; and that being granted, it follows, as a matter of course, that when marriage has been dissolved for that cause, its obligations are no longer binding on the divorced parties. I believe also that the German Reformed divines are right in saying that the reason why adultery dissolves marriage is, that the original *unitas carnis* is destroyed, and a new one formed. This is no figment of Protestant

* Mr. Liddon actually makes it an objection to the ordinary interpretation of *πορνεία*, that if marriage is dissoluble by adultery, there is no reason why in Matt. xix. 9 (which is virtually the same with the earlier passage), the re-marriage of the adulteress should be called adultery, apparently not seeing that he supplies an argument to those who contend that it is not.

exegesis, but seems to flow directly from the language of St. Paul in the latter part of I Corinthians, chap. vi.

“On this theory,” says Döllinger, “either party can at any moment destroy the marriage, and if feeling it a burdensome yoke, or violently enamoured of another person, is strongly tempted to annul by one act a contract formed for life; while the innocent party, however anxious to forgive, must recognise and accept the actual dissolution of the marriage, and let the children of the guilty party be left fatherless or motherless.” Here are two objections, one affecting the guilty, the other the innocent party, and it will be more convenient to consider them separately.

No doubt the announcement that any human act can render a marriage dissoluble so far gives a motive for the commission of that act to a person who wishes to dissolve his own marriage. There is *no question that the death of either husband or wife dissolves a marriage*, and husbands have killed their wives and wives their husbands precisely for this reason. Such murderers, so far as it is a passion for another person that induces them to commit the crime, are guilty, according to the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, of adultery as well as murder; yet the second marriage, though doubtless an act of sin, is not technically an act of adultery. The case is exactly the same where it is adultery, not murder, that breaks the marriage bond. It is adultery that makes the second marriage possible; but the second marriage, however guilty, is not an adultery. It may be quite a fair question whether a legislature ought to allow an adulterer and adulteress to marry. The permission may be described, very likely with truth, as a premium on the commission of adultery. But to forbid a union because it involves a previous adultery is one thing; to forbid it because it is itself adulterous, another and an entirely different thing. I do not wish to offer any opinion on the expediency of the first; the second I believe to be both unscriptural and unreasonable.

As to the supposed injustice done to innocent parties by the ordinary interpretation of our Lord's words, Döllinger's case does not appear to be stronger. Because a marriage is potentially dissolved by adultery, it does not follow that it must be actually and legally dissolved if the injured person thinks well to condone the offence. Our Lord, as we interpret Him, says not that a man must put away his wife for adultery, but that he may. Nor is this distinction really inconsistent with the doctrine that the *unitas carnis* has been violated. Without entering at length into the matter, it is sufficient to say that the condonation may be regarded as creating a fresh union, and that reasons may be easily seen why in that case it should not be necessary to solemnize it with a fresh marriage ceremony.

JOHN CONINGTON.



CHILDREN AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

1. *Child-World*. By the Authors of "Poems Written for a Child." Strahan & Co.
2. *Lilliput Love*. Third Edition. Strahan & Co.
3. *The Will of the Wasps are in Town*. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Strahan & Co.
4. *Anderson's Later Tales*. Translated by CAROLINE PEACHEY, A. PLESSNER, and C. WARD. Bell and Daldy.
5. *Stories Told to a Child*. New Edition. Strahan & Co.
6. *Mr. Overthorpe's Remembrances*. By JULIANA HORATIO EWING. Bell and Daldy.
7. *Stories from Germany*. By FRANZ HOFFMAN and STERTZ. Translated by ANNIE HARWOOD. Hodder and Stoughton.
8. *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. Edited by MRS. GATTY. 1868. Bell and Daldy.
9. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. By LEWIS CARROLL. Macmillan & Co.
10. *The Rose and the Ring*. By M. A. TITMARCH. Smith, Elder, & Co.
11. *German Popular Stories*. Introduction by John Ruskin, M.A. J. C. Holt.

VERY rare and peculiar faculties are required in the writers of children's books—more rare, perhaps, than for any other department of literature; and this is especially true of verse. The reason perhaps is, that whilst all the sweetness of true lyrical effort is necessary to give birth to those beautiful combinations of verbal antithesis which, like winged seeds, fix themselves in the soft and most impressible portions of mind and fancy, the poet must transport himself into a world where there is no correspondent division of feeling, and where, although things are perceived in the most humorous relations, that idea of moral antithesis and conflict in which all genuine, pathetic humour has its root, really holds no place. The only humour which children can comprehend is the humour of the simple grotesque—the whimsicality of the direct burlesque—the

objects exhausting themselves in one obvious yet sudden and surprising relation. Surprise is the soul of juvenile literature. Nothing must be dwelt on so as to exhibit itself in its moral phases by, so to speak, sinking down for a moment under the flowing waters of incident and action.

Children are intense and exacting realists; keen observers, they

“ Keek through every other man
With sharpened sly inspection ;”

and, above all, they are lively though kindly satirists, who never fail to coolly fix a weak point, and represent it to themselves under the most diverting dramatic disguises—sometimes even with an appearance of cruelty in the case of natural defects. This, however, simply arises from keen perception of odd and unusual relations, and the utter incapacity of children to lay hold of any specially moral or emotional significance which may lie under the deformity. Yet, just as in “Don Quixote” or “Gulliver’s Travels,” there is a peculiar interplay of apparently conflicting attributes from which the grotesque humour and the truth alike proceed, and which, in the end, shows a grand and serene impartiality, inasmuch as the very nobility and interest of the character are found to lie close to his weakness; so with children, their apparent cruelty proceeds out of an utter incapacity to conceive of pain or defect. The very feature which tickled them to laughter or dislike to-day will raise the unfortunate object of it to the highest place of honour to-morrow. Toys or play-things are children’s real companions; the measure meted to these they would mete to men also, could they deal as freely by them; and their rule, though autocratic, is one of stern, self-rectifying justice. Watch them for a moment at their evening play, when, after a day’s exciting adventure out of doors, the mind craves a relief in more intellectual pastimes, and they are seated at table, their toy-boxes before them. Observe how the odd fragments, swept up out of the *débris* of forgotten toy-worlds, attain a new and apt significance from their unexpectedly fantastic shapes and odd relations; and how, not seldom, out of these distraught fragments they will create a whole levée of their grown-up acquaintances. And not only so, but the characteristic points will be seized with so much truth that, notwithstanding the grotesqueness of the situations, the aptness and the truth are what most strike the adult. Thus we ourselves one night had a whole shadowy bevy of friends summoned before us by dint of one queer and accidental resemblance being suddenly and happily caught. A little lad of nearly four years old had got possession of a long, rusted scissors. These he opened out a little and stuck on their points, exclaiming to his sister, who is hardly a year and a half older, “’Ook, Nanny! ’ook! ’at’s Mister

Eam!" Now, "Mister Eam" is tall enough for a grenadier, apes the fashionable man, and has tight-cut trousers of course; and as he has very long arms, and a habit of shoving them forward, hands in pockets, the likeness was sufficiently apt and striking. But when the little dramatist began to pick out, from among old bricks and other things, whatever had the least likeness to the human figure, and to set them round about Mr. Eam in an attitude of devout attention—even going the length of rudely draping them in some cases—he proved that he had pierced somewhat deeper than mere external traits to moral ones; for Mister Eam aims at being a man of society; piques himself at once on his figure and his air, and is ambitious of being a talker, fit to attract and hold little buzzing crowds of listeners, especially lady listeners. It was characteristic that our little puppet-player, on being questioned, made all his group out to be ladies, with one single exception, and that was *unif* enough; for the one male auditor allowed within Mister Eam's circle was almost *deaf*!

Now it appears to us that, in effective child's literature, we must have within the misty borders of fancy and grotesque invention—like a firm sunny island set within a sparkling dreamy sea—a genuine body of common familiar life and picture. Not that it needs to be detailed or exhaustive. Children are far quicker than grown-up people at catching a hint, pursuing it through a whole series of grotesque, clown-like evolutions, till at the end it settles solidly on its feet. Indeed, since surprise is so vital an element, anything like detail—unless, indeed, it may be selected typical details, moving in widely and sharply contrasted pairs, and grotesquely rubbing cheeks together—is essentially damaging and prosaic. And here we have, as it were, the law of that verbal play and funny counter-change of phrase and figure which is in so many cases overdone, and, separated from a genuine root in thought and fact, becomes simple exaggeration and affected cleverness, wherein there is certainly more eye to the drawing-room and the critics than to the nursery. Words to the child are nothing less than the animated bodies of living things, which, to his excited imagination and memory, jostle each other in the confused procession of being; for as yet his mental eye is uncouched, and the use of words is the means by which things are gradually sorted out. "Oh, pa, are 'oo makin' names?" said a little lad once, looking over our shoulder as we chanced to be printing out large letters. On "TO" being made, they were at once identified as a tree and a hoop; the next word beginning with "I," it was put down as the stick; and as much joy was exhibited over them as though the boy had come into possession of the real objects. And it struck us that with the child the process

of naming was in essence represented in this little circumstance, the word taking its place in the mind by virtue of some near and secret affinity with the thing. Whenever a very difficult,⁴ artificial, or novel phrase is introduced, the mind is held in suspense, the already acquired ideas, suddenly separated and disturbed for a time, like quicksilver, trembling to a new adjustment.

As an illustration of the very peculiar manner in which children will impatiently escape from the puzzle a new word brings by rolling it back upon a real acquaintance, and, so to speak, doubling his individuality, we may give this incident. A servant girl had one day frightened a little boy by telling him that if he was naughty the brownie would take him. The child asked no questions; but the first time an old friend named Brown called at the house, there was exhibited on the little lad's part a wistful shrinking glance and *reluctance to go near the old man*, which were markedly unusual. Heretofore the child had been extremely fond of Mr. Brown and very free towards him, and no explanation could be got to the mystery till his mother suddenly remembered one day about the brownie; and on questioning the child, found that the similarity of name had led to an association that brought with Mr. Brown the shadowy presence of a brownie, supposed to lurk in the old man's big pockets, it so happening that he wore a large old-fashioned great-coat, with suggestions of untraversed capacity. This similarity of sound was the only key that offered by which the child could adjust the new idea to his stock of *near* experiences; and the utter impatience children exhibit towards whatever would force an adult into a kind of meditative suspense or mental reserve, is well seen in the sudden and sometimes almost irrational whirls by which a train of thought is abruptly and grotesquely closed by the most absolute anthropomorphism. Hence the persistent, restless, realistic, and unconquerable curiosity of children—their queer wistful questions, and hunger for facts and unexpected resemblances rather than for ideas. These sudden disturbances and quicksilver-like adjustments are the real means of progress with the child; and what he seeks, alike from sensible impressions and from words, are the constant and sudden excitements as of solid substances dropping into a liquid mass, his chiefest pleasure being the exertion caused him in order to bring back again a sense of settledness and consistency. Thus the deepest joy of the child is to be moved to active invention on his own part—to try to find in the new thing or word a handle by which to relate it harmoniously to his stock of ideas already acquired, and this it can only do in virtue of carrying to his mind some really definite concrete image. Whatever fails to do this will certainly not hold his attention or invite him to return to it again.

Now, whenever you begin to *write down* to the child by way of giving him exact instruction under affectedly pleasing disguises, he sees through the trick very quickly, and *shies* you henceforth if he can; whilst, on the other hand, if you give him clever exercises in words merely, it is like tossing him about in the air, as they tossed about Mr. MacDonald's light princess, and a child, above everything, likes to run on his own feet. The very essence of high art is to accomplish whole pictures by happy suggestions, and nowhere is this more essential than in children's literature. The sudden clash of a happy surprise seems to give that buoyant vibratory movement to the as yet semi-fluid, spongy soil of the phantasy, which sends up the peculiar rising mist, seen through which the grotesque proportions and relations are peculiarly exaggerated and take on new significances.

Nor is this only true of boys, as a superficial consideration might lead one to suppose. Our observation goes to confirm the idea that the trait is still more powerfully exhibited in girls. Watch their procedure with their dolls. A new doll from the shop, dressed in finest fur and satin, pleases at first, but is soon either torn down or thrown aside; for it is not a fact that girls differ from boys by the mere circumstance that the one analyzes and the other creates or makes up. The truth rather seems to be that both are apt at receiving suggestions to invention, and delight in discovering modes of doing things, with the idea of re-shaping and re-composing. Thus, if the boy gets a waggon, he wonders how it is made, and perhaps breaks it in trying to discover; whilst the girl very soon discomposes the elegant millinery of the *proper* shop-doll, and is pleased to see the gay dress roughly pinned or tied upon an old favourite. The desire of identifying oneself more intimately with the object of affection by fingering at it, accounts for what has often been noticed in girls as a preference for what is in itself ugly and *outré*. Perhaps one of the best instances of this we have ever read is from the "Levana" of Jean Paul. He writes:—

"The author remembers a little girl of two years old who, having for a long while carried about an old doll worn almost to the bare wood, had at length given her a very beautiful and finely dressed one—a foster sister of the prettiest in Bertuch's *Journal des Modes*, which it resembled as much in beauty of eyes as it surpassed it in size. Not long afterwards the child not only resumed her former care of the wooden sloven, but took into her arms, in place of a child or doll, a shabby bootjack of her father's, which she carefully tended and rocked to sleep, as faithfully as the gay original of Bertuch's pictures. So much more readily does fancy invest an invisible Adam's rib with limbs of flesh and elegant costume than a doll, which only differs in size from a lady, and which on its side appears to the fancy at the next tea party so perfect that it cannot be improved. Just so the same little girl, sitting beside the writer, wrote for a long time with a pen dipped

only in air, or in invisible ink, on an over-white sheet of paper, till he actually began to think it was a satire on himself."

But what has most of all surprised us in regard to this matter, so far as we have been able to test it, is this, that so long as the truly childish instinct remains intact, distinguishing traits of sex exhibit themselves more as the results of conventional and external influences than anything else. Thus we have in our eye a healthy little boy, who, up to his sixth year, at least, had as much delight in rudely clothing old shattered bricks for dolls as his sister, and certainly showed as much imagination in investing "bare Adam's ribs" with flesh and life; whilst his sister, on the other hand, was quite as animated as he was in constructing trains and carts and horses. When the boy was about eight, and the girl between nine and ten, a slight tendency on his part to use pure compulsion began to show itself—the first decisive mark of sexual difference: for the girl, though tall and strong, seemed in most cases simply to succumb without effort, as if physical strife were quite outside her sphere; and, instead, she would have recourse to representation and moral suasion, for which the brother for some years showed absolutely no capacity or comprehension.

New and nicely-finished toys can never, for freshness of interest, equal old ones, and for this reason—that in their fulness of form and definiteness of colour they leave too little scope for the strange suggestions of the fancy. Children, more than mature people, crave for help through the fancy, and resent all efforts at placing the whole thing visibly before them. They dislike continuous detail and explanations; indeed, they are always ready to say, with a certain Mr. Gryphon, "The adventures first; explanations take such a dreadful time." They seek after the wonderful greedily; but they soon fall back upon their sense of the real, because their far-darting instinct and the necessity for mere bodily elasticity and enjoyment combine to tell them that the sense of the wonderful could never be satisfied by successive revelations of it. Hence you find in children, together with a peculiar openness to impressions, a remarkable materialism and scepticism. When Alice ventures to remark unhesitatingly, in reference to the Duchess's difficulty in remembering the moral of something, that "Probably it hasn't one," she exactly expressed this characteristic, and vindicates, too, our notion that the materialism and scepticism of childhood are not by any means limited to the boys. The wonderful, in fact, dissolves in mere dew, and passes off as thinnest vapours in the atmosphere of their minds, if it does not meet with such a rarefied current as at once turns it into the refracting, prism-like crystals of clearest reality. Hence, perhaps, it is, that a good authority is so unwavering in giving us these hints:—

“Do not surround your children with a little world of the turner's; do not give them coloured eggs, or eggs painted over with figures; if you leave them white they will soon, by heat of their own minds, hatch the coloured feathers. Nor is there for children any ever-during play or plaything. Therefore do not leave a plaything which has lost its charm long before the eye conscious of the change; lay it by, and after a time the deposed king will be received back to his throne with honour. Therefore give your children no plaything whose only end is to be looked at; rather let every one be of a kind to lead to work. For instance, a little complete mine, after being but a few hours before the child's eyes, is altogether gone over and exhausted; but a box of bricks or building materials, or a collection of detached houses, bridges, and trees, by their ever-varying positions, will make him at once as happy and as rich as a prince-royal who makes manifest his mental character by rebuilding his father's palace in the park. And, let it be observed, that small pictures *are always better than large ones*. What to us is almost invisible is to children only little; for *they are physically short-sighted, consequently suited to what is near*; and so easily find giants everywhere that to juveniles we should present the world on a reduced scale.”

And just as the child, so long as he is a child, delights in small objects and small marks; so his eye goes out for small, unnoticed affinities, and seizes the relations of things by what might seem to the adult their off-sides. Indeed, it is not seldom as though the tapestry of life was to him a transparency, and that through the fine picture on the right side, which he quite failed to take in as a whole, he seized the thrums and grotesque shadings of the other side, and, like a clever comparative anatomist, constructed a new world out of them for himself. With a resolute indifference to the conventional resemblances and relations which are pressed closest upon his observation, and, in too many cases, persistently pumped into his mind by dint of moral handles, he will persist in this kind of partial inversion, easily understood, when once this feature is thoroughly and finally caught. Thus the child, instead of noticing that Mr. So-and-So is looking well or in good spirits, will suddenly surprise you by asking, after the visitor has left (if it was not even done whilst he was present), some such question as this—“Ma, ma, did 'oo see Mister So'-So's 'ish-eyes?” “No, child; what do you mean?” is probably the reply. “O, 'ish-eyes did 'ook so keer at me.” “Tut, child; you mustn't say that. Mr. So-and-So would be very angry if he heard you say he had fish-eyes.” And probably the child, unable to interpret and justify his own poetic aptitudes, says no more at the moment; and, as Mister So-and-So is rather of a fishy habit of life, the expression draws forth all the more grave a look from the decorous parent, who bends a brow of stern propriety over her quick-witted child. But the mother is perhaps surprised when, walking some day with the child, he bursts out with, “O-o-oo, 'ook! such a host o' 'ish-eyes! Did 'ey get 'em from Mister So?” The fish-eyes are

round-faced pearl buttons, with a dark centre, such as Mister So-and-So had worn on his shooting-coat; and perhaps the child was not wrong in dimly seeing a deeper affinity and associating them vaguely with a permanent personal trait and possession with which Mister So-and-So is evermore to be associated. This peculiar tendency of children to invert a special trait and build up a fanciful world of semi-grotesque relations upon it is very well put in the verses we have italicized in this exquisite poem—"The Fairies' Nest," from "Child-World":—

"The children think they'll climb a tree,
For, by the sun and sky carest,
Perch'd at the very top, they see
A most delightful little nest.
'And, ah,' they cry, 'for us, for us,
The bird his tiny treasure weaves,
That we may scale the fortress thus,
And snatch it from the faithless
leaves.'

'Ever so high the boys ascend,
But still a weary world too low;
The tender branches break and bend,
And whisper warnings as they go.
Oh, girls are very light and small!
And so the eldest boy declares,
If they are any use at all,
Their use must be to climb up trees.

"Proud of the honour they confer,
A little laughing lissom thing—
The very boughs must honour her,
And aid her with their airy swing—
From branch to branch she makes her
way,
Unconscious of the danger near;
A creature innocently gay,
Who never heard the name of fear.

"No harm has ever touch'd her yet,
By tender arms her life is girt;
How can the universal pet
Believe that anything can hurt?
As if the pleasant rustling trees
Would break themselves that she
might fall!
Why everything is meant to please,
And she has perfect faith in all.

"And so from branch to branch she goes,
And of no treason is afraid;
She is a little queen she knows,
And just for her the world is made.
Five happy summers hath she known,
The darling of her home is she,
And all the boys delighted own
That she's the girl to climb a tree.

"She will not rest—she does not stop;
And now she climbs, and now she
creeps,
Till she has reached the very top,
And sily in the nest she peeps.
Oh, wonderful! no eggs she sees,
But sitting round, with air polite,
Six little Fairies, at their ease,
Playing Pope Joan with all their
might!

"Oh, if a bishop had been there,
Philosopher or statesman wise,
How these would shake their heads and
stare,
And that would rub his reverend eyes!
But children, to whom all is play,
And something new each hour must
bring,
Find *everything* so strange, that they
Are not surprised at *anything*.

"For why should Fairies in a nest
Be more a miracle to her
Than sunset colours in the west,
Or berries on the juniper?
When first she sees a robin fly,
Or lovely clouds dissolve in snow,
Or hears a lambkin's plaintive cry,
Each is a miracle, you know.

"And Fairies in a nest to find,
That she with cunning hand may
steal,
Has nothing stranger to her mind
Than finding kittens in a creel;
She only thinks how lucky she,
What praise from all the boys she'll
meet:
If senseless eggs they'd like to see,
Live Fairies will be quite a treat!

"How tenderly she takes the nest,
And chirps to it with lips that pout,
And holds it to her happy breast
Without the shadow of a doubt!

She's but one hand to clasp the bough,
 And help her little eager legs;
 She says, 'If I should drop them now,
 I wonder if they'd break like eggs.'

"Ah, child, you were so near the sky!
 A bright enchantment lingers there:
 The very leaves—we know not why—
 When near the sky are doubly fair.
 And if a daring bird can place
 Its little nest so near the sky,

It has a wonder and a grace—
 We know not why—we know not
 why.

"Ah, child, the sky is growing far,
 The earth is nearer and more near;
 The Fairies disappearing are,
 And, lo! the tiny eggs appear.
 'Tis only very near the skies,
 Where all is innocent and blest,
 That even little children's eyes
 Can see the Fairies in the nest"

Generally speaking, children are intensely individual, and do not properly realize any picture till they have localized it, or, at all events, brought some especial trait in it *en rapport* with their own familiar world. "They are physically (perhaps morally) short-sighted, and are consequently suited to what is near." The most amusing hour the writer ever spent was going over an ordinary shilling picture story-book with a friend's children, they having managed to construct out of it a pretty good grotesque album of all their friends and acquaintances. In some cases, the points seized upon were so apt, and the remarks made so innocent and so *naïf*, as to force the heartiest laughter from all parties, especially when one found one's own self at length very cleverly set forth in fantastic masquerade among the rest. Thus, at the root of all good child's literature, beneath the absurd and ridiculous clothing or accompaniment, there must be a strong core of soberest reality and effective common sense. Perhaps it is because of the peculiar analogous seizing of these individual points, and working them through alien strata of beast life—human nature in its commonest forms being turned outside in through the process, and made at its nearest, most familiar points to spring into the embrace of a lower and partially foreign form—that fable literature has taken such a hold upon children, and also upon childlike peoples. Here the clothing of the grotesque does not lie in the least apart from the real contact of the two forms of life out of which the moral emerges. It is rather the coloured spray thrown up by the sharp contact that speaks so powerfully to the phantasy. Thus the poem, "Old Mother Tabbyskins," in "Child-World," to which we shall immediately refer more particularly, allies itself to the fable class—as carrying to the child's mind certain real distinctions in life likely enough to be borne in on him during his first serious illness; a salutary fear of the doctor giving place to a conviction that, though

"All doctors are not mice,
 Some are dogs, you see!"

yet that some doctors at least behave better than Doctor Dog. In this poem it strikes us that the author has pretty clearly caught the

childlike law of association, as indicated in the matter of the "fish-eyes." But in a few instances the references to real things and occurrences in this volume are too abstract and recondite; and the picture thus wants relief and rounding to the eye.

Out of the fluent unceasing play that comes spontaneously from this element of magic and grotesque mystery, flows that peculiar verbal antithesis of which we have spoken, and which is the flowery zigzag, or fancy-maze, by which the young mind is led ever upward to fresh realities, and to new ideas of the world. And in poetry we may legitimately expect more of this buoyant antithetic verbal play than in prose. But there is one other thing which we find is also more essential to poetry than to prose, and which we may briefly speak of now, as the other is vastly dependent on it,—this, namely, that the line separating the field of adult experience from that of childhood should be more strictly observed, since in prose many artificial expedients may be adopted which are not on any ground admissible in poetry. Even with our best writers of poetry for children the line of distinction is less dimly drawn than it was by the old authors of child-lore. There can be no doubt of the genius, the brightness, and happy knack of the author of "Lilliput Levée," for instance; yet when in reading his poems one by one we ask ourselves the question—Is this written faithfully from the child's stand-point, or from the anxious, self-conscious, critical sphere outside it?—we are too often compelled to accept the latter alternative. The very idea of the book is, in our opinion, based upon a false, and self-conscious, and critical distinction. It is quite true that nothing is commoner than for the youngsters in idea to "turn the tables upon the Old Folks;" but this proceeds out of no *sentiment* of revolution such as pervades "Lilliput Levée," and is constantly put forward, but rather out of that very incapacity to conceive a divided world, or one in which external authority is a whit more real or more permanently effective than in theirs. The utmost to which the genuine childlike idea goes is a playful reduction of all life to its own level. Of course the author may defend himself by reference to *precocious* children; and in that case his justification avails for himself, but it still leaves our main objection to the plan of his book wholly intact, on the faith of a broader observation of child-nature. Some of the very journals which waxed loudest in their praise of "Lilliput Levée" dealt very severely with Mrs. Craik for the self-same fault in prose, where it was more pardonable. Those of the verses in "Lilliput Levée" which are most genuine are certainly those which stand furthest apart from the formal thread of plan, on which they are all too sharply strung. Even this author's chief merit—that of throwing into the soft and bursting soil of the young mind the seeds of new ideas and impressions by dint

of oddly-assorted phrases—tends incessantly to run into simple self-conscious exaggeration, as in these verses titled "Madcap," which we simply defy any child to make head or tail of:—

"Swift, lithe, plastical ;
High-fantastical
In feats gymnastical ;
Enthusiastical ;

She is a glorious
Romp ; victorious ;
Is uproarious
Too censorious ?

"She is a mighty,
Elfy, spritoy,
Highly-tighty
Ma'mselle F'lghty.

"The guycst wench, if
Her mood's extensive
But full of sense, if
Her mood is pensive.

"What resolution
In execution !
'O mum,' says Susan,
'She is a Rooshian !'

"But when she's graver
No girl is braver
In her behaviour,
As I'm a shaver !

"I'd give my rations
And days of patience,
To know the relations
Of her meditations,

"When, looking at you,
Or Tom, or Matthew,
She turns a statue—
Hath not, yet hath you,

"You, the disguising
Of some horizon
That she sets her eyes on—
It is surprising !

"What is that skyland,
That sea, that dry land,
That vale, or highland ?
The Muse is silent,—

"Bid Mystery pack again !
With sudden tack again,
My Romp is back again,
Madcap, clack, again !

"When I am priming
Myself for rhyming
Of Jove or Hymen,
That girl is climbing,

"Athletic, able,
The chairs, the table,
An admirable
Gymnastic Babel !

"It makes me shiver
In lungs and liver,
'To look ! However,
Threo cheers I give her."

Very much the same, of course, falls to be said of the crewhile famous "Polly." Very delicious nonsense such poems may be, of course ; but it is more for adults than for children—at least, we fancy when we were children we should have begged to be excused from much of it. In both of these, as in a good deal else in "Lilliput Levée," we have a high-strung determination on the writer's part to be gay and clever at all hazards ; to *pirouette* and balance his "airy nothings" of the mind on glancing needle-points of verbal distinction ; but as there is really no correspondent play of matter under this bright-spangled dress—no concrete picture being carried to the child's mind by the phrases—his mental eye gets simply dazzled and confused ; and while reading it to him he very likely interrupts you with a brusque question about "Jenny Wren," or dear "Beauty," or, maybe, "Mother Tabbyskins." This may indicate simple and undeveloped minds on the part of the children to whom we have applied the test, but we

write this after having applied it practically as widely as we could conveniently do so. Much better is this, one of the clever author's happiest efforts:—

"There was a boy whose name was Phinn,
And he was fond of fishing;
His father could not keep him in,
Nor all his mother's wishing.

"His life's ambition was to land
A fish of several pound weight;
The chief thing he could understand
Was hooks, or worms for ground-bait.

"The worms crept out, the worms crept in,
From every crack and pocket;
He had a worm-box made of tin,
With proper worms to stock it.

"He gave his mind to breeding worms
As much as he was able;

His sister spoke in angry terms
To see them on the table.

"You found one walking up the stairs,
You found one in a bonnet,
Or, in the bed-room, unawares,
You set your foot upon it.

"Worms, worms, worms for bait!
Rough, and dace, and eel, and pudgeon!
With rod and line to Twickenham Ait
To-morrow he is trudging!

"O worms and fishes day and night!
Such was his sole ambition;
I'm glad to think you are not quite
So very fond of fishing!"

On the whole, the author of "Lilliput Levée," though a perfect master of literary instrumental forms, does not deal so much as he might in what is *near* to children. He either brings a brooding, almost Wordsworthian, far-away meditateness to nature, which sometimes sorts but poorly with the general rattlingness of the rhythmic movement, and which is utterly alien to the child's anthropomorphic view of nature; or else he chooses subjects which are very remote from the child's sympathies; or he is too affectedly clever and mercurial, dealing in mere wordy extravaganza, where there is really no concrete body or basis beneath the dazzling play of verbal fence. After arranging the poems—true poems most of them—into groups, only a very slight residuum of thorough *juvenile* verses remains, some of which, however, are really excellent, and show that the author, with a little more self-restraint, and less of bubbling egotism, might really become the child's laureate for some generations. "The Windmill," "The Girl that Garibaldi Kissed," and "Lingering Latimer," in our opinion, touch most closely the quick of childish sympathies.

The authors of "Poems Written for a Child" have given us some truly exquisite verses, but in the last volume, "Child-World," there is the least trace of a tendency to the same error as the author of "Lilliput Levée" has fallen into. Several of the poems are written from the purely adult and self-conscious stand-point. "A Boy's Aspirations," for instance, is utterly unreal, and, in one aspect, untrue—an unconscious reproduction of the false feeling out of which the introduction of "Lilliput Levée" was written, which is strangely enough itself eclipsed and rendered forced by comparison with a little thing in the body of "Lilliput Levée" titled "Topsy-turvy World," where the idea finds much truer lyric setting. Any-

way, the boy must come out of his own sphere and view himself as another person before he can find any proper point of contact with "A Boy's Aspirations." It is, in fact, a boy's feelings dogmatically interpreted through an adult's imagination. It has been constructed for adults, with an eye to a laugh and a glance at the nursery door. It is clever analysis, not picture, and, as we have said, is a companion to that opening one in "Lilliput Levée." But several of the poems in "Child-World"—"The Fairies' Wedding," "The Robin's Advice," and "My Pony"—are exceedingly true and real, and have a genuine childlike ring in them; whilst those in which real things and persons of to-day are drawn into the atmosphere of the old nursery rhyme—as "Mother Tabbyskins," "Ogres," &c.—are quite inimitable. A. and B., by which initials these two writers are distinguished, have some qualities in common, but in their tendencies they are diverse. A. is the realist, who seeks to lift child-life up on the swell of her imagination into the light, that it may be seen the clearer in its vivid frolic and *abandon*; B. is the idealist, who seeks to surround it with something of the pearly glamour of her own beautiful phantasy, and who, whenever she deals with real life and action, tends to run on pure pathos, which children do not very readily take to, for the simple reason—as Mr. William Gilbert has shown in his sketch, "The Man who could not feel Pain"—that our sympathy and pathetic imagination are more closely dependent than some optimists would believe on our own subduing sense of liability to pain and our experience of it. The life of children is in this respect a blank; and of pathos, more especially the sentiment of pathos, they have no notion. Both these writers are true poets, however, and in their union bring such qualities as make a most unique book. The following verses are really excellent in the peculiar buoyant play of the youthful spirit over them:—

"When the holly-trees are angry,
 With their glossy leaves they prick,
 Pelt us with their scarlet berries
 Very hard and very quick.
 If we gather them at Christmas,
 Ev'ry church and house to dress,
 We must touch them, oh, so gently!
 And with pretty words caress.

"Holly-trees are proud and saucy—
 Do they know that they are fair?
 So upright and so determined,
 With their heads up in the air!
 Only in our solemn churches
 They a soft submission own,
 Shining with a brighter beauty,
 And a grace till then unknown.

"In the wood, and in the garden,
 They are grand disdainful things,
 Think all Nature is their subject,
 And that only they are kings.
 And the fairies do not like it;
 'They declare it shall not be;
 And they will not eat their dinners
 Till they tame the holly-tree.

"But the holly is undaunted,
 Holds itself extremely high,
 Lifts its leaves, and shows its berries
 To the least observant eye.
 And the fairies blush and whisper,
 'I won't look, no more shall you—
 Let us tell the robin-redbreasts—
 They'll advise us what to do.'

“There is nothing half so pretty
As when birds and fairies meet—
Fairies are such little darlings,
Birds so very gay and neat.
And I think the robin-rodbreast
Is the bonniest of all,
Such a wise contented creature,
So extremely round and small.

“Hush!—I would not say it loudly,
Lest it make too great a stir;
But I almost think a robin
To a fairy I prefer!
Each, however, is delightful—
Why compare the pretty dears?
Now a fairy—now a robin—
Friendliest and best appears.

“Hark! the fairies’ lamentation
Rises on the wintry air:
‘See the bold, conceited holly—
Is it modest? Is it fair?
Shall it show its brazen berries,
And from punishment be free?
No!—we will not eat our dinners
Till we tame the holly-tree.’

“Quite astonish’d are the robins,
Their round eyes they open wide,
Put their heads with air of wisdom
Just a little on one side,

Hop about, and shake their feathers,
Making such a pretty fuss,
Crying, ‘Oh, you foolish fairies,
All those berries are for us!’

“‘Tis for us the gracious hollies
Robe themselves in scarlet fine,
Holding up their leaves so stiffly
That the hungry birds may dine;
When the cold inhuman winter
Gives us frost instead of dew,
If the hollies hid their berries,
What would little robins do?’

“Then the fairies, looking foolish,
Hung their tiny heads in shame,
Saying, ‘Pray forgive us, hollies;
Hasty judges are to blame.
We will love your upright branches,
Nor their scarlet balls condemn,
Now we know the happy reason
That you have for showing them!’

“But the robins are indignant—
Will not let the fairies go—
Saying, ‘How extremely silly,
Judging things you do not know!’
Let us also learn this lesson
From the holly and the elves,
Lest we, too, should vex the robins,
And look very small ourselves!’”

We suppose it is because there is a general idea that it is much easier to write prose for children than poetry that we have such an unceasing shower of children’s story-books. Yet genuine story-tellers for children are just as rare as genuine verse-writers for children, and this is proved by the very few works that remain a permanent possession of the nursery. One thing, we urge again, is essential to success—that we have a core of reality readily touching at its extremest circle a world already familiar to the child, and that this be framed in such a way as to fluently yield itself to buoyant impressions, giving scope for surprises and grotesque, yet not unnatural, relations and combinations. A few names exhaust the list of genuine prose writers for children, and these few might be arranged in opposite groups as they tend to the one side or to the other. We might name them the realists and the idealists, or the circumstantial school and the fanciful-grotesque. Let us take the realists first. Miss Ingelow is certainly one of the foremost names, and well deserves her great popularity. Yet she is certainly somewhat deficient in the quality of humour, or in the perceptions of the grotesque in the relations of men. Hence, notwithstanding variety of subject, there is a sameness and want of fluent relief in her “*Stories told to a Child.*” Clever, graceful, full

of meaning as these stories are, they are yet unrelieved. They are too serious, too much weighted with the plummets of prudence, not hung at their skirts, where, of course, they would be at once detected, but rather made, so to speak, one-coloured, leaden ornaments for the dress itself. These stories do lack a little the capricious overplay of nimble phantasy. They are too much set on a neutral grey of shrewd, worldly insight, and seek to speak too systematically and completely to the young *mind*. With such a delicate sense of reality, such a nicety of touch as Miss Ingelow has, she only needs a little more sympathy with the buoyant fun and spontaneous sense of the ridiculous and disparate, at once in a moral and a material point of view, to make her perhaps the most successful of modern nursery-story writers.

Mrs. Gatty, in our opinion, fails of securing a triumphant position from something of the same cause—a too distinctively practical English turn of mind—although it must be admitted that this exhibits itself in a wholly different way from what it does in Miss Ingelow. Mrs. Gatty has not a little genuine sympathy with child-nature, and, moreover, she has ready wit and lively invention; but she has never yet so mastered form as to make it freely adapt itself to different orders of subject. Her fine conceptions and truthful phantasies waste themselves too much in the sputtering Catherine-wheels of forced allegory and moral riddle. She tends, moreover, to play too much on a single string; and if one thing is needful for children, it is healthy variety. But certainly we owe much to Mrs. Gatty for opening one new vein in children's literature; and if she has overwrought it somewhat, she has in this only shown herself to be human. "Aunt Judy" is always herself, and has a beaming, but grave smile, all her own.

Mrs. Gatty's name naturally suggests that of Messrs. Bell and Daldy, who have been active in this department of literature, and who have apparently been aiming at developing a genuine English domestic nursery fiction. In this they have in some degree succeeded, although there are many difficulties in the way. It is hard to get the necessary perspective when the characters and modes of life dealt with are so conventionally near to us as to refuse to blend with the romantic atmosphere with which it is felt needful to invest them. Yet "Mrs. Overthway's Experiences" has the merit of presenting in a pleasant and graceful way what must always have deep interest for children, just because it intimately involves itself with what is near to them. The great fault in this class of books is, that they of necessity come to be marked by a hard and somewhat stilted provincial note, without the relief of free and airy imagination.

Now come we to the idealists. As that which is most clearly

apprehended in imagination is in essence the most truly real, so, in spite of apparent verbal inconsistency, we claim for our nursery idealists the readiest approach to the hearts of children, who, as we have seen, are the most exacting realists. Here, as elsewhere, "extremes meet." That which comes spontaneously from the spirit of man is a better uniting medium than anything that can be gained by direct observation of outward things. Hans Christian Andersen is our greatest here. He possesses in perfection the elements which the realists lack. What a playful grace of form he has, and what a quiet, but bright, buoyant fun suppressed, if not patent! He has that dainty suggestiveness, that final happy touch which at once conceals and discloses, and discloses more by skilled concealment than is possible otherwise. And amidst it all, how real and true stand out the men and women, the youths and maidens, the boys and girls, the animals, and even the inanimate things, which he brings before us! Andersen has himself the innocent mind, the childlike nature, and can throw the softest halo, as of the old-world stories, over what is most typical and representative of the world of to-day. That little story of the "Rags," or that one of the "Windmill," is surely inimitable in its way, as bringing into the very midst of our modern life the strange witchery and grotesque moonlight wonder of the old era of child-lore; while "Brownie and the Dame" seems to us simply perfect in the garrulous simplicity and ideal grace and grotesque witchery which combine in it, making it like a little world set in oddly-shaped clouds.

Yet there are traces of an old tendency in Andersen. He is sometime inclined to *act*, to throw himself into a sentimental attitude and speak out of it; hence not seldom a slightly forced pathos, which even to the adult occasionally seems to verge upon melodrama—a soft suffusive languor of absorbing sorrow utterly alien to the child's prevailing moods—a tendency, by the way, so powerful in our own Dickens, as to preclude the hope that he will ever write good child's stories, or could, though he were to earnestly try. But Andersen's instinct for child-nature is too true to allow him to fall often into this error; and he is, on the whole, perhaps, the greatest living master in this arduous walk of literature.

Next to Hans Andersen for the happy mixture of the real and the wonderful come the best of the German stories. But, of course, we do not mean to speak critically of the old German stories, of which Mr. Hotten has re-issued a handsome volume with Mr. Cruikshank's quaintly characteristic drawings and Mr. Ruskin's fine, though perhaps too brusquely dogmatic, monogram. This were wholly beside the mark. These stories justify their own place as the great originals of which more modern children's books are but

copies. These are earlier echoes of the great child-voices from the primitive world, so rich and sweet that their sound has literally gone forth into all lands, and of which even modern fables in their best form are but reflections, taking on peculiar local tints, if one may speak so, with all the strange adaptiveness of that which is living, powerful, lusty. Here we have infinite clearness with infinite variety—a background of misty mountain and forest and stream with all enchantments proper to them, and a real world with its mad humours, its fancies, follies, odd ways, and shrewd self-asserting sense, moving close before us, losing itself in the other world for a moment, and emerging again with new interest. And what a depth of meaning and purpose we have in “The Elves and the Shoemaker;” what comicality mildly blended with gravity in “The Nose;” what pathos and final melting joy in “Snowdrop;” and what shrewd sense and fine morality in “Hans in Luck!” Turn we, however, to later products. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have done good service in selecting Franz Hoffman and Nieritz, and finding so happy and judicious a translator as Miss Annie Harwood. Of Hoffman it is scarce necessary to speak. He has inimitable play of fancy together with a most felicitous manner, half-serious, half-playful, but always clear, chaste, and with subdued, almost unexpected, touches of colour, like holly berries in early winter; and, with all his delicacy, he has, too, the healthy bracing atmosphere associated with these. As to Nieritz, he is characterized by a peculiar low-voiced tenderness. An atmosphere as of a mother’s voice lies round his pictures, which yet are sharply real and living, though not without the oddities that children like. We have the best certificate to give good Tanzer, the potter, and little Magda, whose acquaintance some youngsters whom we know made some time ago and have never forgotten. This is perhaps the best recommendation that could be given to Poor Gunderman, with his trials, and his care for his birds and frogs, and his queer ways with them. But Nieritz is a little too self-contained, equable, and slow. He never steps freely out of his upper clothing, and rollicks as if in summer heat. His movement is too measured; he picks his steps with too much circumspection. He carries the child’s sympathies and interests up to a certain point, but his characters will be to them more like staid and revered friends than loved and trusted companions.

Our own George MacDonald may not unjustly take a step forward here, past all others, to Andersen’s side. He, more than any other in our country, has raised child-literature to the level of high art. He has a pure, graceful phantasy. There is in his books a soft, gradual dawning of beauty and delight, like the clear light of a northern morning, as bracing as it is clear; and he lifts and lightens and inspires. He slips away almost imperceptibly from the shores of

real life as smoothly and glidingly as a shallop of romance; and once fairly afloat, he even spurns the sea, and carries us through a perfect ærial circle of imaginative picture and symbol, usually so determinedly complete, that on its upper side we look down on the earth and its denizens like dim specks far below. Here, too, Mr. MacDonald's light, shifting grasp of reality has had its own effect; and very often, though the symbol carries closed in it a vast world of spiritual fact and purpose and suggestion, which enchains the adult the more he dwells on it and the larger his experience, yet for children we often feel that a more frequent return on the common earth would have been essentially helpful. In a word, the sphere of symbol is held too much apart from the real facts of life and character, and hence a certain vague and oppressive sense of more always being meant than meets the ear, of which, as we have seen, children are somewhat impatient. To them the world of poetic symbol, unless often interpreted by sudden and enlightening contact with direct and common fact, is too apt to be like a beautiful, elegantly-dressed lay figure. But "The Golden Key," and "The Giant's Heart," and "The Light Princess" are exquisite of their kind, and read by generations of children, will be treasured more and more by them when as adults they can steadily look along the radiant vistas of lofty meaning, which before were only too hurriedly passed by.

Mr. Lewis Carroll, though he certainly does not possess anything like Mr. MacDonald's commanding phantasy, has yet a peculiar power in slipping away unseen from the every-day world into a world of strange wonders. But his *spécialité* is that he carries the breath of the real world with him wherever he goes, so that a whiff of it ever and anon passes over what is strangest. Under his disguises of kings and queens, rabbits and eagles, fish-footmen, and the rest, the child must constantly feel himself thrown back, as with a sudden rebound, upon the characters and the scenes of every day. The real and the grotesque, suddenly paired, rub cheeks together, and scuttle off to perform the same serio-farcical play in various ways and with other company. Mr. Carroll's world is not a distant and misty one. What puzzles Alice, and what will delight every youngster with her Fairyland, is the quaint way in which the most familiar things jostle and rub shoulders with the oddest, queerest, and most fantastic. Even in the bits of jaunty rhyme thrown so skilfully into the story there is the near echo of familiar favourites. Throughout we have the best of all proofs that Mr. Carroll has clearly caught the law on which the necessity rests for this association; and we have most effective surprises, and no lingering over separate points, nor over much explanation or detail. And together with the queerest, most surprising associations of figures and

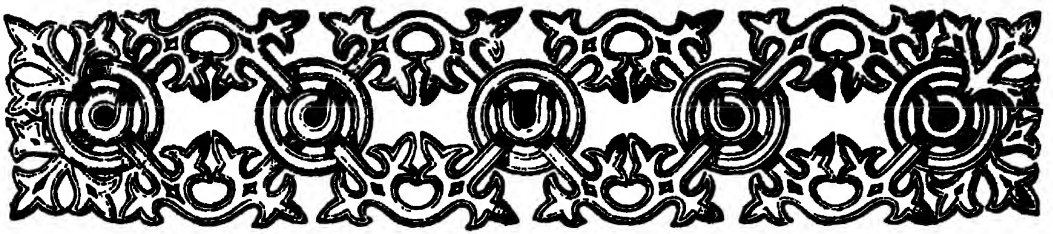
characters, we have also the oddest play of phrases in the Duchess's *penchant* for morals, which is made to yield the most grotesque lights, in which old sayings are set and illuminated, like well-known but insignificant faces suddenly stricken with the grotesque lights from the coloured bottles in a chemist's window. Mr. Carroll is just a little forced and artificial now and then, and verges too closely upon direct and earnest social caricature, as, for instance, in the matter of the jurors, where the practical drift of his picture pertains to a sphere of which children have no knowledge, and with which they consequently can have no sympathy. This is a matter which he should be on his guard against, as it has at several points marred this beautiful child's book. In "The Rose and the Ring" Mr. Thackeray carried this sort of hard, stringent, sustained criticism of conventional social regulations too far, and the book has permanent value from precisely the same elements as his other works, rather than as a genuine child's book.

Mr. Coventry Patmore, in "The Children's Garland," ventured, a year or two ago, on a somewhat bold experiment, which had an intimate bearing on the question of the *rationale* of children's literature, whether verse or prose. He gave us, under the above title, selections from English poetry best *suitet* for children, though not specially written for them, under the expressed conviction that to specially write poetry for children was a work of supererogation, and necessarily a practical failure. There can be no doubt whatever that in those instances where simple and spontaneous lyrical feeling plays freely round an incident or great historical action, we shall have a result pleasing alike to adults and to children. Certainly the best poems in this volume for their purpose are those which pertain to the ballad order, such as "The Inchcape Rock," "Casabianca," "The Loss of the Royal George," "After Blenheim," and "The Spanish Armada," though even these seem more fitted for youth than childhood proper, and become liable to an objection we have often heard from parents, that they would prefer their children to get their history in another form. But glancing over Mr. Patmore's collection, we cannot help feeling that though one side of child-nature is surpassing well appealed to in it, others are practically ignored and left without due nurture. His collection admirably meets the desideratum we have noted in children's literature generally, as regards presenting a body of concrete, familiar fact and picture, and never self-consciously confusing the two spheres of experience, because any special distinction between them is not recognised here. But at the same time it contains little to correspond with the sudden fun, the abounding mirth and pawky glee, which find such admirable food and excitement in much of those old German

stories of the Brothers Grimm, for instance, and which, as indicating genuine elements in child-nature, surely exhibit what ought, in some form, to find due representation in an eclectic book of child's poems. Mr. Patmore's book is too grave, sombre, and self-contained, and lacks fluent relief. A great many of these poems are scarcely suited for children; and this for two reasons: first, they are too tensely lyrical; secondly, they are too void of fun.

The direct tendency of lyric poetry, as it rises in intensity, is to bring more and more into prominence the regretful sense of a divided life—a brighter past, whose reversed shadow is a troubled present—and to permeate external nature with this conception. Thus, in the case of Mr. Tennyson's "Dora," or, more aptly still, in that of "The Brook," which is here reprinted, the child can only comprehend the poem on one side, *i. e.*, as picture; if he can sympathize with the sentiment, which is the soul of it, he is then confessedly no longer a child. The nearest approach to childlike humour here is in Goldsmith's "Elegy on a Mad Dog," and Cowper's "John Gilpin," both very mild as child humour. It is indeed a remarkable fact, that those poets who have shown most capacity for painting incidents of common life with that simple middle-tint of lyrical colour which would recommend them to old and young alike, have been notably wanting in humour and the faculty of grasping whatever of simple grotesque exists in the relations of men. This is true of Cowper, in spite of "John Gilpin;" of William Blake, of Campbell, of Wordsworth, of Milton, of Tennyson, of Mr. Patmore himself, and of several others here quoted from. It is true even of Scott and Mr. George MacDonald, who both possess a vein of sustained but somewhat un-concentrated humour; which, however, does not play freely into their poetry as into their prose. The simpler poetry of these writers may please children, but will not satisfy them as would some of the happiest efforts in "Lilliput Levée" or "Child-World." We do not pretend to account fully for this peculiar circumstance; we only indicate it, as a sort of direct excuse and justification for the existence of these *Children's Poems* on which we have spent some time and space; and which, if Mr. Patmore's canon were a true one, could show no *raison d'être*. In our opinion, however, this has never been questioned broadly or practically.

But here we must make our bow and retire; only adding, that if, as old folks are constantly asserting, the children of these days are different from what the children were when they were young, such libraries of good and cheap nursery literature make it a sad reproach to parents and teachers both, if the children of to-day differ from those of former generations in anything save additional intelligence, good manners, good temper, and courtesy.



CHRIST'S CHURCH AND CHURCHES.

IT has been generally felt and acknowledged that the promulgation of Mr. Gladstone's scheme for the settlement of the Church of Ireland marked the end of one state of things and the commencement of another in relation to the whole ecclesiastical question. We no longer guess and surmise; we know. When the dusk of early morning is past and full daylight breaks, the shadows flee away. The prospect revealed may be one of danger, of difficulty; but it is no longer one of doubt. On the misty curtains which so long veiled the horizon, imagination was free to paint her pictures, using what tints she chose of murky gloom and lurid glare; but when the reality is discerned, such pictures cease to influence the mind. The Irish Church is not to be sent to swift destruction upon "the rocks" so frequently mentioned. Organized at all points, in doctrine, in worship, in administration; manned by her own crew, commanded by her own officers, steering by the old lights fixed in the eternal heavens; the ship floats over the harbour bar, the State pilot takes leave, and she glides proudly out into the open sea.

The limits of practically possible change in Church matters are now, therefore, defined. Severance of the particular tie which at this moment connects any Church in the United Kingdom with the State cannot mean anarchy in the Church, or a vexatious and irregular intermeddling by the State. Whatever the Church, speaking through

her representatives, may choose to retain of her previous constitution she will retain—whatever she may choose to dispense with she will discard. On no pretext will the civil authorities, from that day forward, presume to dictate to her in the conduct of her affairs. And she will be enabled to make provision for the material welfare of her clergy on a method which may be pronounced supremely advantageous, a method in which the fanatical advocate of voluntaryism must see much to approve, a method which the most prejudiced upholder of endowments will in some points favour.

Is it, however, a flight of fancy to predict that, in its fundamental principles and general outline, the Irish scheme of Mr. Gladstone will ultimately be adopted in England, Scotland, and Wales? To the change contemplated the name of revolution could not without qualification be applied. Not the faintest trace of violence can be detected in its nature or operation. But if the term may be used to indicate all great and important changes—if the silent invasion of summer is revolutionary—if the gradual enriching and beautifying of a wide mountain valley is as truly a revolution as its submersion beneath a flood of lava—if, in one word, revolution may mean transcendent energy of beneficence, then will this indeed be a revolution. Shall we venture to welcome it with resolute gladness and deliberate hope?

Let us not, at all events, go too fast. We find ourselves abruptly pulled up in the outset by the question whether we are not dreaming. There are writers in influential journals who affirm with peremptory decision that the notion of a free Church in England is absurd; that no such thing exists, or can exist; that every religious communion—Roman Catholic, Protestant Nonconformist, Jewish, Mahomedan—is just as much subject to law as the Established Church. Did not a jury award damages, the other day, to a nun complaining of the treatment she had received from her Reverend Mother? Do not Baptists, Congregationalists, Wesleyans, when they disagree with their ministers as to salary, ask the ordinary tribunals to decide between them? Spiritual independence, as pertaining to any ecclesiastical denomination in these realms, is accordingly pronounced a thing of the imagination.

These ingenious persons cause not a little perplexity to simple minds, but their ingenuity is used to obscure what is very plain. The truth of the matter is comprised in the simple proposition, that benefit of clergy, as understood in the period preceding the Reformation, has ceased to exist in Great Britain, but that full scope is permitted to corporate self-government. The ecclesiastical character, by whatever Church assumed, affords no shelter to a man or a corporation charged with committing a civil offence. Breach of contract

is obviously a civil delinquency, and as such it will be taken cognizance of in civil courts. On the other hand, all Churches, communions, religious corporations, enjoy in England, under the Act of Toleration, permission to transact their own business, to exercise their own discipline, to frame their own constitution; and if a man, either by express avowal or tacit assent, partakes in the advantages of the constitution, he is liable also to the enforcement of the discipline. A subject of Her Majesty may thus relinquish certain rights which would otherwise be protected by law. To buy and sell, for example, is a right of every British citizen; to interfere with the tradesman in his vocation, and turn his customers from his door, is manifestly to inflict an injury upon him which the civil law ought to punish: but, the other day, when a Jewish butcher complained to a magistrate that the Rabbi was destroying his trade by informing the Jewish community that the meat sold in his shop was not such as Jews could innocently eat, the proceeding of the Rabbi was pronounced to be privileged. Had the butcher, indeed, pleaded that the Rabbi was actuated by mere private malice and spite, and offered to prove that the privilege of a tolerated communion was made the disguise under which a private wrong was done, his plea would have been declared valid, and, if he had sustained it, he would have received damages from the court. The convent case which lately occasioned so much interest was fixed upon by a clever journalist for the purpose of pointing out that the Roman Catholic Church in England is as much under government by the Crown as the Established Church. The case, viewed with simple candour, exhibits, in vivid characters, the absurdity of the journalist's own position. The Lord Chief Justice, before whom the trial took place, and the Solicitor-General, who was counsel for the plaintiff, treated it as a first principle that, if Miss Saurin underwent no discipline save that to which, as a nun, she had knowingly subjected herself, her complaint would be dismissed; and that, if Mrs. Starr had acted merely as Superior of a convent, administering the discipline which to her seemed *bonâ fide* the discipline of a convent, her proceedings would have been privileged. The jury, rightly or wrongly, decided that Mrs. Starr had acted from motives exterior to those proper to her in capacity of Reverend Mother, and had injured Miss Saurin in a way which the terms of the relation subsisting between them, whether express or understood, were inadequate to cover. Protestants and Roman Catholics may differ in opinion as to whether the jury were right or wrong in their estimate of the evidence; but no intelligent Roman Catholic would deny that, if Mrs. Starr, out of personal pique and malice, conspired to inflict injury on Miss Saurin, she made herself justly liable to civil prosecution; and every Protestant, under-

standing the law of toleration under which we live, would admit that, if Mrs. Starr acted *bonâ fide* as the Lady Superior of a convent, she had a valid defence in her appeal to privilege.

No religious denomination in Great Britain or America, with the possible exception of the Mormons, has claimed greater freedom than is illustrated in these instances. The Free Church of Scotland may appear to some to have done so in the famous Cardross case. But an acquaintance with the precise facts of that dispute will prove this to be a mistake. The Free Church pleaded privilege in dealing with her ministers as such; but she was perfectly willing to prove to the satisfaction of a jury that she had been actuated by no private malice against the plaintiff, that she had proceeded in the way of *bonâ fide* Church discipline, and that she had paid him as much money as he had a right to demand. She claimed the privilege conceded to Jewish Rabbis and Roman Catholic bishops,—no more.

Unless, therefore, we wish to perplex what is simple, or to confound what is distinct, we shall admit that there is such a thing as spiritual freedom and self-government in England, and that Free Churches are, in a real and important sense, exempt from that jurisdiction in virtue of which Her Majesty is supreme over all causes in the Established Church. The Free Churches make and administer their own laws; the laws of the Established Church are made and administered for her.

But we must look more closely into the distinction between spiritual and civil authority; between the law and the discipline appropriate to the Church, and the law and the discipline belonging to the State.

If we candidly desire to ascertain the nature of the society founded by Christ, we cannot do better than read from beginning to end, in the same practical spirit and with the same frank intent to acquire information as we would bring to the reading of an important chapter in Hallam or Blackstone, the Gospel of St. Matthew. We perceive that the activity of the Saviour consisted almost exclusively in teaching the people or in performing miracles, and that He never addressed himself formally to the work of organizing a society. He spoke to His disciples as to friends and brethren, and He decisively checked every outbreak among them of a spirit of lordship. Making Himself equal with His followers, distinctly declaring that those who believed in Him were His brothers and sisters, He impressed upon them, by the Divine emphasis of His example, the closeness, intimacy, tenderness, the equality and fraternity, of their relation to each other. It is, nevertheless, undeniable that He spoke of an authority among them—an authority to which, in certain cases, they were to have recourse—an authority so august and awful that its decrees, uttered on earth, would be ratified by Himself in heaven. But this

reference to heaven is not supported by a vestige of terrestrial force. The discipline, sublime and terrible as are its sanctions, is essentially a discipline arising out of communion—a discipline fitted to a company of friends and brothers—a discipline which has for its object the welfare of the society, the purity of its principles, the quickening of its vitality, the preservation of its spirit. What are the punishments appropriate to such a discipline? For minor offences, censure; for capital offences, exclusion. The penal force both of censure and of exclusion depends ultimately upon the ratification of the judgment of the Church by Christ. In the whole matter there is no introduction of a power or authority beyond the limits of the society, the limits of the Church. "Tell it unto the Church;" if the offender will not listen to the Church, "let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." That is all. In the case supposed, it is evident that the member cast out has committed as grave an offence as it was possible for him, in his capacity as member of the Christian society, to commit. It may have been any extreme of heresy or blasphemy; no matter; the Christian society has no weapon to put in force against him besides expulsion; and if we affirm that, having been expelled by the Christian society, he could, with Christ's sanction, be haled for his offence as member of the Church before the civil tribunal, and treated as a criminal against civil society, we not only add, insultingly and arrogantly, to Christ's words, but we vitiate their meaning, we mistake their spirit, we fail to perceive their vital and beautiful appropriateness to the constitution of the Christian Church.

The slightest effort of reflection will show that, simple as is Christ's adjustment of this matter, it is in Divine harmony with all that reason in her highest mood declares respecting the religious principle in man. Not without significance are the majestic words, God, Freedom, Immortality, linked together in common discourse. It is in his relation to God,—it is in realizing his immortality,—that man rises to freedom. Not the freedom of lawlessness, but the freedom of celestial law as distinguished from terrestrial—the freedom of the law which relates to the spirit, as distinguished from the law which relates to the body. By the mere fact of his being a member of the Church, man is presumed to have risen out of that moral state in which he requires to be restrained by the whips and thongs of civil law; Christ has made him free; and it is only when he proves himself unfit for the Christian society—when the restraints of heavenly law are too mild for him—that he falls back into bondage. He who can rise into the blue of heaven will, by the very fact, be prevented from trespassing on the fields of earth.

These considerations respecting the nature of the Christian Church will not be thought to be devoid of practical importance if we bear

in mind what they involve. They are absolutely incompatible alike with the theory that the Church has dominion over the civil authority, and with the theory that the civil authority has dominion over the Church. The first theory is refuted by the circumstance that the Church is furnished with no weapons of a material kind by which to enforce her authority upon the civil power; the second is refuted by the fact that the discipline assigned by Christ to the Church is one which principalities and powers have no means of enforcing upon her. That discipline, as we saw, is essentially dependent upon the opinions, the feelings, the pervading sympathies of the society. When the company of believers turns from one of their number, he is thereby subjected to the last possible extremity of discipline. Even though he is not corporeally excluded, their withdrawal from him in spirit, their withholding from him of sympathy and recognition, inflicts all that is essential in the punishment. Even, on the other hand, if the civil sword were to force him into their company, it could not force him into their hearts, it could not compel them to own him as a Christian brother.

It is a tragic thought that, if the plain directions of Christ on this point had been followed, not one drop of blood would ever have been shed, either by civil magistrate or priestly inquisitor, in order to preserve the purity of the Church. Christ's hand, and Christ's alone, was to hold the sword over heretics. The gleam of that sword upon earth was to be the loving remonstrance or earnest rebuke, or, in the last resort, the kindling indignation and melancholy farewell, of Christians who turned from a brother because he had first turned from Christ. What rivers of blood might never have been shed, what centuries of contention, rancour, bitterness worse than death, might have been changed into times of peaceful progress and abounding charity, if Christian kings and Christian priests had only consented to be in this matter as wise as Christ, and no wiser! Habituated as mankind are to more or less of disguise and complication in all things, perfect simplicity is more difficult for them to apprehend than the most involved trains of reasoning.

If the Christian society is really to benefit the human race, it will do so by being true to its own character. If it cannot preserve, or perpetually, unmistakably aim at, a heavenly ideal, it will be thrust aside amid the ruder institutions of material civilization. If it has become a mere figure of speech to say that the Church draws her weapons of offence and defence from a celestial armoury, it is of little consequence with what earthly weapons she tries to protect herself. But this conclusion is, to say the least, premature. Christianity having been in the world for nearly two thousand years, it may

seem a strange assertion that the principles laid down by Christ for the constitution of the Christian Church have never been comprehensively applied in Christendom; yet such is strictly the fact. Ever since the apostolic age the Church has been grasping, directly or indirectly, at the weapon of the State, at the instrument of physical force; and the State, finding the usurpation of temporal authority by the Church the most grievous of all usurpations, has impatiently snatched authority of every kind from the Christian society, annihilated its distinctive discipline, and made its affairs a part of the general civil government. In this last case heresy and clerical immorality become criminal offences. We all know where they are so at this hour. It is no irrational idea that, if Christendom, falling back upon the simplicity of Christ, realizing for the Christian Church that constitution appointed it by its Master, should consign to oblivion the two mighty errors of priestly domination over the State, on the one hand, and Erastian absorption of the Church into the State on the other, the spiritual energy of the society founded by Christ would prove to be unexhausted, and the power of a Divine enthusiasm to elevate, to refine, in the highest sense to civilize, mankind, would be displayed as it has never yet been in human history. Let us inquire briefly into the conditions under which this might become something more than a devout imagination.

Turning to the records of the Apostolic Church, we find precisely such a state of things as we should have expected to arise from attention to Christ's statements touching the nature of the Christian brotherhood. The Apostles and their Christian contemporaries have manifestly not understood Christ to intend the crection of a single ecclesiastical institution, comprehending believers in all countries, obliterating the lines of nationality, and enforcing one code, one discipline, one form of worship throughout the Christian world. They use the word "Church," as applied to Christians in this world, in two senses: the one, indicative of a pervading unity; the other, of local peculiarity and independence. The word is used in the first of these senses by St. Paul, when he declares that he persecuted "the Church of Christ." He could not have meant anything but the general company of believers. The word is used in the second sense by the same Apostle, when he writes to the "Churches of Galatia." The province of Galatia being of inconsiderable size, the number of Christians in it when Paul wrote being unquestionably limited, these Churches can mean nothing else but separate congregations.

The unity of the Apostolic Church as a whole involves a harmony of faith in matters fundamental. We hear of a decree specifying certain "necessary things" bearing upon Hebrew and Christian usage; and it is inconceivable that, if unity was aimed at in the

rejection or acceptance of Mosaic ordinances, such questions as that of the incarnation and that of the resurrection should have been left open. There is a system of discipline in active operation in the particular Churches to which Paul writes. The Apostle peremptorily enjoins its enforcement. It is precisely that which we found Christ defining,—a discipline wholly spiritual,—a discipline whose object is to maintain the purity of Christian fellowship, and whose penalty is deprivation of Christian privileges. Some have contended that this discipline bore exclusively on action—not at all on belief; but if we read without prepossession, and in candid relinquishment of desire to make Apostolic Christianity suit a theory of our own, what is written on the subject in Paul's epistles, we shall admit that it had reference to both. St. Paul chides the Corinthians severely for continuing in fellowship with one guilty of immoral conduct, and distinctly states that he had subjected to the utmost penalty of Christian law two persons who had blasphemed. We must not shrink from his words in reference to those persons. He says that he delivered them unto the powers of darkness. Christ had promised that what was justly done by the Church on earth would be ratified by Him in heaven, and St. Paul assumes his earthly sentence to be thus ratified. But he makes no allusion to a material force by which the sentences of Christian discipline are to be executed. Stern as Paul's sentence may appear, it does not imply that a hair of the head of the blasphemers would be touched. If their spiritual punishment was of none effect, they were not punished at all. Apart from all question of his being inspired, St. Paul was a man of large culture, and of comprehensive and systematizing intellect; elsewhere he expressly recognises the office of the civil magistrate, and does not shrink from putting the sword into his hand. If, therefore, the highest possible offence against the law of the Christian society—to wit, blaspheming—was to be treated as an offence against general society, and, as such, to be punished by the civil magistrate, he would certainly have stated the fact. We must close the New Testament before we can find, either expressly or by implication, a vestige of warrant for making any ecclesiastical delinquency a criminal offence. Christian discipline was severe. Jesus Christ, as the author of "*Ecce Homo*" justly observes, "considered heaven and hell to be in His hand;" and St. Paul clearly assumes that the Christian Church, in virtue of the powers committed to her by Christ, can admit to heaven or consign to hell. Discipline without penalty is a dream; but the penalty of Christian discipline is something essentially different from the penalties of civil law.

There was an Apostolic Church, and there were Apostolic Churches. How were they related to each other? What was the principle of Church unity, what of Church individuality? Let us suppose that, about the time when St. Paul was writing his latest

epistles, three Christians—one of Rome, one of Corinth, one of Ephesus—had met. Would they not have felt themselves knit in sympathy, first of all, as members of one Christian Church—a Church distinguished from surrounding Paganism and from the Jewish community—a Church with many members, united under one Head? But can we, in the second place, believe that any one of them would have attempted, save in the way of friendly suggestion, to press upon the others those rites, usages, and peculiarities which pertained to his own local Church? The unity of which they would have been conscious was a unity of sentiment, a unity of affection, a unity of spirit, a unity of fellowship, a unity of faith in Christ; but, in the enjoyment of that liberty wherewith Christ made them free, they would have defended against the encroachments of a rigid uniformity, against the plausible pretexts of a mechanical order, the picturesque diversities of Christian life and public worship in their local Churches. They would thus have been able to realize in lucid consciousness the liberty which Christ bestowed on His Church, and the unity for which, on her behalf, Christ prayed. The question we have to answer is, whether and how this consciousness may be realized by us at the present day.

The organization of the Christian Church, as we trace it in the ages succeeding that of the Apostles, became gradually more formal and complete. Without entangling ourselves in discussion as to the limits within which the principle of development can legitimately operate in the Christian Church, we shall say that its total exclusion seems inconsistent with the deepest Christian law, the law of liberty. It is at all events an historical fact that the monarchical form of Church government developed itself in Christendom, and that the Church of Rome spread her imperial mantle over the West. Whatever sins may be upon the head of the mediæval Church, she at least preserved in Europe the idea and the fact of Christian unity. The ecclesiastical monarch of the Seven Hills, the father-king of Christendom, exercised a real sovereignty, a sovereignty acknowledged throughout the West, and felt to be a higher, gentler, more benignant power than that of the fierce kings and steel-clad barons of the feudal time. On the utmost verge of the civilized world, where the moan of the Atlantic rolled up the green valleys of Connaught, the fatherhood of the Papa of Christendom was felt to be a reality, and the rude native was conscious of a fellowship which connected him with all the millions that believed in Christ. But at the commencement of the sixteenth century—candid Romanists will admit the fact—mediæval Christianity had fallen from its high estate, and had been thoroughly debased and corrupted. The Reformation was the awakening of Europe from a sleep which was settling into a death-sleep. The awakening was inevitable, indispensable; the hour had struck when the mind of Europe was to be

wedded to a higher truth ; but the bridal-dawn was one of "thunder-peals," and progress since then has been in storm and travail. The unity of Christendom was broken, and remains broken unto this day.

In the intense intellectual activity which characterized the first century after Luther's revolt from Rome, the process of development went on much more rapidly than had been the case in the primitive Church. But it did not tend to unity ; it tended to diversity. The expectation, doubtless, of the Reformers at the commencement of their work was, that "private judgment," if once asserted against Rome, would produce a unanimous and identical acceptance of the meaning of Scripture throughout Christendom. Luther hoped that in translating the Bible he was preparing for Europe a Christian unity of truth and light, to replace the mediæval unity of submission to the Church. Calvin beheld diversity of theological opinion arising on all hands ; and, in colossal strength of intellect and burning intensity of moral fervour, he attempted, by one sweep of the dialectic sword-blade, to strike it down. But even the publication of the Institutes could not do it. The greatest dogmatic book the world ever saw could not level the mountains and fill the valleys and bridge the streams of the Bible, so that all men should prefer the expeditious monotony of the route laid down by the theological engineer to the natural interchange of hill and plain. The audacity of the aggressive intellect—the imperious urgency of speculative logic—appalled Calvin in the sixteenth century, as they have appalled John Henry Newman in the nineteenth. Calvin felt himself constrained to have recourse to the executioner to guard the faith. The profoundest mistakes of the Roman Church in interpreting the will of Christ, her intolerance, her spiritual pride, her ecclesiasticism, gradually infected the Reformation. So, hitherto, it has always been. The tragedy, solemn and mysterious, of that grandest of the old myths, the myth of Hercules, is ever being repeated. The hydra is slain. After toil, and pain, and long, dubious battle, that is got done. Then the hero dips his arrows in the blood of the monster, in order that the venom may kill his foes, and that he may be irresistible. It lends him power. Year after year he goes conquering, and many an evil does he, by evil, slay. But at last the pang which he has so often dealt to others strikes to his own heart ; the torment he has so often inflicted racks his own joints, and burns in his own brain ; the hydra blood upon his arrow-point brings him his doom, and with the Nemean lion's skin beneath his limbs, the memory of former triumphs unavailing now, he dies in agony. Why did he not leave the mortal bane alone ? Why did he covet the means of inflicting upon his enemies the bitter anguish, the cureless and intolerable hurt ? Why must corruption, fraud, iniquity, vanquished

by heroic force, leave its drop of essential venom to be adopted into the service of truth? The hydra blood—call it plausible persecution, call it subtle falsehood, call it half-conscious cowardice, call it cruelty, call it superstition, call it intolerance,—will sooner or later avenge the hydra's fate. Truth's arrows must not be dipped in the virus. Point them with the heavenly light. "Be not overcome of evil;" engage it, wrestle with it, strike it down: but then leave it alone; derive no aid from it; avoid all resemblance to it; yours are other weapons, yours is diviner force; "overcome evil with good." In the very moment of its victory over Rome, the Reformation imbibed enough of the spirit of tyrannous ecclesiasticism to arrest its vital movement, and to destroy, for three centuries at least, the unity of the Christian Church.

That unity was to be aimed at, that the Church on earth ought to realize her oneness in Christ, the Reformers felt. They yearned towards unity with impassioned longing. But, overlooking, as men always overlook, the *open* secret, they sought, not a unity of love and life, but a unity of theological definition. To produce so comprehensive and so exact a doctrinal formula, so correct and so convincing an interpretation of Scripture, that all Christians would be constrained to accept it, was essentially the problem which the Reformers, from the day when Calvin published his Institutes to the day when Baxter and the bishops closed their hopeless argument in the Savoy Conference, strove to solve. Logic and always more logic, definition and always more definition, controversy upon controversy, division upon division,—this was the practical issue. To Calvin's "Institutio Christianæ Religionis" must succeed Turretin's "Institutio Theologiæ Elencticæ;" and if the work of Calvin is all aglow with moral and imaginative fire, there is no glow on the ashy flats and drear sandy "places" of Turretin. For the despotic infallibility of Rome the Reformers substituted the despotic infallibility of the *γραφὴ θεόπνευστος*, the Book filled with the breath of God. The application of this name to the Bible who can gainsay? That there is a Divine breathing in all its pages, what soul which has any harmony with the Divine has not felt? But that the Divine breathing in Scripture is alone authoritative; that there is no Divine breathing in conscience, in reason, in nature, in any literature except the literature of the Hebrews and the early Christian Church; this is an error on the opposite side, and one equally grievous. It is easy to see how contention and division would arise from the inexorable assertion of a Protestant infallibility against the infallibility of the Church of Rome. Different sections of Protestants arrived at diverse conclusions as to the meaning of Scripture. Each

section deemed it a sacred duty to insist upon its own reading. Each section persecuted the sections which disallowed its own reading. Sad and stern as the fact is, it is indisputable that there was no Church of the Reformation which, at the close of the seventeenth century, had not the stain of Christian blood upon it; and Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists—to go no further—had upon their hands the stain of Protestant blood.

The Reformation, however, was not without its priceless result. The spirit of man had once for all been struck broad awake; the unconscious, childlike faith of the mediæval time had been dissipated for ever; and it is well that it was dissipated, for manhood is in advance of childhood. The future held in it, for the Christian Church, perplexity and peril, but, at the same time, boundless possibility. An unconscious, unexamined, taken-for-granted faith is not the right faith for reasoning man; and, however arduous the journey, however many the centuries which might be necessary for performing it, sure it at least is that, if the human race was to attain the summit of spiritual civilization, the interval between the repose of ignorance and the repose of knowledge was to be traversed. The grander achievements of historical progress are seldom rapidly effected; two or three centuries do not count for much in the chronology of Providence; and it is no extravagant supposition that the times which have succeeded the breaking up of the unity of the mediæval Church will prove to have been but stages in the transition to a Christian unity still more august, still more comprehensive, still more spiritual.

The State-Church arrangement, which we find adopted throughout Protestant Europe at the close of the seventeenth century, was probably as good as the circumstances of the case permitted, but it had defects and drawbacks which rendered it merely provisional. It circumscribed Church unity within the bounds of nationality; obliterated the consciousness of a common Christendom; and lowered the New Testament ideal of human brotherhood into a comparatively selfish and worldly ideal of patriotism. On the other hand, an important benefit was conferred by this arrangement in that it put an end to the conception of Church government as necessarily centred in one place. The national independence of Churches was practically asserted, and that in a highly effective manner, by the erection and maintenance of national establishments. In whatever way the unity of Christendom may be recovered, it will never more be by the submission of local Churches to the Roman See. Another advantage of the State-Church arrangement was that it favoured—to say that it caused would be too strong—the subsidence of theological excitement, the cessation of theological controversy, and promoted a more reflec-

tive action of the human mind. The system was in harmony with the general mental quiescence of the eighteenth century. It has been much the fashion with the intense school of writers, headed by Mr. Carlyle, to disparage the eighteenth century; to denounce its want of faith; to call it mechanical, prosaic, atheistic; and to bewail the faithless condition in which it has left us of a younger time.

“The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.”

This is Mr. Matthew Arnold's very beautiful poetic version of what Mr. Carlyle has been telling us in vehement prose for twenty years. But, with the deference due to genius so powerful as Mr. Carlyle's and so refined as Mr. Arnold's, it may be maintained that vehemence and intensity are neither the sole nor the necessary, neither the highest nor the most characteristic, concomitants of a true faith. It would now be generally admitted by thoughtful men that Mr. Carlyle's vehemence has blinded him to important aspects of truth, to important though unobtrusive facts. The softer touches in nature's landscapes, the half-lights, the suggested forms, the reserve, the qualification, the shade, are apt to escape his impatient glance. He will hear of no faith which has companionship with doubt. He breaks the bruised reed and quenches the smoking flax. Reflection, however, will teach us that faith, in order to be sincere, need not be intense, and that in a time of inquiry, speculation, culture, it can hardly be an intelligent faith unless it has known something of doubt. Mental composure, deliberate weighing of evidence, distinct consciousness of difficulties on both sides, calm decision in favour of that side which appears to be on the whole best supported, are not incompatible with strong faith. Candid faith, tolerant faith, sympathetic faith, need not be weak faith; fanatical faith, superstitious faith, blind faith, is not necessarily the best faith. In the eighteenth century, truths and errors, fervently believed and precipitately acted on in preceding times, were alike subjected to careful examination. Contemplating the result, we are astonished to find how much we owe to the quiet, circumspect, unimpassioned age which went immediately before our own. When we compare the knowledge practically realized by the most advanced peoples of Europe at the close of the two jangling, warring centuries, when the theologians had it all their own way, with that which had worked itself into the habitudes of men in the early part of the present cen-

tury, our enthusiasm for the centuries of faith is sure to be tempered, our contempt for the century of reflection is likely to be checked. Poring over their Bible with breathless earnestness, the theologians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries did not happen to discover in it the doctrine that Christians are not to kill men for being defective Christians, or for refusing to be Christians at all. They did not make out from it that old women, called witches, were not to be burned alive. They did not perceive that, either in principle or precept, it condemned slavery. They seem scarcely to have had an idea that gentleness, kindness, the infinite of compassion and of tenderness, were of the essence of the Gospel of Christ. Worshipping their *γραφὴ θεόπνευστος*, elaborating from it system after system of dogmatic theology, they seem hardly to have observed in the New Testament that which for us gleams from its whole surface like dewdrops on a meadow at sunrise. The leaders of opinion in the eighteenth century forced upon the attention of theologians other writings, also Divine; characters inscribed by God on the golden tablets of the human heart, instincts of mercy and tenderness, instincts of justice and veracity, much overlooked in systems of theology, but which, when compared with the words of Christ, shine out in radiant unison with them; laws, moreover, written by God in the physical world, laws of beneficence and of power, with which no witch or devil could interfere, and which no priest or presbyter was needed to protect. The theologians were led to see that there is more in heaven and earth than had been dreamed of in their theology; that the *γραφὴ θεόπνευστος* is many-leaved as the forest, wide as the starred azure of God; that truth is a beam gathered from many sources—nature, conscience, reason, revelation—focussed in the human soul. We, of the nineteenth century, familiar with the idea and accustomed to the practice of toleration, have difficulty in forming a distinct apprehension of a state of mind and of society from which both were absent, and will find it a salutary, if somewhat humiliating, thought, that Christians did not discover them in the New Testament until told to look for them by men whose memory they religiously execrate. When the voice which, in all Europe, spoke most loudly and most effectively for mercy to the oppressed, was the voice of Voltaire, Christian divines might begin to suspect that their study of the letter had been killing. It must be admitted that the Christian Churches were not long in imbibing the enthusiastic humanity of the new school. In England and America, during the present century, they have led the van in every enterprise of benevolence. Their spirit has again become that of an intense, unconquerable, Christ-like kindness, penetrating as the lightning, soft as tears. No one now looking over the Christian Churches can fail to see that

Christianity is the religion of compassion and the religion of toleration. The intervention of the eighteenth century, a time of pause, of circumspection, of scientific education, was indispensable to the attainment of a higher ideal of Church unity in Christendom.

Can we, then, venture to believe that certain lineaments of that unity towards which, from the unity of the mediæval time, we have supposed the Christian world to be moving, are already discernible? Can we, looking wistfully towards the gateways of the morning, perceive the faint streaks of dawn touching the cloud-like domes and air-drawn pinnacles of a united Christian Church? Do the old principles, the principles of the Apostolic time, admit of modern application? Can Christians still, without offence to the liberty wherewith Christ has made them free, without offence to the order which is heaven's first law, without degradation of faith into indifference, without degradation of Christian communion into sentimentality, realize, as Christians of Antioch, of Jerusalem, of Thessalonica realized, in the first century, the unity of the Christian Church and the freedom of the Christian Churches? If this question is to be answered in the affirmative, we must concede one point, namely, that the diversity of rite, usage, and local preference which prevailed in the Apostolic Churches, and which we found to be compatible with unity of the Apostolic Church, may be regarded as finding its analogue in the present day in the various forms of government and the doctrinal peculiarities of particular Churches. For many centuries the monarchical or Roman Catholic, the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Congregational forms of Church government, have been elaborated. The Wesleyan-Methodist form of Church government may be defined as a composite order, aiming to combine the advantages of the other orders, and, of course, entitled to rank with them. Hitherto the Church of Rome has stood aloof from the Churches of the Reformation; and, although the diffusion of a just and exalted idea of Christian unity throughout the civilized world would tend powerfully to break down her isolation, the assumption that she is prepared to embrace a new ideal of unity for Christendom would not be correct, and would impart a visionary air to this whole discussion. Throughout the Churches of the Reformation, however, a great deal has been already effected towards the attainment and the recognition of a unity of faith, of fellowship, of spirit, of affection, amid diversities of government and specialties of opinion. Between the earliest Reformers and many Christians of the present day there can be detected a harmony of aspiration in this matter which we fail to trace in the controversial ages that intervene. Luther, though his zeal for truth was keen and bright as the edge of the sword wherewith Christ divides the light from the darkness, though his life was "a

battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers," found only anguish in strife, and yearned with his whole soul towards peace and unity. He of all men would most joyfully have recognised unity of life pervading, through all its branches, that immortal amaranth under the image of which he loved to represent the Church. Calvin, decided as was his preference for the Presbyterian discipline, was vividly conscious of the unity of the several divisions of the Reformed Church. From his Alpine watch-tower he wrote letters of counsel, of sympathy, of fervent appeal, to Reformed Churches in all European lands, not to Presbyterian only, but to Episcopalian on this hand, and to Congregational on that. Those letters thrill with a moral ardour, a lofty and rhythmic inspiration, worthy of a prophet of the Universal Church; and there is in them no trace of sectarian stringency in enforcing one constitution upon all Churches. Those words spoken of the Anglican Service, which have so often been quoted by Anglicans against Calvin as unpardonable, mean only that it contains some silly matters, which are, however, to be tolerated for the sake of Christian unity, an opinion which is not far wide of that held by sensible men at this day. But, for the large-heartedness of Luther and the world-embracing sweep of Calvin's moral fervour, there came the hair-splitting of Calvinistic and Arminian dogmatism; then followed the clash of arms between Protestant and Protestant; and soon all was hushed in the rigid isolation and crystalline cold of the State Churches. What Hooker could truthfully deny, namely, that the Church of England rejected all ordination except that of bishops, became a fact; and the Church of Rome could fairly boast that, while she maintained her unity in its pristine enthusiasm, the Reformed Churches were united only by a common renunciation of her allegiance. But of late there have been many indications of a change of spirit in Christendom, and of the revival of ancient principles in modern forms. As free Churches, in America, in Scotland, in England, have risen into importance, the consciousness of a Church unity similar to that of the Apostolic Church has tended steadily to grow. The feeling exists, though it has as yet found no organ of expression. It is already not too much to say that a large majority of the ministers and members of the free Churches throughout Christendom regard each other as belonging to one Christian Church—the Episcopalianism, the Presbyterianism, the Congregationalism, the Wesleyanism, being special and denominational; the Christianity being the primary and vital concern. A liberty not anarchic yet genuine, an order not artificial but real and vital, a diversity manifold enough to embrace every form of Christian administration, a unity on the fine spiritual lines of which Christian sympathy should go pulsing forth to girdle the

world, might be attainable on these terms. The idea of such a unity is, indeed, by no means confined to Reformed Churches not in connection with the State. It is as cordially embraced by individuals within the Church of England as it is in any communion under heaven, and the number embracing it extends rapidly; nor is it an unwarrantable assertion that some of the best minds in the Church of Rome aspire more or less vaguely towards such unity, as forming a higher ideal for Christendom than that of Papal supremacy.

There is no cause why this idea should not continue to diffuse itself in the Church of England; there is no cause why the clergy and the laity of the Church of England should not enter now into spiritual communion with those of other Christian Churches which are willing to join hands of fellowship with them; nevertheless, it must be frankly admitted that the freedom, self-government, and self-support of the Anglican Church are indispensable to the complete practical realization of this Christian Church unity in England. And that for several reasons. In the first place, it is only in the enjoyment of freedom and self-government that the Church can exercise the spiritual discipline assigned her by Christ. There may be no reason in the nature of things why the Church should not be both endowed by the State and self-governing; but the condition on which the Church of England has been established hitherto is the neutralization of her powers as a Church; and no party maintains that, except in the event of her becoming disestablished, there is a possibility of altering this state of affairs. Church discipline may be a good or a bad thing; but it is clearly out of the question when every man in England is by law a member of the Church, and may legally claim her privileges. Ecclesiastical freedom may be dangerous or may be safe; but it is clearly non-existent when and where a clergyman will make himself a criminal if he refuses to read the Burial Service over a suicide, whose words, written just before he committed the act, prove his lucid and tremorless sanity, but whom a coroner's jury, consciously lying in order that the clergyman may be legally bound to lie also, have pronounced insane. In the second place, it is impossible that the distinction between established and non-established Churches should exist without being felt to be invidious, and interfering with that fellowship which, if this unity were realized, would subsist between all Churches. We are bound to recognise the facts of human nature, and one of them is, that a petted sister will be envied by neglected sisters. In the United States the Churches are emulous enough in pushing forward the operations proper to them as Churches; but beyond this generous and healthful rivalry they have no feud; and the result is seen in a degree of mutual respect, of intelligent sympathy and tolerance, which delighted and amazed

De Tocqueville. Individuals of noble character may and do rise above this temper in England; but of the general fact that Nonconformists view Churchmen with jealousy, and Churchmen Nonconformists with contempt, there can be no doubt. In the third place, the existing relationship between the Church and the State in England practically forces upon Churchmen a false ideal—an ideal which belongs to the world, not to the Church. It is not enough that the motives, feelings, habitudes, ambitions, of a Church of Christ should be decorous, respectable, on the average of decent and dignified worldliness. To be well considered in society; to be accepted as an equal by men of wealth and rank; to be the spiritual and magisterial potentate of a parish; to be conscious of superiority to Dissenters; to bask in a lustre reflected from the pomp and grandeur of civil government—these things may one and all be in themselves blameless. But they are not the objects, rewards, ambitions, of the Church of Christ. They are not the ideal of the New Testament; they are not the unsearchable riches; they are not the things which Christ in His discourses commends. “All these things do the Gentiles seek.” The righteousness of the kingdom of heaven is to exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees. What seems white in the smoky town will show as dingy grey against mountain snow; and dignified clerical habitudes, pleasant as they may be to the worldly eye, are dim and tarnished when seen against the serene radiance of that heavenly ideal which it is the office of the Church of Christ to embody upon earth.

Let it not be thought that the unity of this many-mansioned Church, this many-branched vine of the nations, would be a dream or a sentiment, without definition and without bounds. In the Apostolic age, in the mediæval age, in every period when the unity of the Christian Church has been apprehended, there have been philosophies and heresies, more or less tinged with Christian light, whose professors were not received within the Christian pale. It will always remain true, as Coleridge said, that “what does not withstand has itself no standing ground;” and the very idea of order involves a principle of exclusion as well as a principle of inclusion. The Church will not renew her youth or extend her conquests by divesting herself of her distinctive character. But, first, the unity contemplated is that of a common spirit, a common aim, a common allegiance, not that of incorporation; and this implies that its terms may be large and expansive. It requires no sacrifice of independence, no obliteration of district or national boundaries. In the next place, after eighteen—now nearly nineteen—centuries of God’s teaching in the experiences of Christian civilization, we may be expected to take in its simplicity and beneficence the rule of Christ on the subject

of exclusion from Christian fellowship. Has this or that Church, during these Christian centuries, been recognised by God? Has she wrought miracles of soul-healing in the name of Christ? Then, "forbid her not:" where the Divine Spirit has given the rain and the sunshine, where fruit has been ripened for the gathering of the angels, there man may give the hand of fellowship. In the third place, the difficulty, if it will ever be felt, is abstract and future. A multitude of branch Churches are now practically ready to acknowledge each other as united in one Christian Church. Lastly, it is the taunt of a superficial scepticism to affirm that the essentials of the Christian faith cannot be distinguished from its accidents, and that the august name of orthodoxy, inscribed by every sectarian on his flag, has no definable meaning. The clever things which have been said on this point are not true. The Danube has many tributaries, some of them lordly rivers; but it is not hard to trace the course of the sovereign stream. The main current of Christian verity may be seen winding through the Christian centuries, broad enough to bear on its bosom vessels of all sizes,—herring-boat and frigate, barge and argosy,—but between banks which can be clearly traced. That the unity of the Godhead is, mystically, inexplicably, ineffably, threefold; that man has sinned; that his sin has brought him so low that the unaided powers of his nature cannot raise him up again; that he is restored through the sacred mysteries of atonement and regeneration; that Deity and humanity have met in the God-man; that love to God, allegiance to Divine law in conscience and revelation, without measure, and love to man according to the measure of strict equality between the claims of one's neighbour and the claims of one's self, are the practical outcome of all religion and all morality: these are points to which the assent of an overwhelming majority of Christians has in all ages been given, and in comparison with which preferences of Church government and specialties of rite or opinion are of minor importance. How far beyond these lines of demarcation the range of Church unity might ultimately extend is a question which would be settled in due time. Meanwhile, if all Christians who agree on these points were to realize that their denominational differences are embraced within the walls of Christ's Church on earth, a consciousness of unity would pervade the Churches of the Reformation such as they have not known since western Christendom was rent in twain.

It is not out of place to remark that, to the orchestral harmony of a Church embracing at once all Reformed Churches, and ultimately, we may hope, all Churches whatsoever, the Episcopal Church of England would contribute some of the deepest, most expressive, and most beautiful notes. The Anglican Church performs for Christendom an

inestimable service in that she bridges the chasm of the Reformation in a way in which it is not elsewhere bridged. True, it is not possible for a Church holding the Christian verity to cut herself away from antiquity. The truth is ever young and ever old. Calvin's great idea, that, wherever Christians can look up to God's sky, there they may constitute a Church as ancient as the breath of God which gives it life, must not be in the smallest degree qualified. But the Anglican Church has preserved, as no other Protestant Church has preserved, the external framework of the mediæval Church, and with this a precious and most Christian capability of appreciating, honouring, assimilating, what was good in the mediæval Church. Less than any other Protestant Church has she accepted the bitter and venomous notion, the cruel and Christless calumny, that the mediæval Church was a mere synagogue of Satan, and that the Latin Church was Antichrist. Looking along the vista of centuries, the Church of England can see that, at times, the darkness enveloping the old Church of Christendom was deep, that the day-spring from on high scarcely touched her towers, the immortal fire scarcely glimmered on her altars; but that she was always a Church of Christ no true Anglican will dispute. Take it all in all, view it in connection with the general civilization of modern times, you will find no chapter in the history of man more splendid, heroic, and inspiring than that in which the central figure and the dominant influence is the mediæval Church. Chivalry, which gave a new word to human language, a new tone to the music of speech, reminding mankind for ever of an intrepidity smiling in battle-storm, and a gentleness assuaging defeat and exalting and refining victory—the crusades, which thrilled Europe with a common inspiration, and decided the question whether modern civilization was to be of the Cross or of the Crescent—the Gothic cathedrals, strong with earth's utmost strength of massive wall and rocky buttress, tender with saintliest aspiration in delicate pinnacle and fretted spire: these the mediæval Church can claim as her own, and with these the Church of England can glow in kindred and filial sympathy. The mediæval idea, also,—or rather, the mediæval fact,—of a Christian unity extending from the moaning Hebrides to the waters of Sicily, comes naturally home to the Church of England. She can well impress upon her sisters of the Reformation that, though separation may be for Christians a duty, yet it ought always to be a pain; and that indifference to the realization of a spiritual unity for Christendom is of the nature of deadly sin.

A special advantage of this attitude of the Church of England towards the mediæval Church is that it promotes a just, candid, and intelligent feeling towards Roman Catholics in the present day.

The Church of Rome, as has been said, stands at this moment self-excluded from the pale of a Christian unity which would religiously respect the liberties of particular Churches and recognise all forms of Church government. Her monarchical form of government may be legitimate; for specialties of doctrine she may be answerable to her Lord alone; but her all-grasping imperialism is self-exclusive. While her terms of admission to fellowship are unconditional surrender of Christian freedom and private judgment, petitions from Anglicans for reconciliation with her are abject, and imitations of her in dress and gesture are frivolous. But it is of supreme importance that Christians not in communion with the Church of Rome should be free to take note of what in her is good, and should have an intelligent sympathy with all movements of genuine spiritual life in Roman Catholic countries. In days of terrible pressure and peril like these, when prejudice, and prepossession, and custom, and plausible hallucination, and expedient error are going before the wind of science like burnt thatch before a West Indian hurricane, it is inexpressibly to be desired, on purely scientific grounds, that the facts of the religious consciousness, as rightly, distinctively, immutably, in all that they involve of spiritual relationship and immortal destiny, characterizing man as a species, should be as broadly and fairly represented as possible. Science cannot refuse to man what it fiercely demands for every other species, or allege that in him alone nature's writing of desire and aspiration, nature's holiest scripture graven on the heart, is frustrate and a lie. But if the acrid foam of theological hatred be upon our lips, if devout Protestants feel themselves conscience-driven to suspect and revile devout Roman Catholics, if the most religious men in the world cannot calmly and unanimously say what it is that the inspiration of the Almighty in their souls tells them, if the defence of the central fortresses of spiritual truth is conducted by mere platoon-firing and the chance onset of mutually vituperative bands,—what can we hope to do against the serried ranks and disciplined fighting and perfect accord and implacable hostility of the atheistic line? When the conflict is no longer a skirmish of outposts, but the last intrenchments of the Christian position are being assailed,—when the contest is “not for names and words, or half-views, but for elementary notions and distinctive moral characters,”—the aid of the Newmans and the Döllingers of Roman Catholic Christendom is not to be dispensed with.

The idea of Divine worship, handed down in the Church of England from mediæval times, is in harmony with the spirit and consonant to the requirements of the present day. To put it in one word, the Church of England contemplates worship as an exercise

of the soul towards God rather than as an influence of man upon man. It was a necessity of the position occupied by the Reformers that they should exalt the office of the preacher; the reform of religion proceeded, to a considerable extent, from an intellectual impulse, and Christendom thirsted for the preaching of the word. But in no nation or period had it previously been held that the address of one man to the congregation could form a chief part of the worship of God. In proportion as the culture of the laity has extended and as instruction of all kinds has been diffused by the press, the inadequacy and unsatisfactoriness of "hearing sermon" by way of publicly worshipping God have been felt. That reasonable and serious objections may be taken to the Anglican form of worship we do not deny. In respect of brevity and of variety, it admits of easy and great improvement. It is not possible that any vividness of impression or definiteness of application should attach to phrases used every Sunday for, say, twenty or thirty years. Nevertheless it would be difficult to express the value of the service rendered to Protestant Christendom by the Church of England in preserving in her Prayer-Book a large part of the purest and loftiest devotional literature possessed by the human race. The *Te Deum* itself, perhaps the very grandest hymn in which the spirit of man ever rose in adoration towards the throne of God, might have passed out of Protestant worship in England, had it not occupied a place in the Anglican Prayer-Book. And if average Anglican preaching may, with show of reason, be alleged to want fervour, logical stringency, and oratorical power, it is better that this should be so than that countenance should be given to the monstrous notion that, in being intellectually entertained by a popular preacher, a man is worshipping God.

Another priceless truth which the Anglican Church has preserved to Protestant Christendom is that a preponderating element in worship is praise. If we meditate the matter in religious silence, or if we consult the precedents afforded us by Scripture, we shall find that the simple act of adoration, the bowing of the head in reverent homage to the Infinite One, the lifting up of the voice in joyful acclaim of gratitude and praise, are of the very essence of worship. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me." These are the express words of Scripture, put into the lips of the Eternal God, and they comprise a Divine philosophy of creation, a statement of the cause why the sublime procession of being in this world ends with humanity. Man is the note of articulate music in which dumb nature, precluding through the past eternity, at last breaks out in praise to God. The conscious utterance of praise is the distinctive and the supreme act of the human soul. And with praise is naturally connected exultation, rapture; the joy of it in its deepest moments is too great to be expressed by the mere

human voice; on wings and waves of melody from stringed instruments and organs, it rolls its anthem to the sky; it becomes ecstatic, uncontrollable; it thrills, in its ultimate paroxysms, through vein and limb, and inspires the glowing gesture and the rhythmic dance. Such was worship to the Hebrew psalmist; and so far have we travelled from the very power of conceiving it, that modern ultra-Puritans, "swathed in the shroud of their creeds," and painfully trying to convince themselves that Christ has taken from His Church the stringed instruments and organs which mingled in Israel's worship of Jehovah, think they give you pause when they ask whether dance as well as music is still to be included in Divine worship. Yes, surely; if the dancer is as Miriam or as David, and the occasion and the rapture great. The Anglican type of worship has, in this respect, a notable advantage over the Puritan type. The express attribution of glory to God,—the loud calling upon all worlds to praise Him,—the lifting up of voice and soul to magnify and extol Him,—appear more decisively in the worship of the Church of England than in that of any other Protestant Church. As the animosities of the seventeenth century have died away, the Nonconformist Churches have profited greatly by the example of the Church of England in matters of worship; and if there were but one Free Church in England, with Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregational branches, the benefit would be still more widely diffused.

Would a free Episcopalian Church, thus related to sister Churches in England, be sectarian? Would she refuse consideration to the individual conscience, the original mind? Only upon one hypothesis can we return an affirmative answer to this question; namely, that the statesman and the worldling, and they alone, can save the Church of Christ from sectarianism. This hypothesis must be dismissed. Christians ought not to be afraid of Christianity; the discipline of Christian brethren is not necessarily harsh. The Church of Christ was not designed to be a neutral ground between philosophy on the one hand and fanaticism on the other—a pleasant lounge for indecisive souls. A Church administration, in the second place, shared in by the laity, need not exhibit the narrowness attributed to ecclesiastics; and it is not found in experience that the clergy and the members of free Episcopalian Churches are conscious of being in bondage, or of lacking opportunity to think and speak. The mode in which liberty is secured in free Episcopalian Churches—in that of the United States, for example—is not only practically effective in relation to the vitality and vigour of opinion, but seems more natural, more honourable, more consistent with moral intrepidity and intellectual candour, than that which we have in the Church of England. The American Church has attained comprehension by

broadening her basis—by rejecting, for one thing, the Athanasian creed. The Church of England is in theory bound by Act of Parliament to absolute uniformity of creed and worship: in practice almost any latitude of faith and ritual may be ventured on. In the one case the house is adapted by its inmates to what they feel to be their wants; in the other, the old number of rooms, the old walls and partitions are retained, but the locks are taken from the doors, the windows are allowed to fall in, whose likes may come or go, and all manner of sheds, awnings, and other irregular places of accommodation are run up about it. A mind of rectitude and courage would prefer the comprehension of large-spirited standards to the comprehension of practically neglected laws. There is not the remotest probability that a free Anglican Church would be narrow and sectarian; all which can pass for evidence on the subject points the other way. As a semi-political institution, the Church of England has indeed been reactionary, obstructive, servile, almost abject; her doctrines of unlimited submission to kings, unlimited repression of peoples, have been very pitiful; but these things were alien to her true nature, strenuous attempts to convert her torments into her elements; and her own true literature, through all its spacious and fruitful provinces, is tolerant and great.

Yet another question we must put and answer, forced upon us as it is by one of the most graceful writers, one of the clearest thinkers, one of the most melodious poets of the day. Would the scheme of Church unity which has been outlined lead us apart from the main current of English and European tendency? Would it promote "hole-and-corner religion," and favour provincialism of thought and of character? The question is of grave importance. The main current of world-history, if only it be well discerned, is the path of Providence. Naturalists tell us that in those parts of the ocean floor over which the gulf-stream passes, the temperature is raised, and life abounds; in those over which it does not pass, the water rests chill and motionless on weedless shingle and sterile sand. In like manner it is in the main currents of civilization that the life of humanity is vivid, and that institutions endued with a true vitality spring up. At this moment there does not seem to be any special difficulty in ascertaining how the main stream of European tendency sets in things religious and ecclesiastical. Few would agree with Mr. Arnold in believing that it lingers by the falling towers and crumbling battlements of our old State Churches. A cool observer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a newspaper which is singularly calm and mirror-like in its reflection of contemporary facts, comes to a very different conclusion:—

"Look," he says, "at Italy, Spain, France, and Austria. Is it not

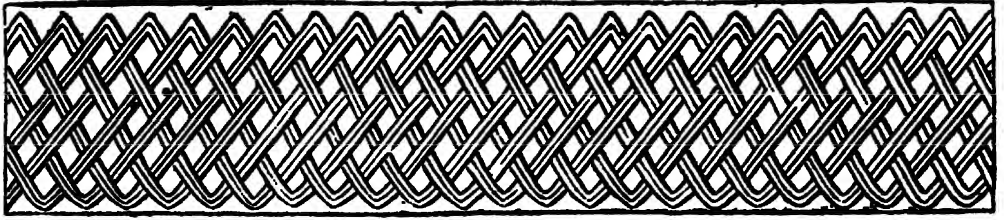
obvious to every one that the ideal towards which they are tending, for good or for evil, is that of a free Church in a free State? - In America, where the tendencies of the age have had full swing, a pure voluntary system is the result. In the English colonies, where the institutions of the mother country still exercise some influence, the system is slightly, very slightly, qualified. In England, as every one can see, we are moving with rapid steps in the same direction, though as yet the consummation is probably distant."

The Church of England is already isolated among Episcopalian Churches. Her daughters have become free. "The general and perpetual voice of men," said Hooker, "is as the sentence of God;" and mankind in these years, with steadily deepening acclaim, declare that the State-Church arrangement has played its part, and that the Church and all her Churches must once more appeal to God and to the people. France is a country in which the State-Church principle is in full operation. Does the Christian religion gain in consequence? The men of culture in France are for the most part of the religion of Cicero and Seneca, with some tincture, perhaps, of Christian sentiment and Christian ethics; the commonalty, in towns at least, are fiercely atheistic. In meetings of working men in France the name of the Saviour is received with execration. In America, where all Churches are free, the vigour, the fervour, the rooted vitality of the popular religion is well known. Does France reap advantage in a political point of view from the establishment and endowment of all Churches? Far from it. The direct association of the Imperial Government with religion is one of the most powerful producing causes of the chronic disaffection of the country. In America all Churches are clamorously patriotic, and with one voice support authority.

The Free Churches of the United Kingdom, if Mr. Gladstone's ecclesiastical policy were universally applied in these realms, would, in perfect accordance with Apostolic principle and practice, be courts of one Church of God in the land. From them all, like the sound of many waters, would ascend a choral hymn to Christ. Separated, not by invidious preferences or artificial degradations, but by the varying spontaneities of Christian life, peer and peasant, queen and subject, worshipper in cathedral aisle and in chapel pew, would feel themselves as king, barons, and retainers felt themselves in the olden time, to be members of one Christian Church. All that is strong and all that is venerable and beautiful in the religious past of England would blend in the influences of such a Church; the rugged Nonconformity of Cromwell and Milton would be touched with a mellowing beam in the experience of wider fellowship; the reverent comeliness, the gracious dignity of the Church of England would take a serener, a diviner

glow, as the lustre of earthly precedence faded from her brow, and a new glory fell upon her from heaven. The cottage homes of England in cluster round her walls, the sweet soft songs of praise from worshipping families mingling with the great psalm of a people's adoration in pillared aisle and vaulted roof, this Church of all the Churches would be indeed national. Mighty in her meekness, grand in her lowliness, this Church of England would play an august and hallowed part in the drama of European civilization. While materialism, haggard and austere as its own law of physical necessity, cast its giant shadow along the world, quenching the light of flower and dewdrop, and hushing the singing of the birds, it would teach that religion which, in the infinite richness of its humanity, has evidence and earnest that it is Divine. While philosophy, tearless and stern, folded round her limbs her robe of self-sufficiency, and declared that man's highest achievement is to front with proud submission his doom of eternal death, this many-mansioned Church, in answering symphonies of music, now tender, now sublime, would proclaim the Divine power of gentleness, the Divine significance of sorrow, the infinite might of kindness, the Gospel of the Child, of the Cross, of the Crown; the Gospel of Divine helpfulness and of human sympathy; the Gospel which, into earth's humblest dwelling, sheds a ray of heaven, and sees in death but the image of the Saviour Himself, coming, the Good Shepherd, at eventide, to gather in His flock.

PETER BAYNE.



THE WORKING MEN'S PARLIAMENTARY ASSOCIATION.

THE Reform Bill of 1867 has, we are told, at last secured a real representation of the Working Classes. This was the common opinion just after that bill had passed—some perhaps hold that opinion now. Yet the number of men who really represent the feelings and mind of the Working Men of *England** is increased by—one. Mr. Mundella, member for Sheffield, formerly a workman himself, and now the leader in the movement for arbitration between Masters and Workmen, is the one man among the new members who can really say that he understands and represents the Working Classes. It is easy, no doubt, to say that this is due to the want of confidence felt by the workmen in their own leaders; that they prefer to be led by middle-class men, and that it is well that they do so. All this may have had truth in its time, but considerable doubt has been thrown on the present truth of the first two statements by some episodes in the recent election; clear proof has been given, that whatever truth they may still have, they only supply a very small portion of the reasons for this failure. It is in the story of the episodes to which I allude—in the reasons for failure which the

* I confine myself strictly to England in this article, as (with one exception) I know nothing of the *personnel* of Scotch and Irish members.

statements that I have quoted do not supply, that I find the justification of the Society whose name I have placed at the head of this paper. I will take as an example of what I mean the one of these episodes of which I can speak with most certainty—the candidature of my friend, Mr. Odger, at Chelsea. The workmen of Chelsea desired to find a man who would really represent them, and whom *they knew they could trust*—a man whom they could choose for *themselves*, and who did not thrust himself upon them from *outside*. They did not desire to stand aloof from the Liberal party, and merely return a representative of labour. On the contrary, they cordially accepted Mr. Dilke, and were ready to work with the members of the other classes in returning him. But in Sir H. Hoare they saw merely a rich baronet, who had been unseated for bribery, and who was now offering himself on his own responsibility to a borough in which he was merely accepted as “a post to hang the Liberal flag upon” (as some more modest candidate lately described himself).

With this feeling, then, they chose a candidate who was known to them for his unusually wide acquaintance with the labour question, for his singular independence of character* and administrative ability. He came forward at their request, and, in doing so, distinctly disclaimed the idea of being a mere representative of labour. Rather to the irritation, as I have since discovered, of some of his *middle-class* admirers, he insisted on interesting himself in the general political topics of the day; and when he did touch on the labour question, he was not afraid of putting forward that side of his opinions which was least welcome to the workmen whom he was addressing.† But the *Whig* section of the Liberal party in Chelsea—I use the word as expressing a Whig tone of feeling, rather than mere Whig opinions—were determined to resist this “new man.” They first raised the cry that he was dividing the Liberal interest. Anxious to avoid every appearance of mere class factiousness, Mr. Odger and his Committee consented to submit the claims of Sir H. Hoare and himself to three arbitrators, to be chosen by members of the Committees of the two candidates. Sir H. Hoare’s zeal for the union of the Liberal party seems at first to have broken down at this proposition. He declined arbitration; and though he was invited to come forward by another constituency, he preferred to remain in Chelsea and “split the Liberal interest.” Subsequent disclosures no doubt showed some excuse for *his* decision on this point; whether

* He had opposed, as Secretary of the ‘Trades’ Council, the early strikes against machinery.

† I allude here especially to a meeting at the Vestry Hall, Chelsea, at which I was myself present.

his supporters were equally justified in their conduct, is more doubtful. But in the meantime a series of the most vulgar attacks ever made by a newspaper were directed against Mr. Odger by a paper which, unfortunately, was supposed to represent the "gentlemanly interest." The writer of these articles will, no doubt, be delighted to receive the assurance of a personal friend of Mr. Odger's, that those attacks did give that gentleman real pain. But a change came over the mind of Sir H. Hoare and his supporters, and they consented to accept the offer of arbitration, and to abide by the issue. Mr. Odger's Committee eagerly accepted this offer, and promised, if Mr. Odger should be advised to retire, that they and he would support Sir H. Hoare, and persuade their friends to do so. But to their surprise and disgust, they then discovered that Sir H. Hoare's Committee could *not* promise to induce their supporters to vote for a workman—the tradesmen and gentry of the borough being determined to have a gentleman member. Under these circumstances nothing was left for the arbitrators but to decide that Mr. Odger's chances of success were so small that he ought to retire in favour of Sir H. Hoare.*

I have dwelt on this episode at some length because I wished to show that while the workmen thought, not unnaturally, that one of their own class would best understand and represent them, they had no wish to inaugurate a social war at the polling-booths, but were ready to work with men of another class. Had the middle-class worked cordially with them, much bitterness of feeling might have been spared, and the organization of which I am about to speak would have been needless. The main object, then, of this association is to return workmen to Parliament. Any further objects which it may have may be subject of future consideration, and I shall allude to them incidentally at the end of this article. For the present I am concerned with this point only.

As my belief is that the moral and social effect of this Association will, if rightly directed, be precisely the reverse of that which is feared by many whose opinions deserve all respect, my arguments for it will naturally take the shape of answers to their main objection.

That objection is none the less weighty because it may be summed up shortly—in the charge that we, who profess to desire the union of classes, are in reality setting class against class, and desiring a purely class representation. My answer is, that though appearances may be against us, we are really desiring to destroy class representation. First, then: workmen have, till within the last year or two, been inclined to withdraw from general political

* I have dwelt chiefly on this case for the reason I mentioned; but some will think the Aylesbury and Warwick elections even stronger cases, since Messrs. Howell and Cremer did not in any sense split the Liberal interest.

action, and busy themselves mainly with the struggle between themselves and their employers—with those questions which, by an arbitrary and artificial distinction, we call “social,” not “political.” Thus they were found more and more to look upon their “interests” as the one object to which they cared to devote themselves, and to which all others must be subordinated.

The most obvious means of breaking down this feeling must be to induce workmen to interest themselves in the larger national questions which continually come before Parliament. Now mere enfranchisement is not of itself sufficient for that purpose, if workmen are to form a class of electors who cannot be elected. *That* produces a narrowness in their views on legislation, less intense, no doubt, than was caused by their former isolation, but still even more obvious to other classes, because affecting “public” measures. I believe, too, that (paradoxical as it may sound) a workman-member would be less “a mere representative of labour” than a middle-class Radical often is. The workman is known to his own class; they choose him because they know him; they are proud of him and of all he says; in short, they vote for a man, not for a set of opinions. Therefore he has freer leave to speak than a representative of whom they know less, and whom, therefore, they trust less. Supposing, too, that the middle-class Radical and the workman are *both* men of generous impulses and wide sympathies, the very width and generosity which would lead the middle-class man to speak strongly on the side of a class other than his own would have the same effect on the workman, and therefore would produce an exactly opposite result.

But, further, I believe most strongly that the effect on the workman’s view of his own class questions would become wider by bringing him personally into contact with the men of other classes arguing for opposite interests. For let us always remember that these class quarrels have arisen from the misunderstandings of men by men, not of doctrines by doctrines. If we can show the average middle-class M.P. that the Trades’ Unionists are not all Broadheads and Crookes, and the average workman that middle-class members do not all talk and think like the writers in the *Pall Mall*, we shall have done more to substitute a common national life for class life than centuries of legislation could effect.

There is, too, another evil (*the* evil which makes earnest men sometimes nearly despair of English political life) which would, I firmly believe, be diminished greatly by this movement—for, putting aside party watchwords and party recriminations, what is the root of the feeling which sanctions bribery and intimidation? Is it not just this, that the bribers do not look on the bribees as the same kind of creatures with themselves, but rather as a lower order of animal, that

is chiefly useful for procuring its betters a pleasant social distinction, and a seat in—"the most comfortable club in London?" Therefore I say, that if these gentlemen suddenly found some of these inferior animals face to face with them in their hitherto exclusive club, and had to treat them, not as constituents to be dosed with "buncombe," but as "honourable members," to be listened to respectfully—might we not hope that their views towards the equals and friends of these same creatures would be materially modified at subsequent elections? Nor would those who do really and heartily respect the workmen be less relieved. The uncomfortable feeling arising from the present unnatural relation of classes, which betrays even some of the best of these into a patronizing tone in their intercourse with workmen, might be in time removed, when the workmen were no longer in the dependent position which had caused that feeling; and those middle-class leaders would now be able to ignore the taunts directed against them as the mere "philosophical apologists" of men of whose views they really knew nothing, since the "practical" men would be there to answer for themselves and their friends. And if we should find (as no doubt we should) that on many points the views of workmen on economical and other questions differed very widely from those of their more "cultured" champions, are we sure that no new light would be thrown on these questions by men who had been forced to study them by sheer want of bread, not as mere abstractions to be settled on paper? Lord Russell* evidently thinks otherwise, and he is surely no very wild and revolutionary authority on such a point.

And now let me assure the readers of the *Contemporary Review* that the danger of the political isolation of the working men is not yet past. Middle-class advisers of no small ability, of no inconsiderable influence with them, are urging the workmen to despair of Parliaments and Parliamentary legislation, and are telling them that such institutions must always be in the hands of the middle and upper classes. If this sort of teaching is encouraged by the spectacle of so narrow a spirit as was lately exhibited at Chelsea and Aylesbury, we may yet find that the evil feelings which Mr. Lowe stirred up in 1865-6 may show themselves in worse forms than the breaking of a few park railings.

I have mentioned as the illustration of one side of working-class feelings the episode of the Chelsea election; but there was another of the late elections, to which I have incidentally alluded, which brought out very distinctly the dangerous side of that feeling. The tendency to accept a man independently of his principles, either political or moral, merely because he pandered to some of the most

* I allude, of course, to his letter to Mr. Howell on the Aylesbury election.

selfish prejudices of workmen, never, perhaps, came out in so startling a manner as in the support given by a section (thank God! a decided minority) of the Sheffield workmen to Mr. Price. Let all our readers remember that the most prominent speaker of that section was—Broadhead.

But it would be dishonest to deny that this selfishness has in some degree coloured the programme of the Association of which I have been speaking. The plan of returning men merely to promote industrial interests, to attend specially to "those bills which affect the interest of the working classes," indicates that this feeling is even here struggling with one which I have tried to show is far higher and wiser. But the case is not so bad as it seems. One defence, at least, of this programme, which I have heard from a man specially competent to speak on such a subject, points to a broader development of the movement than the phrases which I have quoted may seem to imply. Workmen, said my friend, know more about these questions of labour and capital than about any other questions, and are more interested in them; therefore we must start from these in order to attract their attention, and then gradually show them that these questions are connected with every political and social movement of the day.

No doubt there is a danger that a plan starting from a somewhat selfish stand-point may end in selfishness; but, at least, it is clear that the *spirit* which prompted such a defence is not the narrow one which we have cause to fear. While, too, I have thought it more honest to mention these points, I have great reason to hope that this portion of the programme may be modified, and it will certainly be far less prominent than the question of workmen-members.

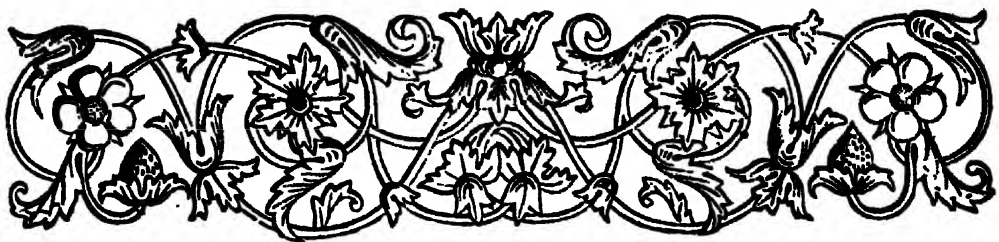
But, as I have said, there is this danger ahead, and it can only be prevented by one means; namely, the active co-operation of the middle class in such an organization as I have mentioned. From the unfortunate want of intercourse between different classes, it is necessary that we should trust to the workmen themselves, and to those few of the middle class who have long worked with them, the nomination of these representatives; but at each election each class will know more of the other, and at each election there will be less need of a Workmen's Parliamentary Association.* If we provoke the workmen by our selfishness and our vulgar prejudices,

* I have not touched on that part of the programme of this Association which concerns the registration of all workmen, independently of their political principles. This may seem to some to show a more decidedly class tendency in the Association than anything else I have mentioned. Yet this is surely nothing more than common justice—the mere carrying into effect of the Reform Bill. If the Conservative workmen are the majority, let them have means to show it; let every facility be given for really ascertaining the opinion of the new electors.

they will no doubt become selfish too; but if we will work with them now, we may look forward to the time when class distinctions shall be forgotten by a united nation.

C. E. MAURICE.

P.S.—Since this article was written, Mr. Fawcett's motion for throwing the election expenses upon the rates, has been defeated. The desertion of the Liberal cause by so many professing Liberals, and, still worse, the very discouraging attitude of the Liberal Government on this question, have considerably increased the difficulties in the way of any attack on plutocracy. Yet it is something gained that the very question which I have been discussing in this article was distinctly raised in that debate, and that no member ventured to treat the idea of workmen-members (in the abstract, of course) with the kind of disgust which the Liberal electors of Chelsea and Aylesbury showed so plainly towards Mr. Odger and Mr. Howell.



HANDEL.

PART II.

IN April, 1737, the daily papers announced that Mr. Handel, who had been indisposed with rheumatism, was recovering. In October we read in the *Daily Post* that Mr. Handel, "the composer of Italian music," was hourly expected from Aix, greatly recovered in health. All sorts of rumours had been afloat. Handel had left the country, some said mad—others dying—all knew in debt. But the iron frame with the iron will lasted out. Handel did not return from Aix-la-Chapelle, like Mozart from Baden, to write his own Requiem, but some one's else.

Queen Caroline's failing health had long been the talk of town—and it was commonly said that anxiety and weariness of spirit were rapidly hastening her to the grave. George II. was an affectionate, but he was not a faithful husband. When Caroline, who had been a most tender and forgiving wife, lay on her death-bed, the gross old man would frequently burst into tears, and on one occasion was so carried away by his feelings that he declared that rather than take another wife he would keep a mistress or two. "Eh, mon Dieu," cried the poor Queen, "cela n'empêche pas!"

When the last hour had struck, Handel was called in to make music for the king's sorrow, and the Funeral Anthem was performed in Henry VII.'s chapel in the presence of an immense concourse of people.

The whole of this magnificent anthem was afterwards introduced into the oratorio of *Saul* as an elegy on the death of Saul and Jonathan—and the whole of it is, on second thoughts, crossed out in the MS. of that oratorio.

With an inexplicable tenacity of purpose Handel instantly resumed the composition of the operas which had only just now ruined him, and *Faramondo* was immediately produced with La Francesina and the famous Cafarelli Duca di Santi Dorato, who thought himself the greatest singer in the world, and wrote outside his chateau in Italy, "Amphion Thebas, Ego Domum." *Faramondo* failed. On the 25th of February, 1728, came *Alexander Severus*, a Pasticcio of favourite airs—that failed. Two months afterwards *Xerxes*, with a comic man in it, failed. The work does not flow easily in spite of the comedy, and the scored and blotted MS. attests to this day the agitations of a mind ill at ease and fevered with anxiety. In fact, the house was empty—the band grumbled—the singers were not paid—and somewhere about March of the same year one Signor Strada threatened to arrest Handel for debt. At this crisis his friends induced him to give a great benefit concert, which brought him in—some said—£1,500, and which enabled him to pay many of his debts.

In his adversity he was not without consolations. His creditors believed in his sterling integrity, and were, as a rule, very patient with him. The king paid him well for his work, and at a time when the nobles forsook him, his royal patron went steadily to all the oratorios. George II. taught the youthful Prince of Wales, afterwards George III., to love his music. Southey tells us that Handel asked the boy, then quite a child, who was listening very earnestly to his playing, if he liked the music, and when the little prince expressed his delight—"A good boy! a good boy!" cried Handel; "you shall protect my fame when I am dead." Little did the young prince know how much he would require in later years all the solaces that can be derived from art and light literature to soothe him in the lucid intervals of his lonely aberration. Sir Walter Scott's novels and Handel's music proved the chief resources of his old age.

There were many besides the king who never for a moment despaired of Handel; amongst them were Gay, Arbuthnot, Hughes, Colley Cibber, Pope, Fielding, Hogarth, and Smollett. These were the men who kept their fingers on the pulse of the age—they gauged Handel accurately, and they were not wrong. At a time when others jeered at his oratorios, these men wrote them up—when the tide of fine society ebbed, and left Handel high and dry on the boards of a deserted theatre, they occupied the pit—when he gave his benefit concert they bought the tickets, and when his operas failed they immediately subscribed and had them engraved.

And it is curious to notice how true the really popular instinct

was to Handel. It was the nobles, not the people, who refused to hear his oratorios and complained of his instrumentation; but when for a time he was forced to abandon opera, and to devote himself to oratorio and cabinet music, the tide of adverse fortune received an instant check. His attention being drawn off opera, he poured forth organ concertos and pieces for stringed instruments, which rapidly spread through the kingdom. About this time he seems to have grown very popular as a player, and whenever an oratorio was performed he gave what were called "entertainments" on the organ. It was soon found that Mr. Handel's music was good bait for the merry-makers at tea gardens as well as for the men of genius. The proprietor of Vauxhall was so impressed with Handel's usefulness in bringing grist to his mill, that he had his music constantly played there, and erected a statue to the great man at his own expense. The manager of the Marylebone Gardens also set up a band and played the people in with similar effect. Handel himself was sometimes to be seen there with a friend. "Come, Mr. Fountayne," said he one day, "let us sit down and listen to this piece; I want to know your opinion of it." The old clergyman (for such he was) sat down and listened for a time, and at last turning round impatiently, said, "It's not worth listening to—it's very poor stuff." "You are right, Mr. Fountayne," said Handel, "it is very poor stuff: I thought so when I finished it!"

11.

The year 1739 was one of prodigious activity. The oratorio of *Saul* was produced and repeated five times. The overture is not entirely unknown by the public of to-day, and is full of grace and delicacy. The chorus "à Carillons," "Welcome, welcome, mighty King," should be more frequently heard. The parts of Jonathan and David are full of tender pathos, and the scene between the king and the witch of Endor is all the more dramatic for not being coupled with action. To this day no dirge is complete without the "Dead March," which is especially important, from a musical point of view, as being one of the few intensely sad and solemn symphonics written in a major key. In the same year *Alexander's Feast* was twice played; an early oratorio, *Il Triomfo del Tempo*, was revived; and last and most notable fact of all, the *Israel in Egypt* was composed in the incredibly short space of twenty-seven days. The *Israel in Egypt* hardly survived three representations. It was certainly the least popular oratorio yet produced. *Saul* was preferred to it, and about this time Signor Piantanida, the great fiddler, arriving from Italy, was preferred to both. The *Israel* was produced but nine times in Handel's lifetime. Each time it had to be cooked—sometimes by cutting out choruses and putting in airs, at others by leaving out

both. No book of extracts from it was published, and the score remained unedited in 1759, the year of Handel's death.

With the exception of a brief and disastrous return to Italian opera in 1740, *Imenno and Deidamia*, Handel now definitely renounced that stage which had witnessed the triumph of his youthful powers and the failure of his mature genius. He was now fifty-five years old, and had entered, after many a long and weary contest, upon his last and greatest creative period. His genius culminates in the *Israel*; elsewhere he has produced longer recitatives and more pathetic arias, nowhere has he written finer tenor songs than "The Enemy saith," or finer soprano ducts than "The Lord is my strength;" and there is not in the history of music an example of choruses piled up like so many Ossas on Pelions in such majestic strength, and hurled in open defiance at a public whose ears were itching for Italian love lays and English ballads.

In these twenty-eight colossal choruses we perceive at once a reaction against and a triumph over the tastes of the age. The wonder is, not that the *Israel* was unpopular, but that it should have been tolerated; but Handel, whilst he appears to have been for years driven by the public, had been, in reality, driving them. His earliest oratorio, *Il Triomfo del Tempo*, had but two choruses—into his operas more and more were introduced, with disastrous consequences—but when at the zenith of his strength he produced a work which consisted almost entirely of these unpopular peculiarities, the public treated him with respect, and actually sat out three performances in one season.

But the choruses themselves were not without a popular fibre, and probably they were saved by the very qualities which are now least esteemed. The notion that music should be imitative (except in a very secondary sense) is rapidly losing ground. The function of music is to kindle emotion, not to raise images. No doubt images, when raised, have the power of kindling emotions, but music can do it without them, and better than they can. When, then, music seeks first to raise an image in the mind, that through the image emotion may be kindled, it is abdicating its proper authority in committing its own special business to an inferior agent. However, since no one wishes to re-write the "Hailstone Chorus," we may admit that a skilful compromise between images and emotions may be made by music. But then it becomes more than ever necessary to ask how far music may suggest images without injury to its own peculiar function as an emotional agent. And the answer seems to be this: laying aside the whole subject of association and memory in music, we may say that the effect of music as the language of the emotions is in proportion to the unimpeded beauty of its expression. Therefore no tempting imitation must impede that expression, or render it less

musical—the image, if introduced at all, must be absorbed naturally by the music, and woven into the very texture of the work. This, we may fairly say, has been done in the fire and hail; which run along the ground, in the “Hailstone Chorus.” It was possible to imitate the running and rattling of hail, and it has been done, but without controlling the free and beautiful expression, or disturbing the essential development of the chorus.

When we come to the frogs leaping, the image begins to get the upper hand, and the emotional force is instantly diminished, and necessarily so. For images derive their significance from the emotion with which you are prepared to clothe them; and if, as is certainly the case, they ever create emotion by themselves, it is only because the mind at some previous time has invested them with the emotion, which it subsequently draws from them. But images in themselves are passionless symbols, and that mysterious movement of life which we call emotion is the only heat and glory of them. To appeal, then, from sound which touches directly the very springs of emotion to images which only affect us when they are touched by those very springs, is like appealing from the sun itself to a pool of water in which we may have once seen it reflected.

But Handel’s finest effects are not imitations, although they have been called so; they are analogies, or musical counterparts. It is obvious that a thing like darkness, which is simply the negation of light, is not imitable by any sound—yet the emotion of darkness that may be felt is very intensely produced by means of that wonderful sound analogue beginning, “He sent a thick darkness.” We have another fine sound analogue in *Joshua*, where the sun standing still is represented by a long-drawn-out note. But we repeat that analogy is not imitation; and if we wish to compare musical analogy with musical imitation we cannot do better than pass from Handel’s “darkness” in the *Israel*, and “light” in the *Joshua*, to Beethoven’s real “cuckoo” in the *Pastoral Symphony*, and Mendelssohn’s live donkey in the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*.

It was clear that henceforth neither praise nor blame could turn Handel out of his course. He was not popular at this time with the musical world; his operas had been quenched for good, and the first surprise of his oratorio music over, his greatest works failed to bring him in much money; his enemies tore down his handbills, and his finest cantatas, such as *L’Allero* and *Il Penseroso*, were voted tedious. But we find no more undignified catering to popular taste; no more writing in the Italian style; no more ballets; no more silly and emasculated operas. The eagle has finally left the small birds chattering in the valleys, and has soared once for all into the higher region.

Handel continued to compose with the greatest industry, but he

was getting very depressed and weary at London, and was beginning to turn his eyes from an ungrateful public towards Ireland.

Handel was very fond of the Irish, and this truly musical people had long been devoted to him. The Duke of Devonshire, Lord-Lieutenant, had asked him over, and an influential society of amateurs in Dublin requested him to come and compose music for a festival in aid of "poor and distressed prisoners for debt" in the Marshalsea of Dublin.

There was nothing to keep him in London, and the Dublin papers announce that on the "18th of November, 1741, Dr. Handel arrived here in the packet-boat from Holyhead; a gentleman universally known by his excellent composition in all kinds of music."

From the moment of his arrival Handel's house in Abbey Street, near Liffey Street, became the resort of all the professors and amateurs in Dublin. No time was lost in producing selections from the splendid repertory of music which the German composer had brought over with him. One after another his principal works were unfolded to an admiring audience in the New Music Hall, Fishamble Street. The crush was so great to hear the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* that the doors had to be closed, and a handbill put up to say that no more money could be taken, and the papers declared there never had been such a scene. Handel gave twelve performances at incredibly short intervals, comprising almost all his finest and chiefly his latest works. In these concerts the *Acis* and *Alexander's Feast* held the most prominent places. But the lustre even of these compositions was about to pale before the *Messiah*, and the mere vestibule is forgotten when we stand at last by the sacred shrine of the inner temple.

III.

At midday of the 13th April, 1742, the great hall in Fishamble Street was densely crowded with an eagerly-expectant audience. Mr. Handel's new oratorio, the *Messiah*, composed in England especially for Dublin, was to be performed for the first time. Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Avolio, and Mr. Dubourg were the chief singers, and, following the example of Handel, they gave their services gratuitously; for by a remarkable and perhaps not wholly undesigned coincidence the first performance of the *Messiah* literally proclaimed deliverance to the captives, for it was, as we have said, for the benefit and enlargement of poor distressed prisoners for debt in the several prisons in the city of Dublin.

The newspapers and the critics, the poets and the tattlers, exhausted every trope and figure in their praise of the new oratorio. A reverend gentleman in the audience is recorded to have so far forgotten himself, or his Bible, as to exclaim at the close of one of

Mrs. Cibber's airs, "Woman, for this be all thy sins forgiven thee;" whilst another enthusiast observed, in terms even more poetical and scarcely less secular, that—

"To harmony like his celestial power was given,
To exalt the soul from earth and make of hell a heaven."

The penny-a-liners wrote that "words were wanting to express the exquisite delight that it afforded," &c., &c.; and, lastly, to their honour be it recorded, the ladies of the period consented to leave their hoops at home in order that an additional one hundred listeners might be got into the room. The proceeds amounted to about £400, and the event may truly be regarded as the greatest in Handel's life. Years of misconception, partial neglect, and bitter rivalry were forgotten in that hour of triumph. A few months before, the equally great oratorio of *Israel* had been but coldly received in England—it had been reserved for the Irish people without hesitation to set their seal of enthusiastic approval upon an oratorio which, to this day, is considered by the majority of the English people the greatest oratorio that was ever written.

Works of the highest genius should not be compared. The *Messiah* has surely earned for itself the right of being judged by itself, as a great whole, without reference to any other great whole. So has the *Israel*, and so, we may add, has the *Elijah*.

When generations have been melted into tears, or raised to religious fervour—when courses of sermons have been preached, volumes of criticism been written about, and thousands of afflicted and poor people supported by the oratorio of the *Messiah*—it becomes exceedingly difficult to say anything new. Yet no notice of Handel, however sketchy, should be without some special tribute of reverence to this sublime treatment of a sublime subject. Bach, Graun, Beethoven, Spohr, Rossini, and, it may be added, Mendelssohn, have all composed on the same theme. But no one in completeness, in range of effect, in elevation and variety of conception, has ever approached Handel's music upon this particular subject.

The orchestral prelude, fairly overstepping the mannerisms of the period, opens with a series of chords which, in their abrupt and deliberate shocks of startling harmony, immediately arrest the attention, and inspire the hearer with a certain majestic anticipation. This strange *grave* soon breaks into the short fugue, which, in its simple and clear severity, prepares the mind with an almost ascetic tone for the sustained act of devotional contemplation about to follow.

Upon this temper of devout expectation the words, "Comfort ye my people," fall like a refreshing day-spring from on high. The soul seeking for God has but just withdrawn itself from an evil and

a suffering world to wait in faith, when at the hour of that world's greatest need—in the moment of a resignation almost stoical—a glimpse of the blue heaven is seen, and the voice of prophecy rolls forth, "Thus saith the Lord!" Immediately the heat and stir of human interest is once more kindled, and the Deliverer seems very near. With a merry noise of joyful encouragement, each man finds some work to do—these in levelling the mountains, those in bridging the vales with viaducts, for the King of Glory to pass over. We hear a vast multitude, not of slaves, but of freemen, singing at their work, "Every valley shall be exalted," and suddenly breaking from monologue into chorus, their lips send forth the one thought that possesses them, "The glory of the Lord—the glory of the Lord shall be revealed."

But the exceeding light will surely blind them; they are so weak with sin, and He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. "Who may abide the day of his coming?"—a terror seems to seize them. The voice scales up to a high pitch, and dwells with a kind of awful suspense and fascination on the word "appeareth." The first burst of joyful activity over, their sinful hearts quail before the thought of the mighty and spotless King. But do they indeed desire Him? Would they rather have his severity than their own sin? Then He Himself will fit them for his presence. "He shall purify them," and help them to "offer unto Him an offering of righteousness."

Therefore, with hearts docile and teachable, waiting for the Messiah, they eagerly listen to the words of the Seer, "Behold a virgin shall conceive." Is it indeed so? What a different message from the one they had expected, and yet how reassuring! All their fears are at once calmed. He was to be humble as well as mighty. He was to be one of them, and yet in some mysterious way exalted above them all. The image of a King coming with pomp and majesty is now withdrawn, and in its place we have simply a Virgin and a Child.

But at that moment, whilst a chorus of those who accept this strange and unexpected revelation with the utmost joy and confidence, believing that, in spite of appearances, "the government shall be upon his shoulders," the first ominous forebodings of the impending catastrophe may be noticed in the recitative and aria, dwelling on the gross darkness of the people at large, and forcibly reminding us of "the light which shone in the darkness, and the darkness which comprehended it not."

Then comes one of those pauses so common in the works of the great dramatists, where the mind has been led up to the threshold of certain startling events, and is called upon to recreate itself for a moment before entering upon a train of the most exciting interest and rapid action.

We are upon the hill-sides around Bethlehem; the delicious pastoral symphony makes us aware of a land of flocks and herds. It is towards evening; the flocks of sheep are being gathered by the shepherds, and are winding slowly towards the wells before settling down on the mountain slopes for the night. The melody breathes peace as the shadows lengthen with the setting sun; at length we seem to hear the faint tinkle of the last bells die away in the distance, and then all is still. The flocks are resting, the shepherds are watching beside them in the darkness, when lo! the angel of the Lord comes upon them, and in an instant the bright light gleams out upon the green and glittering sward; the gloom is suddenly broken up with tints of heavenly colour, and the night is filled with music. The accompaniment to the recitative "And lo!" gives the sensation of the mustering from afar of the angels; and by the time we come to the angelic chorus, "Glory to God," which is exquisitely written, chiefly in treble, and is ringing with pure melody, the whole air seems full of visions—myriads of flame-like faces, sublime and tender, such as Fra Angelico loved to paint, are around us, the distance is thronged with them, the air vibrates with the pulsation of their innumerable wings as they chant to each other, with the voices of another world, the hymn of glory; and then, just as the shepherds are beginning to realize their own ecstasy, the light fades, the sound seems to ascend and be lost among the stars, and all is again dark on the hill-sides of Bethlehem. But the light was evermore in the shepherds' eyes, and the sound of the angels' voices in their ears, and in images culled from their own gentle calling, they returned bringing a message of joy to Sion, and proclaiming in snatches of that very melody they had heard by night the advent of One "who should feed his flock like a shepherd, and carry the lambs in his bosom."

The second part, which is occupied with the sufferings and exaltation of Christ, the spread and final triumph of the Gospel, opens with what is probably the finest piece of choral declamation in existence. "Behold the Lamb of God!" now sounds through the world, and each time, as the august cry sinks, it is taken up again and again until the whole land is ringing with the announcement.

It is curious to observe how, in obedience to the prevalent theology of the day, the teaching of Jesus is suppressed, and only his more conspicuous sufferings and death are dwelt upon.

We are now brought close to a Messiah very different from the popular conception at the beginning of the first part; and, instead of a triumphant king, one appears who, "without form or comeliness," treads the path of suffering, and is made acquainted with grief. A heavy shame and sorrow seems to pervade the next few pieces, as of some beloved disciple who stands aside comprehending in part the nature of the tragic spectacle before him, and a prey to

all its desolating influences. The flood-gates of feeling are at length loosed, and, after the air, "He was despised and rejected of men," written singularly enough in the major key, three choruses are poured forth in succession. The first two, "Surely He hath borne our griefs," and "With his stripes we are healed," bringing before us the willing victim and the propitiation for sin, and the third, "All we like sheep have gone astray," representing with marvellous fidelity the constant and hopeless wanderings of the sheep. It was this hopeless disorder that had to be atoned for, these hopeless wanderers that had to be reclaimed. The Shepherd of Israel could alone seek and save that which was lost. He would not shrink from the necessary suffering; He would endure scorn and solitude and agony; He was the Good Shepherd who laid down his life for the sheep. Then we are shown the outside world laughing Him to scorn, and the vulgar rabble shooting out their tongues and mocking Him in harsh and abrupt staves of ribald irony—"He trusted in God that He would deliver Him!" till at last the disciple who stands by can bear the sight no longer, and, as he hears the Saviour cry out, "Eloi, eloi, lama sabachthani!" he himself turns away, overcome with misery, exclaiming, "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart!"

The first feeling at the sight of the dead Christ upon the cross is one of simple and blank despair. He who should have redeemed Israel—upon whose shoulders the government was to rest—the Mighty Counsellor, the Prince of Peace—He was no victorious monarch—only a crucified man! "He was cut off out of the land of the living." But this train of thought is soon arrested, and we are carried rapidly forward through death and the grave, until, ascending from those depths with the now glorified Saviour, we rise higher and higher towards the blinding splendours of the heavenly courts. A shout of triumph bursts forth as the everlasting gates roll asunder, and throngs of angels with the bright seraphim stream forth to meet the King. The sky itself seems to throb with the thrilling cry, "He is the King of Glory!" and just as we begin to feel that we have been whirled along with the prodigious power of the sound until we have almost forgotten our own powers of endurance, and are made sensible that we can no longer bear the strain of excitement, the abrupt dead pause falls, and then, with a last, long, shattering cry "of glory," the mighty paean swoons away into the echoless silence.

After such a climax we are not surprised to find the next three pieces deficient in interest; this may even be intentional. The great artist knows when the eye requires rest, and lays on his middle tints, until our emotion has been subdued, and we are ready to contemplate with calmness the progress of the Gospel in the world.

Something like a second pastoral now follows—the Lord Christ speaks from heaven, and sends forth shepherds to feed his lambs—

“How beautiful are their feet!” and then the mind is absorbed by the stir and enterprise of missionary labour until the chorus, “Their sound is gone out into all lands,” is felt to be as powerfully descriptive as the going astray of the sheep themselves. In another moment the shepherds have become warrior-pilgrims, the nations rage furiously together, but their bows are broken asunder—the rod of iron smites them, and God Himself declares for the soldiers of the Cross. The battle-scene in its turn vanishes, and the final triumph of good over evil is anticipated by a daring and indomitable effort of faith; for a moment all heaven is opened; we are caught up in the clouds, and hear from the vast multitude which no man can number the hallelujahs of those that chime “after the chiming of the eternal spheres.”

The “Hallelujah Chorus” stands alone. It is not easy to speak of it. It appears to have the same overpowering effect upon learned and unlearned; it is felt and understood by all. The thought is absolutely simple, so is the expression; two or three massive phrases growing out of each other, or rather, rising one after another, in reiterated bursts of glory, a piece of divine melody in the middle, succeeded by the last clause of the triumphal shout, “And He shall reign for ever and ever,” which is taken up rapturously by the flaming choirs of the immortals, and hurled from side to side, until at last the energies of heaven itself seem spent, and the mighty strain itself dies away before “the Great White Throne, and Him that sitteth thereon.”

Such are the leading ideas and sensations of this chorus. But perhaps Handel’s own words are the only ones fit to describe this shout of inspired praise—“I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself!”

That two such choruses as “Lift up your heads” and the “Hallelujah” should be placed not far from each other in one and the same part without prejudice to either, is in itself a marvel; but the greater marvel is, that after the “Hallelujah” Handel should be able to recover himself and carry his audience through a third part. Mendelssohn has done something similar in the *Elijah*, after the great choruses “Thanks be to God” and “Be not afraid,” and the scene of the fiery chariot, with which an inferior man would certainly have culminated. He has shown that he could refresh and recreate the heart with less tremendous but not less elevating emotions until his hearers are fairly restored to their self-possession, and finally left in a calm and almost severely meditative frame of mind by the last chorus.

The third part of the *Messiah* is purely theological, yet the interest does not flag. When the history of the first two parts has been told, there is left to the world a body of Christian truth than which nothing can be more consolatory and sublime. “I know that my

Redeemer liveth" belongs to a type of melody that is never likely to grow old nor pass away. The two doctrinal quartets, "Since by man came death," and "As in Adam all die," have never been surpassed; whilst in sweetness and solemn force "The trumpet shall sound" will probably retain its popularity as long as there is a silver-toned trumpet in existence.

The oratorio closes with two choruses, of which the first, "Worthy is the Lamb," is by far the most florid. The last is the measured and severe "Amen" chorus.

It is a fitting and dignified close to so exciting, and at the same time majestic, a work. All emotion has now been spent, and the mind, like the still heaving waves of the sea after a storm, is left to rock itself slowly into deep and perfect peace. Thus the oratorio opens with the hope of "comfort," and ends with the full calm joy of attainment. One feeling now fills the Christian disciple through, and through, and one word only is found sufficient to express it—it is the glorious "Amen" of the final chorus.

IV.

On his return from Ireland in 1742, Handel immediately prepared a new oratorio—*Samson*—for the following Lent season; and this, together with the *Messiah*, then heard for the first time in London, was intended to form the staple of twelve performances. Whether many people went to hear them or not is doubtful; the papers have not a word of comment on that season. It is to be feared that the fashionable world in London had made up its mind not to care for Mr. Handel. One Lady Brown, a leader of fashion, gave large tea-parties whenever his music was advertised; there were regular sets made up at Lady Godolphin's to play cards on those nights; one Mr. Russell, a comic man, was hired to sing at the great houses; a few went to hear a new Italian opera, the *Caduta di Giganti*, by a young man just arrived from abroad named Glück; and Horace Walpole had the impudence to say of Handel (who had excellent singers), that "he had hired all the goddesses from farces, and singers of roast-beef,* from between the acts of both theatres, with a man with one note in his voice, and a girl with never a one, and so they sang, and made brave Hallelujahs!"

In 1745, poor Handel, deserted by the paying world, struggled through fifteen performances of his finest oratorios, but the effort cost him dear. He was unable to discharge his debts, and for the second time in his life was forced to suspend payment as a complete bankrupt. Luckily his health did not give way, and with indomitable energy he sat down to compose the first two acts of the *Occasional Oratorio*, the third act of which, though containing

* In allusion to the "Roast Beef of Old England," a popular song—the "Hot Codlins" of the period.

many new pieces, is of the nature of a Pasticcio. Henceforth he determined to enter into no engagement with subscribers for so many performances per season, but to give concerts when he chose, and to throw himself rather upon the general public, who, as it had no share in the luxuries and follies of the nobles, felt little enough sympathy with their musical tastes and prejudices. Although constantly persecuted by a frivolous and effeminate clique, Handel never appealed in vain to the great heart of the people. In a short time he had discharged his unfulfilled obligations to subscribers, by issuing free tickets for some Lent performances, and had also laid by sufficient to pay off most of his debts. This was in 1746. In the following year, the third of his great master-pieces, the *Judas Maccabæus* appeared. It was composed in thirty days, between the 9th of July and 11th of August, and was produced at Covent Garden on the 1st of April, 1747.

Justice is usually discovered to be on the winning side, and after the victory of Culloden, Prince William, Duke of Cumberland, not too popular in some quarters, had to be greeted as the Judas Maccabæus of the age. The application was not obvious, but it served Handel's turn. The first part opens with the celebrated chorus, "Mourn, ye afflicted;" but grief for the departed hero who had roused the Jews to resist the oppression of Antiochus Epiphanes soon vanished before the fair promise of his noble son Judas. The "pious orgies" for the father over, "Arm, arm, ye brave!" is the war-cry of the son, and the rest of the part is occupied with appropriate meditations on, and preparations for, the war, until at length they go to battle with the chorus, "Hear us, O Lord." The second part celebrates the victories of Judas Maccabæus, and contains one of the best known of Handel's airs, "Sound an alarm!" It concludes with one of the freest and most original of his choruses, "We never will bow down."

The last part celebrates the return of Judas after re-establishing the liberties of his country, and winds up with the national thanksgiving. "O Lovely Peace" is one of the freshest soprano duets ever written, and "See, the Conquering Hero comes," which originally belonged to *Joshua*, is perhaps the most widely popular of all Handel's compositions. The *Messiah* excepted, no oratorio is more often performed in England than *Judas Maccabæus*. In many respects it is not so difficult to get through passably, and is consequently a great favourite with amateur choirs; although not too long, it readily admits of being shortened, and in provincial towns is seldom heard in its entirety. It contains much repetition of sentiment, and yet little that we can afford to lose: it is one of the very finest works of his most mature period. But the *Morning Herald* of the 19th of February, 1852, indulged in the following sapient criticisms, which we cannot do better than quote:—"The airs of *Judas Maccabæus*,

like those of many other works of Handel, are occasionally feeble and insipid ; but two or three of them are exactly the reverse, and in the hands of singers of ability become both important and interesting."

In 1747 appeared *Joshua*. The graceful air, "Hark, 'tis the linnct," still never fails to please. Haydn observed of the chorus, "The nations tremble," that only one inspired author ever did, or ever would, pen so sublime a composition. The amount of recitative makes the oratorio heavy as a whole. In 1748, Handel being then in his sixty-fourth year, wrote the oratorio of *Solomon* ; between the 5th of May and the 19th of June the oratorio of *Susannah* ; between the 11th of July and the 24th of August, towards the close of the same year, he prepared the Firework Music, which was played at night before the king's palace in the Green Park. Let us hope that his love of noise was for once fully gratified. The music ended with the explosion of a hundred and one brass cannons, seventy-one six-pounders, twenty twelve-pounders, and ten twenty-four pounders. There was no lack of hunting-horns, hautboys, bassoons, kettle-drums and side-drums, besides bass-viols innumerable. Every one seems to have been delighted ; and when the magnificent Doric Temple, under the superintendence of that great pyrotechnist the Chevalier Servardoni, went off with a terrific bang, it was thought success could go no further, and the king's library was very nearly burnt down. When in 1749 the Firework Music was repeated at the Vauxhall Gardens by a band of a hundred musicians, twelve thousand persons are said to have attended. There was such a stoppage on London Bridge that no carriage could pass for three hours, and the receipts were set down at the fabulous sum of £5,700.

In 1749 Handel produced one of his least popular oratorios, *Theodora*. It was a great favourite with him, and he used to say that the chorus, "He saw the Lovely Youth," was finer than anything in the *Messiah*. The public were not of this opinion, and he was glad to give away tickets to any professors who applied for them. When the *Messiah* was again produced, two of these gentlemen who had neglected *Theodora* applied for admission. "Oh ! your sarvant, mein Herrn !" exclaimed the indignant composer. "You are tamnable dainty ! You would not go to *Teodora*—dere was room enough to tance dere when dat was perform." When Handel heard that an enthusiast had offered to make himself responsible for all the boxes the next time the despised oratorio should be given—"He is a fool," said he ; "the Jews will not come to it as to *Judas Maccabæus*, because it is a Christian story ; and the ladies will not come, because it is a virtuous one."

It is difficult to believe that virtue itself, under so attractive a form, could fail to charm. "Angels ever bright and fair" is probably the highest flight of melody that even Handel ever reached.

But the long struggle was drawing to a close, and the battle was

nearly won, as the great ship floated out of the storm into the calm sunset waters. Handel had turned from the nobles to the people, and the people had welcomed him throughout the length and breadth of the land. An aristocratic reaction soon began to take place—it was found necessary to produce pasticcio operas by the lately-neglected composer, and to republish numbers of airs as harpsichord pieces which in their original connection had found small favour. Publishers vied with each other in producing works with Mr. Handel's name, and there is reason to fear that unscrupulous persons manufactured music by Handel as freely as Italian artists are in the habit of attaching the name of Domenichino to their dull and smoky daubs. By the time Handel had reached his sixty-seventh year the merits of rival factions were pretty generally understood, and the last ten years of his life were passed in comparative tranquillity.

No voice was now raised to proclaim the superior charms of Bononcini—no rival composer sent for to ruin the great sacred writer with Italian rubbish—no foreign fiddler announced to supersede Mr. Handel's entertainments on the organ—nor any comic man to grin the *Israel* or the *Judas Maccabæus* out of court. The closing years of the great master's life witnessed a general drawing together of adverse parties and reconciliation of private quarrels. Handel at last found his way to an elevation from which no one thought of dislodging him.

It is pleasant, before the last sad short act of his life, to bring him before us as he appeared at this time to those who knew him best, and loved him most. His life of alternate contemplation, industry, and excitement, from beginning to end, is unstained by any suspicion of dishonesty or licentiousness. A few indistinct rumours of unsuccessful love affairs in very early life (unsuccessful on the part of the ladies) reach us; and we hear no more of women, nor of any need of their love experienced by Handel. He lived for the most part very quietly in the house now numbered 57, Brook Street, Hanover Square, and let the charmers of this world go their way. Of no man was it ever truer than of Handel, that he was wedded to his art. His recreations were few and simple. Occasionally he would stroll into St. Paul's Cathedral, and amuse himself with ineffectual attempts to play the people out; then taking sculls, or when in better circumstances, indulging himself in oars, he would be rowed towards the village of Charing, along the banks of "Old Fader Dams," whose waters, he declared, were "a fine brace of the stomach!" Not far from his favourite organ at St. Paul's there was a favourite tavern called the "Queen's Head." Thither he often resorted at nightfall, and smoked his pipe and drank his beer, with three others,—Goupy, the painter; Hunter, the scarlet dyer; and John Christopher Smith, his secretary. There was an old harp-

·sichord in the tavern, and he would often sit thrumming away to himself and a few musical connoisseurs, who were content to drop in and spend their time over papers, porter, silence, and applause. These were the times of Handel's social exhilaration; and although we have no reason to believe that he indulged in excesses, we have abundant evidence that he despised not conviviality. Surrounded by a circle of familiars, his conversation flowed freely, and sparkled with satire and fun of all kinds. He spoke English, like some Italians, with great fluency and infinite satisfaction to himself, but with a strong accent, and the construction of his sentences was sometimes German, sometimes Italian. He was often passionate, but never ill-natured; no man ever had more rivals, or was less jealous of them. Although he had numerous acquaintances, he had few friends; and during the last years of his life steadily declined the invitations of the nobles, whose patronage might twice have saved him from ruin, but whose flattery he could now afford to dispense with. His friend Goupy, whose caricatures, although often levelled against himself, never seem to have offended him, would frequently accompany him to picture-galleries, in which he took the most vivid interest, and it is more than likely that his operas owe as much to the classical inspirations of Poussin and Duval, or the Pastorals of Watteau, as his sacred music undoubtedly does to the great sacred painters of Italy. In his latter years he was a regular attendant at St. George's, Hanover Square, and it was noticed by one, who records the fact with affectionate emotion, that on such occasions he appeared to be deeply absorbed by his devotions.

v.

Let us look once more at this noble and portly figure sauntering along with the peculiar rocking motion common to those whose legs are a little bowed; let us note the somewhat heavy but expressive face gathering freshness from the morning air, moved at times with a frown like a thunder-cloud, or with a smile like the sun which bursts from behind it. The general impression is the right one. There was a man of inflexible integrity, of solid genius and sterling benevolence; a man fitted to cope with the puerilities of fashion, singularly generous to foes, singularly faithful to friends. So, unconscious of the approaching shadow that was to dim the brightness of his last days, with the gladness which comes of a light heart, and a light heart which comes of a conscience void of offence towards God or man, good Father Handel rocks along this morning towards Paper Buildings to see his friend Master Harcastle, and crave his hospitality for breakfast.

It happened to be the very day on which a competition was to take place for the post of organist to the Temple Church, and Zachary Harcastle had bade his old friends, Colley Cibber, Dr. Pepusch, and

Dr. Arne be with him to a dish of coffee and a roll at nine o'clock, in order that they might all go together to hear the contest.

“Vat, mein dear friend Hardecastle!” exclaimed Handel, breaking in upon the party; “vat! and Mr. Golley Cibber, too! and Toctor Bepusch as vell! Vell, dat is gomical. And how vags the world mit you, mein dears? Bray, bray let me sit down a moment!” Pepusch took the great man’s hat, Colley Cibber took his stick, and old Zachary Hardecastle wheeled round his reading-chair, which was somewhat about the dimensions of that in which kings and queens are crowned, and then the great man sat him down. “Vell, I thank you, gentlemens. Now I am at mein case vonce more. ’Bon my vord dat is a bicture of a ham! and I have brought along mit me a nodable abbetite.”

“You do me great honour, Mr. Handel,” said the host. “I take this carly visit as a great kindness. It is ten minutes past nine. Shall we wait more for Dr. Arne?”

“Let us give him another five minutes,” says Colley Cibber; “he is too great a genius to keep time.”

“Let us put it to the vote,” says Pepusch, smiling. “Who holds up hands?”

“I will zeccond your motion wid all mein heart,” says Handel. “I will hold up mein feeble hands for my old friend Gustos” [Arne’s name was Augustine], for I know not who I would wait for over and above mein old rival, Master Dom” (meaning Thomas Pepusch); only, by your bermission, I vill take a snag of your ham and a slice of French roll, or a modicum of chicken; for, to dell you the honest fact, I am all but famished, for I laid me down on my billow in bed the last night mitout mein supper, at the instance of mein physician, for which I am not altogether inglined to extend mein fast no longer.” At this moment Arne’s footstep being heard outside—“Bresto! be quick!” roared Handel, “fifteen minutes of dime is bretty well for an *ad libitum*.”

Arne enters, a chair is placed, and they soon fall to. “So, sir, I presume you are come to witness the trial of skill at the old round church? I understand that the amateurs expect a pretty round contest,” said Arne.

“Gontest!” echoed Handel, laying down his knife and fork; “no doubt; your amateurs have a passion for gontest. Not what it was in our remembrance. Hey, mein friend? Ha, ha, ha!”

“No, sir; I am happy to say those days of envy, bickering, and party feeling are gone and past. To be sure, we had enough of such disgraceful warfare. It lasted too long.”

“Why, yes, it tid last too long. It bereft me of my poor limbs; it tid bercave me of that vot is de most blessed gift of Him vat made us, and not we ourselves [in allusion to the paralysis and mental alienation of 1737]. And for vat? Vy, for nodings in the world boto

the pleasure and pastime of them who, having no wit, nor no want, set at loggerheads men as live by their wits, to worry and destroy von and anodere as wild beasts in the Colloseum in the dimes of the Romans."

"I hope, sir," said Dr. Pepusch, who had evidently been sitting on thorns, "you do not include me among those who did injustice to your talents?"

"Nod at all, nod at all; God forbid! I am a great admirer of the airs of the *Peggars's Opera*, and every professional genoleman must do his best for to live. Put why play the Peggars yourself, Tdoctor, and adapt old ballad humstrum, ven, as a man of science, you could gompose original airs of your own? Here is mein vriend, Gustus Arne, who has made a road for himself for to drive along his own genius to the Demple of Fame." Then, turning to our illustrious Arne, "Mein vriend, you and I must meet togedere sometimes before it is long, and hold a tede-a-tede of old days vat is gone. Oh! it is gomical, now dat it is all gone by. Do not you remember as it was almost only of yesterday dat she-devil Cuzzoni and dat odere precious daughter of iniquity, Beelzepup's spoilt child, the bretty-faced Faustine? Oh, the mad rage vat I have to answer for! vat with von and the other of these fine ladies' airs and graces! Again, do you not remember dat upstart buppy, Senesino, and de goxcomb, Farinelli? Next, again, mein somedime notable rival, Master Bononcini and old Borbora? All at var mit me, and all at var mit demselves; such a gonfusion of rivalships, and double-facedness, and hypogrisy, and malice, vot would make a gomical subject for a boem in rhymes, or a biece for the stage, as I hopes to be saved!"*

VI.

In 1751, whilst composing *Jephtha*, Handel was attacked with that peculiar blindness produced by *gutta serena*. Between January and August this, his last oratorio, was nevertheless completed; again and again with indomitable ardour he seized his pen, and in the growing dimness traced the last choruses with his own hand. The same year the *Messiah* was twice performed for the Foundling Hospital, Handel presiding at the organ.

In 1752 he was couched for the third and last time, and at first he was tempted to believe that his sight was returning; but the darkness soon settled down upon him, and towards the close of the year he became quite blind.

Beethoven standing deaf in the middle of his orchestra; Handel turning his sightless eyes towards the sun; it is not easy to think upon either without emotion. The great master presided at the organ to the last, but it is said that he could never hear the pathetic air allotted to blind Samson, in the oratorio of that name, without

* Quoted by V. Shæleher from *Somerset House Gazette*, 1823. Almost all that is known about Handel will be found in M. Shæleher's cumbrous but exhaustive volume.

being visibly affected; indeed, Milton's well-known lines, without Handel's music, are sufficient to account for this—

"Total eclipse! no sun, no moon;
 All dark amidst the blaze of noon,
 O glorious light! No cheering ray
 To glad my eyes with welcome day.
 Why thus deprived thy prime decree,
 Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me!"

When Handel became conscious that his blindness was incurable he was perfectly resigned, and seemed to know that his end was not far off. With the exception of "Zion now her head shall raise," and "Tune your harps," dictated to Smith for the *Judas Maccabæus*, he almost ceased to compose, but not to play; and he was as active as ever in organizing the performances of his oratorios. The last years of his life were also the most lucrative. He often drove home at night in a coach quite heavy with bags of silver and gold. But the bags of silver and gold were not unfrequently transferred to some charitable institution. Sometimes it was the Society for Poor Musicians, at others the Sons of the Clergy, and very often the Foundling Hospital.

His friends noticed that after his blindness, instead of becoming soured, impatient, or irritable, he grew gentle and subdued. He desired now to be at peace with all men, showed himself more than ever anxious to assist poor and suffering people by the performance of his music, and looked forward to his departure without anxiety or dismay. Latterly his thoughts constantly turned upon the subject, and he was heard to express a wish that "he might breathe his last on Good Friday; in hopes," he said, "of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Saviour, on the day of his resurrection."

On the 6th of April, 1759, at Covent Garden, Handel, being in his seventy-fifth year, conducted the oratorio of the *Messiah* for the last time. The same night he was seized with a deadly faintness, and, aalling for his will whilst in the full possession of his reason, he added a codicil. On Good Friday, April 13th, it being the anniversary of the first performance of the *Messiah*, the *Public Advertiser* has this short announcement:—"Yesterday morning died G. F. Handel, Esq." This is incorrect. It appears on the testimony of Dr. Warren, the physician who attended him, that Handel died late on Good Friday night. Heaven having thus granted one of his last desires, it remained for man to fulfil the other. He had always longed to rest in the old abbey amongst the people who had made room for him in their homes and hearts.

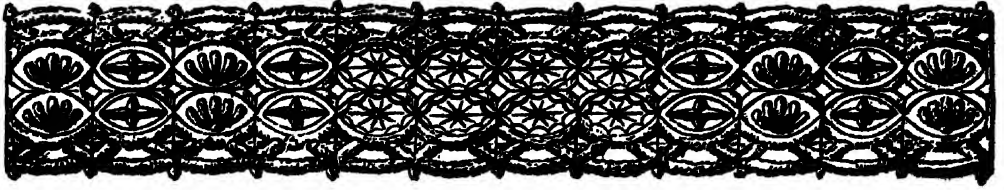
We have all read the simple inscription beneath his monument:—

GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL, ESQUIRE,

BORN FEBRUARY XXIII. MDCLXXXIV.

DIED ON GOOD FRIDAY, APRIL XIII. MDCCCLIX.

H. R. HAWKES.



DAVID HUME.

MRS. MALLET, the wife of David Mallet, "the beggarly Scotchman" on whose head Samuel Johnson poured out the concentrated essence of his hatred of Scotland, once said to Hume, "Allow me, Mr. Hume, to introduce myself to you. It is right that we Deists should know each other." "*Madam,*" replied Hume, "*I am not a Deist, and do not wish to be known under that name.*" If Hume had been asked what he was, and by what name he wished to be known, he would probably have declined to answer. If he had been willing to answer, he would probably have found it difficult. No mind would have rebelled more than his against being classed and labelled.

Hume's first publication was the "Treatise of Human Nature." As this work was afterwards disowned by its author, we need not do more than mention it. Its place was supplied by the "Essays," in which the chief questions were treated with more accuracy and clearness, while many of the more intricate and ingenious but less important reasonings were omitted.

We shall best begin by viewing Hume in his relation to Locke. He was avowedly an experimentalist, holding the senses to be the only channels of knowledge. Through them the mind has what Hume calls *impressions*. The *memory* of these impressions constitutes ideas. Upon these the mind works. It arranges them, transposes

them, and reasons upon them. There is here an unusual meaning attached to the word *ideas*, but that meaning is definite, and the peculiarity itself clearly marks Hume as on the side of the sensuous philosophy. He cannot find in the mind any innate ideas or any infinite ideas, such as those of infinite time or infinite space.

The title generally applied to Hume is that of Sceptic, and this both in philosophy and religion. He follows experience till he finds there is something beyond experience. Then he either acknowledges that we must fall back upon natural instincts, and trust to reason, such as it is, or he gives way to despair, and with an easy indifference flings the problem aside as insoluble, bidding us be content with our ignorance, for all is an enigma, a riddle, and a mystery. These two states of mind are clearly distinguishable in Hume. They are both called Scepticism, yet they are so different that the one leads to inquiry, the other to indolence.* The one was a quality of his own keen intellect, the other was learned in France. It is only the first which we care to notice further.

Locke imagined that he found in experience the grand remedy for the reveries of schoolmen and metaphysicians. It was a method which suited the practical character of the English mind. Hume, who was not disposed to be a metaphysician, but a man of the world, accepted it readily; but being by nature a metaphysician, he could not escape a previous question, What is the foundation of all conclusions from experience? nor a subsequent inquiry as to how we were to solve questions not soluble by experience. Every subject in philosophy which he touches plays round this word. The first inquiry always is, How far do we know it by Locke's method? This knowledge in Hume's searching analysis invariably turns out to be small. It was objected to Locke by Stillingfleet that he discarded substance out of the world. Bishop Berkeley, for an object in no way sceptical, showed the impossibility of our ever being able to demonstrate the existence of a material world. Hume accepted Berkeley's arguments and Berkeley's conclusions. We are conscious of mind. There is an intellect which perceives,—but what does it perceive? Impressions and ideas that belong to it? or impressions and ideas that belong to an external world? Without the mind to perceive, where would be that which we suppose to be perceived? The mind is conscious only of its own impressions and ideas, but it has no certainty

* This has been well expressed by Professor Maurice in his admirable remarks on Hume. "It is not when he is pushing his investigations as far as they will go that we ever complain of him; then he is doing a service to truth and to mankind. It is when, as often happens in this treatise, he declines investigation, laughs at the effort to make it us useless and ridiculous, flings himself into his arm-chair, becomes as indolently and contemptuously acquiescent as any priest ever wished his disciples to be; it is then that he exhibits the state of mind to which we are all tempted; and against which, whatever others do, the believer in a God of truth must wrestle to the death."—*Modern Philosophy.*

of any existence beyond that of which it is conscious. So far Hume went with Berkeley. But experience not only fails to guide us to an external world, it does not even prove to us the existence of mind. When we say we are conscious of mind we assume as much as when we say we are conscious of matter. Our consciousness extends only to impressions and ideas, so that the existence of a mind perceiving is as much beyond demonstration as the existence of an external world perceived. Here is the first of the shortcomings of experience. The existence of matter and mind is demitted to the limbo of scepticism.

The common-sense philosophers have always reckoned themselves certain of matter and motion—that motion could not exist without a mover, nor any effect without a cause. But how did they come by this knowledge? Hume showed that it can never be reached by experience. We cannot discover that force or energy which produces an effect. We can never see what that is which makes an effect the infallible consequence of a cause. All we know is that one follows the other. The impulse of one billiard ball is attended with motion in the second. This is all that is manifest to the *outward* senses. From the first appearance of any object we never know what effect will result from it. By experience we know that certain effects follow certain causes—that heat, for instance, is the constant attendant on flame. But prior to experience we do not know that flame contains that force which we call heat. The idea is evidently not derived from the contemplation of bodies. Some philosophers say it is an inward impression, or an idea derived from reflection on the operation of our minds, or a conclusion reached by our reasonings guided by experience. These are suppositions. All that we can say is simply that such a thing follows another because we have seen before a similar conjunction. What the connection is we do not know. The first time a man saw the communication of motion by impulse or by the shock of two billiard balls, he could not pronounce that the one event was connected with the other, but only that they were conjoined. It is not till after he has felt these events to be connected, by having observed several instances of the same nature, that he can foretell the existence of the one from the appearance of the other.

When Hume writes of morals, experience is still playing its part. For a time it is a guide, then it fails, and Hume, after stumbling on other philosophies not experimental, falls finally into doubt and uncertainty. He proves by observations drawn from experience that virtue is the interest of man. He proves also, though this is not his object, that the distinctions of right and wrong exist anterior to all experience. For those who deny the reality of these distinctions he has no other name but “disingenuous disputants.” Their reality

must be admitted. The only questions are those which concern their extent and their foundation. The pleasure of a virtuous deed may be the motive which leads to it. This motive Hume founded on what he calls a *sentiment*. This is, in opposition to the philosophers who find the motives of virtue in reason. This *sentiment* he calls an internal sense, or *sine feeling*. It is, in fact, the "moral sense" of Lord Shaftesbury—an intuition of the mind not in any way derived from the impressions of the external world or from experience of human life. To separate this from reason could only be done by giving reason a limited meaning—a meaning which it may have had in Locke's philosophy, but to which it was never limited in any other philosophy. With Hume, reason means merely reasoning. It does not include what the Germans understand by *Vernunft*, nor what Plato and the ancient philosophers meant by that reason in which the world is constituted. Hume accordingly finds that these ancient philosophers, and such as Shaftesbury among the moderns, were confused between *reason* and *sentiment*. The former, he says, often affirmed that virtue is nothing but conformity to reason, and yet they considered morals as deriving their existence from taste or sentiment. The moderns talk much about the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice, yet they commonly account for this distinction by metaphysical reasonings, and by deductions from the most abstract principles of the understanding. Having in this way placed "sentiment" in opposition to "reason," Hume admits that there are many specious arguments for both sides, and concludes with something of the confusion of which he complains in others. "In many orders of beauty," he says, "particularly those of the fine arts, it is requisite to employ much reasoning in order to feel the proper sentiment, and a false relish may be frequently corrected by argument and reflection. There are just grounds to conclude that moral beauty partakes much of the latter species, and demands the assistance of our intellectual faculties in order to give it a suitable influence on the human mind." After saying this he announces that he will confine himself to the experimental method; fact and observation being the only ground for a system of ethics. From this ground he comes to a conclusion partly sceptical; regarding virtue as unquestionably the interest of man, yet adding an exception perhaps in the case of justice. "*That honesty is the best policy* may be a good general rule, but it is liable to many exceptions, and he, it may perhaps be thought, conducts himself with most wisdom who observes the general rule and takes advantage of all the exceptions." In the treatise on "Human Nature" the question was discussed, if moral distinctions are to be found in nature. The answer is, that if by natural we are to understand the opposite of miraculous, they are in nature, and also if by natural is to be understood the opposite of unusual; but in the sense

of natural as opposed to artificial, some virtues are said to be natural and others artificial.

Experience always landed Hume in scepticism, but in his really philosophical moods he was never willing to stay there. He believed in an external world as much as the most ordinary individual who puts his foot on this firm earth. He no more doubted the existence of his mind than he doubted of his doubts. Nature provides a remedy for scepticism. Hume could not discover the connection between cause and effect, but he never denied its existence nor the validity of our reasonings concerning it. "Allow me to tell you," he says in one place, "that I never asserted so absurd a proposition as that anything might arise without a cause. I only maintained that our certainty of the falsehood of that proposition proceeded neither from intuition nor from demonstration, but from another source There are many different kinds of certainty, but some are satisfactory to the mind, though perhaps not so regular as the demonstrative kind."

Hume refused the name of Deist, but it is probable that he would not have refused to be called by the Greek equivalent, Theist. There is a story that once dining with a large company at the Baron D'Holbach's, the discourse turning on natural religion, Hume said that as for Atheists he did not believe there ever was one. "You have been a little unfortunate," said the baron; "you are now at table with seventeen for the first time." It is not generally admitted that Hume was a Theist. He came with his experience to find out if it could lead him to a demonstration of the being of God. As in other cases, it came short. He had never seen God, he was not with Him before the mountains were brought forth. He saw effects in the world, but no agent producing them. He saw workmanship, but no hand at work. His experience did not reach a handbreadth into the deep that is infinite. Hume, however, brings forward his objections avowedly as "sceptical paradoxes" with a distinct affirmation that he does not approve of them. In the essay, "Of a Providence and Future State," a philosopher of the sect of the Epicureans is supposed to address the common people of Athens. He urges them to abide by the ancient religious traditions of their forefathers, and not to attempt to establish religion upon reason. The religious philosophers indulge a rash curiosity. They excite doubts which they never satisfy—they paint in the most magnificent colours the order, beauty, and wise arrangement of the universe, and then ask if such a glorious display of intelligence could proceed from the fortuitous concourse of atoms, or if chance could produce what the greatest genius can never sufficiently admire. This is an argument from effects to causes. It is inferred from the order of the work that there must have been design and forethought in the worker. The Epicurean philosopher answers that he allows the argument to be

solid so far as it goes, but its advocates must not pretend to establish the conclusion in a greater latitude than the phenomena of nature will justify. When we infer any particular cause from an effect, we must proportion the one to the other, and can never be allowed to ascribe to the cause any qualities but what are exactly sufficient to produce the effect. We cannot return back upon the cause and infer other effects from it besides those by which it is known to us. No one merely from the sight of Zeuxis' pictures could know that he was also a statuary or architect. We may fairly conclude the workman to be possessed of the talents and taste displayed in his works, but we have no right to infer that he has any talents beyond what he manifests. Supposing the Deity to be the Author of the existence and order of the universe, we can ascribe to Him that precise degree of power, intelligence, and benevolence which appear in His workmanship, but nothing more. The supposition of further attributes is mere hypothesis, and so too is the supposition that in distant regions of space or periods of time there will be a more magnificent display of these attributes. We can never be allowed to mount up from the effect to the cause, and then descend downwards to infer any new effect from that cause. It is objected that as we reason from a half-finished building that it is a work of design and contrivance, and justly return to the cause to infer that the building will soon be finished, so may we infer the completion of what is wanting to the perfection of this world. If we find on the seashore the print of a human foot, we conclude that a man had passed that way, though the sand may have effaced the print of the other foot. Why then may we not reason that the Author of nature is capable of producing something greater than nature at present manifests? The answer is, human art and divine are not the same; man is a being whom we know by experience, and from our knowledge of him and his works we can draw a hundred inferences of what may be expected from him. The print of a foot in the sand can only prove that there was some figure adapted to it by which it was produced, but the print of a human foot proves likewise from our other experience that there was probably another foot which also left its impression.

“The case is not the same with our reasonings from the works of nature. The Deity is known to us only by His productions, and is a single Being in the universe, not comprehended under any species or genus, from whose experienced attributes or qualities we can by analogy infer other attributes or qualities in Him. As the universe shows wisdom and goodness we infer wisdom and goodness. As it shows a particular degree of these perfections we infer a particular degree of them precisely adapted to the effect which we examine.”

The source of our mistake is said by the Epicurean philosopher to be that we tacitly consider ourselves as in the place of the Supreme Being, and conclude that—

“He will act on every occasion according to our ideas of what is reason-

able. But the ordinary course of nature might convince us of the contrary. It is regulated by principles and maxims very different from ours. We cannot reason from ourselves to a Being so remote and incomprehensible, who bears much less analogy to any other being in the universe than the sun to a waxen taper."

Bolingbroke had already reasoned in this way with reference to the divine attributes of power and justice, but by a singular inconsistency he did not hold his reasoning applicable to the attributes of wisdom and goodness. Hume proposes to introduce these objections as "sceptical paradoxes," nothing more than curious; but in a note to the essay, where he speaks in his own person, he says it may be established as a maxim that, when any cause is known only by its particular effects, it must be impossible to infer any new effects from that "cause."

It is still, however, not evident how far Hume agreed with the philosophy of his Epicurean philosopher. The subject was resumed in a tract, which was published after his death. This was called "Dialogues on Natural Religion." The principal disputants are Philo and Cleanthes. The one is a Sceptic, the other a Theist. The author of Hume's Life, John Hill Burton, says that Hume showed most sympathy with Cleanthes, and, indeed, very nearly professed the theistical doctrine for his own. Philo says that the inquiry can never be concerning the *being*, but only concerning the nature of the Deity. The being of God is not to be questioned. It is a truth self-evident. Nothing exists without a cause, and the original cause of the universe we call God, and piously ascribe to Him every perfection. But as all perfection is purely relative, we ought never to imagine that we can comprehend the attributes of the Divine Being, or suppose that His perfections have any analogy or likeness to the perfections of a human creature. We justly ascribe to Him wisdom, thought, design, knowledge, because these words are honourable among men, and we have no other language nor other conception by which we can express our admiration of Him. But we must not think that His attributes have any resemblance to these qualities among men. He is infinitely superior to our limited view and comprehension, and is "more the object of worship in the temple than of disputation in the schools." Cleanthes saw in the world but one great machine, subdivided into an infinite number of lesser machines, which again admit of subdivision to a degree beyond what human senses and faculties can trace or explain. All these various machines, and even the most minute parts, are adjusted to each other with an accuracy which ravishes into admiration all men who have ever contemplated them. The curious adapting of means to ends throughout all nature resembles exactly, though it much exceeds, the productions of human contrivance, or human design. And since the effects resemble each other, we are led to infer, by all the rules of analogy, that the causes also resemble each other, and that the Author of nature is in some-

way similar to man, though possessed of much greater faculties, proportioned to the grandeur of His work. By this argument, *a posteriori*, and by this argument alone, do we prove at once the existence of Deity and the likeness of the divino mind to the human.

Philo answers that if we see a house we conclude with the greatest certainty that it had an architect or builder, because this is precisely the species of effect which we have experienced to proceed from that species of cause. But we cannot affirm that the universe bears such resemblance to a house that we with the same certainty infer a similar cause, or that the analogy is here entire and perfect.

Cleanthes dwells on the resemblance, which he maintains is not slight, on the economy of final causes—the order, proportion, and arrangement of every part. And Philo points out to Damca, another of the speakers, that Cleanthes tacitly allows that order, arrangement, or the adjustment of final causes, is not of itself any proof of design, but only so far as we have experienced it to proceed from design. For anything we know, *a priori*, matter may contain the spring or source of order originally within itself as well as mind, and there is no more difficulty in conceiving that the several elements, from an internal unknown cause, may fall into the most exquisite arrangement, than in conceiving that these ideas in the great universal mind, from a like internal unknown cause, fall into the same arrangement.

Cleanthes allows the equal possibility of both suppositions, but finds from experience that there is an original principle of order in mind, not in matter, and as from similar effects we can infer similar causes, so he concludes that the adjustment of means to an end is the same in the universe as in a machine of human contrivance, and, therefore, the causes of both must resemble each other.

Philo is scandalized with this comparison made between the mind of God and the created mind. Thought, design, or intelligence, he says, such as we discover in men and animals, is no more than one of the springs and principles of the universe, as well as heat and cold, attraction or repulsion, and a hundred others, which fall under daily observation. Why should thought be the model of the whole universe? It is true that in this minute globe of earth, stone, wood, brick, iron, brass, have not an order or arrangement without human art or contrivance, but it does not follow that the universe has not its order without something similar to human art. Is a part of nature a rule for the whole? Is a very small part a rule for the universe? This is not to be allowed. The inhabitants of other planets, have they thought, intelligence, and reason, or anything similar to these faculties in man? When nature has so extremely diversified her manner of operation in this small globe *can we imagine that she incessantly copies herself throughout the universe,** and if thought

* Had the discoveries now known as morphology and typology been known in Hume's day he would scarcely have made Philo reason after this fashion.

is confined to this narrow corner, with what propriety can we assign it as the original cause of all things ?

Cleanthes answers that if even in common life we assign a cause for an event, it is no objection that we cannot assign a cause for that cause, and answer every new question that may be started. What philosophy could submit to so rigid a rule? Philosophers, who confess ultimate causes to be unknown, are sensible that the most refined principles into which they trace the phenomena are still as inexplicable as the phenomena themselves are to the vulgar. The order and arrangement of nature, the curious adjustment of final causes, the place, use, and intention of every part and organ, all these bespeak, in the clearest language, an intelligent Cause, an Author. The heavens and the earth give in the same testimony. The whole chorus of nature raises a hymn to the praise of the Creator. "You alone," says Cleanthes to Philo, "or almost alone, disturb the general harmony. You start abstruse doubts, cavils, and objections. You ask me, What is the cause of the cause? I know not; I care not; that concerns not me. I have found a Deity, and here I stop my inquiry. Let them go further who are wiser or more enterprising."

Philo admits that the grandeur and magnificence of nature are arguments for Deity, but shows that on Cleanthes' *a posteriori* principles they become objections by removing the Deity further off from likeness to man. He also points out to Cleanthes that by confining himself to this method of reasoning he renounces all claim to infinity in any of the attributes of Deity. For as the cause ought to be proportioned to the effect, and the effect, so far as it falls under our cognizance, is not infinite, we cannot ascribe this attribute to the Divine Being. Nor can we, on Cleanthes' principles, ascribe perfection to God, for there are many inexplicable difficulties in the works of nature which, if we allow a perfect Author to be proved *a priori*, are easily solved, and become only seeming difficulties, from the narrow capacity of man, who cannot trace infinite relations. But on the rigid final cause supposition these difficulties become real; and, further, were the world ever so perfect a production, it must still remain uncertain whether all the excellencies of the work can justly be ascribed to the Workman. He may have botched and bungled many worlds throughout an eternity. Ere this system was struck out much labour may have been lost, many fruitless trials made, and a slow but continual improvement in the art of world-making carried on during infinite ages. Nor by this reasoning solely can we prove the unity of God as in a piece of human workmanship—a house, a ship, or a city; though unity be in the work, a great number of men may be employed in working.

In the essay on the "Natural History of Religion," Hume, speaking in his own person, declares himself decidedly on the side of

Theism. The whole frame of nature, he says, bespeaks an intelligent Author; and no rational inquirer can, after serious reflection, suspend his belief a moment with regard to the primary principles of genuine Theism and religion. This belief Hume thinks is not an original instinct or primary impression. It is the result of reasoning. There are nations, he says, without any sentiment of religion, and there are no two nations, perhaps no two men, that ever precisely agreed in their religious ideas. By studying the works of nature we come inevitably to the conclusion that there is an Author of nature; but if we leave the works of nature and trace the footsteps of invisible power in the various and contrary events of life, we are necessarily led to Polytheism. From this Hume argues that Polytheism preceded Monotheism. The apparently capricious powers of nature would be the first divinities—beings corresponding to the elves and fairies of our ancestors. As men advanced in the knowledge of nature they would see that the work of nature could not be ascribed to these deities. The idea of the unity of God being once reached, the human mind could never again lose sight of it. The intelligent Pagans never ascribed the origin and fabric of the universe to these imperfect beings. Hesiod and Homer suppose gods and men to have sprung equally from the unknown powers of nature. Ovid speaks of the creating Deity in the doubtful terms, "*Quisquis fuit ille Deorum;*" and Diodorus Siculus, beginning his work with the enumeration of the most reasonable opinions concerning the origin of the world, makes no mention of a Deity, or intelligent mind. Hume denies the universality of the religious sentiment in order that he may deny the existence of a primary instinct, which, as a mere experimental philosopher, he was bound to do; yet here, as in other places, he is forced to go beyond his own philosophy to find a rational explanation of the phenomena of religion. A people, he says, destitute of religion are but a few degrees removed from the brute. And again, he says, that if the propensity to believe in invisible intelligent power be not an original instinct, it is, at least, a general attendant on human nature, and may be considered as a mark or stamp which the divine Workman has set upon His work, and "nothing, surely," Hume adds, "could more dignify mankind than to be thus selected from all other parts of the creation to bear the image or impression of the universal Creator. What a noble privilege is it of human reason to attain the knowledge of the Supreme Being, and from the visible works of nature be enabled to infer so sublime a principle as its Supreme Creator!" After saying all this, Hume's natural dislike to religion comes upon him. He finds ignorance the mother of devotion, revolts at the corruptions of theological systems and the evils to which they have given rise, and finally sinks into his wonted scepticism, finding that all is an "inex-

plicable mystery;" that the result of inquiry is, "doubt and uncertainty, from which our only escape is into the calm though obscure regions of philosophy."

Hume was in Paris about two years after the great excitement that had been raised by the miracles supposed to have been performed at the tomb of the Abbé Paris. He had many conversations with the priests about the reality of these and other miracles. A Jesuit of La Flèche once answered Hume that the same objections which he urged against Catholic miracles were valid against those of the Gospel. Hume says he admitted this as a sufficient answer. If there are no real miracles but those recorded in the Bible, they become so exceptionable that there is a very strong probability against their being genuine. The order of nature is visible to us; a Gospel miracle comes to us only on the authority of testimony; which, then, is the stronger evidence, our senses or testimony? Archbishop Tillotson had already weighed the question in arguing against the doctrine of the *real presence*. This doctrine might have the authority of Scripture or tradition, but these cannot overbalance the testimony of our senses. The Apostles saw the miracles of Jesus. To them the evidence was equal to the evidence of the senses; but to us, who have only their testimony, it is not equal. When we believe anything on human testimony the principle of our belief is founded on an observation of the veracity of human testimony, and of the usual conformity of facts to the reports of witnesses. Here all the experiments and observations give a probability in favour of the truth of that to which testimony is made. But when the fact attested is such a one as has seldom fallen under our observation, there is a contest of two opposite experiences. The Indian prince who refused to believe the first relations concerning the effects of frost reasoned justly. It required very strong testimony to engage his assent to facts which bore so little analogy to the events of which he had constant and uniform experience. The action of frost was not *contrary* to his experience, but it was not conformable to it. It was *extraordinary*, not miraculous. In a wider knowledge of nature it was found to be within the operations of nature. A miracle Hume defines as a *violation* of the laws of nature; and as a firm and unalterable experience has established these laws, the proof against a miracle is as entire as any argument from experience can possibly be. The Indian prince rightly required strong testimony to believe in ice, but no testimony is sufficient to evidence a miracle.

No writer on miracles omits to notice Hume. To refute him has been the ambition of every Christian apologist for the last hundred years; but what could really be said in reply was said in his lifetime. It is recorded of a professor in the University of Edinburgh that he annually refuted the great sceptic, and with as much complacency

as regularity. A portion of his lectures was always introduced with the words—"Having considered these different systems, I will now, gentlemen, proceed to refute the ingenious theories of our late respected townsman, Mr. David Hume." As there really was but one answer, that answer has been repeated with variations and amplifications by all who have undertaken to meet his objections.

William Adams, who is described as chaplain to the Bishop of Llandaff, was one of the first who wrote on miracles with reference to Hume's argument. Adams at once objected to the definition of miracle as a "transgression of the law of nature." If the Author of nature performs any work different from what we see going on every day, He does not thereby violate or transgress any law. He does not even depart from the order of nature, but only from what we know of the order of nature. Our idea of a natural law is nothing more than our observation of what usually goes on in the world. It is not contrary to nature that the dead should be raised, or that the winds should be controlled by a word. It only supposes a power in nature greater than what is manifested in our daily experience. Our individual observation may testify to a uniformity of sequences in nature, but we have no right to make this the universal measure where so much evidently lies beyond our knowledge. Extraordinary occasions may require extraordinary manifestations of power. For the truth of these we must depend on testimony. If they became frequent they would cease to be extraordinary, and so cease to serve the end for which a miracle is wrought. The uniformity of nature must be acknowledged before we can acknowledge a miracle. This, says Adams, is a position which has been laid down by all who write in defence of miracles, and he expresses wonder to see it now pleaded as decisive against them. Adams sometimes speaks of God changing or subverting His laws, which are not much better words than "transgressing" or "violating." He confesses a necessity of speaking in this way, for a miracle is apparently a subversion of law, but in reality it is conformable to nature. This was taking the force out of the distinction which Hume made between the extraordinary and the miraculous.

It appears from Dr. Campbell's "Dissertation on Miracles," that Hume in the first edition of his "Essay" maintained the impossibility of miracles. Some of the reasoning still looks in that direction, and many who replied to Hume argued against the thesis that miracles are impossible. In the early editions there was a passage which read thus—"Upon the whole, it appears that no testimony for any kind of miracle *can* ever possibly amount to a probability, much less to a proof." The passage now reads thus—"Upon the whole, it appears that no testimony for any kind of miracle *has* ever

amounted to a probability, much less to a proof." This fairly changes the question from possibility to probability. While Hume maintained that miracles were improbable, Campbell held that they were not only probable, and might be proved from testimony, but that the miracles on which the belief in Christianity is founded *are* sufficiently attested.

Campbell refuses to admit that our belief in testimony has its foundation in experience. He regards it rather as an original instinct or intuition. It is not, therefore, to be put into the balance against experience. He makes this simple illustration of the case between him and Hume:—He lived near a ferry; he had seen the ferry-boat cross the river a thousand times and return safe. One day a stranger comes to his door and seriously tells him that the boat is lost; he stood on the bank, and saw it upset. Here is what Hume would call "a contest of opposite experiences;" but Campbell maintains that his having seen the boat cross and recross a thousand times in safety is no proof against the testimony of the stranger—that must be overthrown by contrary testimony. Another person testifies that he had seen the boat safe; that it has not been upset. Here the things balanced are homogeneal, here is testimony against testimony; but until the second testimony came there was no inconsistency in believing that, though the boat had crossed a thousand times in safety, it was now upset. A fallacy may be noticed in the application of this illustration. It might be said that we have experience that boats are upset, but we have none that dead men are raised to life. But in making this objection we should be carrying with the word experience an ambiguity which Campbell is careful to mark. Did Hume mean by experience his own, personally? If so, there is no fallacy in Campbell's illustration. He may never have seen a ferry-boat upset. Did Hume mean by experience that of men in general? If so, what did he know of other men's experience except by testimony? This boasted uniformity of nature, then, has only testimony for its foundation, the same as that on which miracles depend; so that testimony really forms the greater part of that experience which was to overthrow the validity of testimony. To make Hume's case valid, evidence is required from experience that ferry-boats have never been upset. This is a considerable change from Dr. Tillotson's argument about transubstantiation, with which Hume began his "Essay." That argument rested on the superiority of sense over testimony. The apostles saw the miracles of Jesus; they had the evidence of their senses. But if our senses cannot be trusted,—if what appears bread and wine is not bread and wine, but flesh and blood,—we overthrow not only testimony, but the evidence on which testimony rests, which is the veracity of sense. Here the things opposed are the evidence of our senses and an external

authority. In Hume's argument the opposition is between his own personal experience, added to what he knows traditionally of the general experience of mankind, and an external testimony of certain facts which, though out of the range both of general experience and his own experience personally, are yet not incompatible with either. This seems to be the force of Campbell's argument, but Hume had sheltered himself by a subtle distinction which it was necessary to examine. The Indian prince who did not believe in ice because he had never seen it, and could not conceive the possibility of it, having no conception of the conditions on which its existence was possible, reasoned rightly on the whole. It required strong testimony to convince him. Both sides agree in this. Both sides also agree that the testimony might be such as it would be unreasonable for him to reject. Hume says that his unbelief might be overcome by testimony, because, though it is not *conformable to his experience* that water should be turned into ice, it is yet *not contrary to it*. This is just what Campbell says of miracles. They are not contrary to our experience, but they are outside of it or not conformable to it. Our acquaintance with the laws of nature is only partial. In the idea of a miracle as contrary to experience, Hume is still working upon his definition that it is "a transgression of law," which Campbell of course rejects. To illustrate his meaning, Hume says it is no miracle that a man in seeming good health should die suddenly, but it is a miracle that a dead man should rise to life. The main difference here is, according to Campbell, that the one is common—conformable to experience,—the other is not conformable to experience; so that the Indian prince would not have been more unreasonable in refusing on the strongest testimony to believe in ice, than we should be in refusing on the same testimony to believe that a man was raised from the dead.

But Hume comes even nearer to his opponents than this. He grants that there may possibly be "miracles, or violations of the usual course of nature, of such a kind as to admit of proof from human testimony." There may be; but he does not grant that there has been. Suppose, he says, there was a universal testimony that for the first eight days in January, 1600, there was a total darkness over the whole earth. Such a testimony ought to be received by philosophers, and the cause of the miracle investigated. By "miracle" Hume evidently means here something natural, for philosophers are to investigate the cause of it. But this is not surely the kind of "miracle" concerning which he wrote his "Essay;" yet into something of this kind Dr. Campbell resolves all the miracles which he defends,—miracles which are variations from the usual course of nature, but not violations of the *actual* system of nature. The conclusion is, that the kind of miracle against which Hume writes, is a

kind of miracle whose existence Christians, as represented by Dr. Campbell, do not profess to believe.

John Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, wrote "The Criterion; or, Rules by which the True Miracles in the New Testament are distinguished from the spurious Miracles of Pagans and Papists." Douglas connects Hume's argument against miracles with his doctrine of cause and effect. It is only when our experience connects a cause with a particular effect that we believe it. Testimony is not sufficient. The plain inference made by Douglas is that Hume's argument proves too much. It is equally valid against the Christian miracles, and everything wonderful in nature which has not yet come within the narrow limits of our experience. Douglas assumes the omnipotency of God, and from that reasons for miracles. He notices the contradiction pointed out by Campbell, that Hume in the plainest terms admits that human testimony may in some cases give credibility to a miracle. He also noticed a limitation which Hume expressly wished should be noticed, that only such miracles as are made the *foundation of a new system of religion* cannot be made credible by testimony. His previous reasoning had struck at all miracles; but "he is lost in a labyrinth, surely," says the author of "The Criterion," "when he now applies it only to miracles connected with religion." Bishop Douglas argues for the necessity of revelation. Socrates had seen this necessity when he told Alcibiades of a Great Teacher who was to teach men their duty towards God and man. The expediency of a revelation involves the expediency of miracles. The "rules" for testing miracles are that the accounts be not published too long after the time when the miracles were said to have been performed, nor distant from the place; and if published at the time and place, not allowed to pass without examination. The "Life of Apollonius Tyanæus," by Philostratus, was not published till a hundred years after the death of the hero. Moreover, the whole of that biography is made up of imitations of New Testament miracles. The "Life of Ignatius," by Ribadeneira, in the first two editions contained no miracles. These were first inserted in an abridgment printed at Ypres in 1612, fifty-five years after the death of Ignatius. Bishop Douglas examines at some length the miracles said to have been wrought by the influence of the Abbé Paris, and does not find that they were so wonderful as the cures of Valentine Greatrakes, which were attested not only by the Bishop of Dromore, but by such rational theologians as Dr. Cudworth, Henry More, Bishop Wilkins, and Bishop Patrick, with many eminent physicians, and yet they were not accounted miracles.

The introductory part of Dr. Paley's "Evidences of Christianity" is devoted to Hume's argument; but Paley only repeats, in a condensed form, the substance of Dr. Campbell's dissertation. The very first

sentence of Paley's book assures us that the writer is a man who understands an argument and can reason calmly. The previous advocates of Christianity generally held it necessary to exalt the light of the Gospel, and to contrast with it the darkness and insufficiency of natural religion. This was done under the belief that the Deists had exalted the light of natural religion so as to make Christianity unnecessary. Paley at once states the case as it appears to every dispassionate and unbiassed mind. It is unnecessary to prove that mankind stood in need of a revelation, because, he says, "I have met with no serious person who thinks that even under the Christian revelation we have too much light." On the supposition that there is a Creator and Governor of the world, and a future life for man, it is not unlikely that God would give a revelation. The probability that God would acquaint men with the fact of the future life, is not greater than the probability that He would do it by miracles. To say that these doctrines, or the facts connected with them, are violently improbable, is a prejudication which should be resisted. Hume's position is stated to be that it is contrary to experience that a miracle should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false. The narrative of a fact, Paley says, is only contrary to experience when the fact is related to have existed at such a time and place, at which time and place, we being present, did not perceive it to exist. This is properly contrary to experience. This was Tillotson's contrariety. There is no intelligible meaning that can be attached to the words contrary to experience, except that we ourselves have not experienced anything of the kind related, or that such a thing has not been generally experienced by others. We cannot say that *universal* experience is against it, for that would be to assume the whole question. Paley accepts it as a fair statement of the controversy, "whether it be more improbable that the miracle should be true, or the testimony false;" and he asks, in argumentative justice, that in considering the probability of the miracle we should be allowed to take in all that we know of the existence, power, and disposition of the Deity. A miracle will appear more incredible to one who does not believe in God than to one who does; and more improbable when no purpose can be assigned, than when it is done on an occasion which seems to require it. Paley concludes by defending the Christian miracles as well attested, and showing that some pretended miracles are not well attested.

When Dr. Chalmers wrote his "Evidences of Christianity," which were published in 1836, he reviewed the whole of the controversy which had been raised by Hume's "Essay." He remarked how differently it had been treated in the two countries—England and Scotland. The English mind, best represented by Paley, came

directly to the argument with full confidence in the faculties with which nature has endowed us. The Scotch mind always started a previous question, and, with Hume, reasoned about our reasoning. He naturally sympathised with the metaphysical bent of his countrymen, yet he says the English apologists were not deceived in the result, just because nature has not deceived them. She has not given original principles to her children for the purpose of leading them astray. Chalmers would not agree to Dr. Campbell's position, that belief in testimony was an instinct anterior to experience. He returned to Hume's belief that it was resolvable into experience. The two things, then, experience and testimony, are homogeneal, and are fairly balanced against each other. Chalmers is willing to contend with Hume on this ground, and he undertakes to prove that the testimony for miracles may have a superiority of experimental evidence in its favour. Hume classed *all* testimony as one; and because some testimony had deceived, he concluded that all might deceive us. Chalmers claims that testimony should be separated into its kinds, and he affirms that a testimony is conceivable—nay, that a testimony has often been given having such marks and characteristics of unlikelihood or moral impossibility of its falsehood, that we can aver with the utmost confidence that it never has deceived us and never will.

Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte" illustrates the extent to which scepticism may be carried. All we know of the existence of Buonaparte is from testimony. We never saw him, and even the multitudes that did profess to have seen him may have been deceived as to the actual person. The whole story of his life is marvellous, incredible, extraordinary, miraculous, improbable, yet it is well authenticated. It reads like a romance, yet it is true. No one will justify the scepticism which doubts of the existence of Napoleon and his strange history. Hume would here make distinctions of extraordinary and miraculous, contrary to experience, and not conformable to it; but practically, and so far as the argument is concerned, the distinctions do not mark a difference. Hume himself, as Whately shows, uses the term *miraculous* as synonymous with *improbable*, and throughout Hume's "Essay" the difficulty of believing the miraculous is the same in kind as the difficulty of believing the marvellous.

Bishop Warburton wrote "Remarks on Hume's 'Natural History of Religion.'" They are not of much value; in fact, this is one of Warburton's poorest performances. His words were many and strong, his arguments few and feeble. Warburton defended Christianity by throwing mud at its opponents. He denied that Polytheism preceded Monotheism. His argument was "the authority of an old book." When Warburton reviewed Bolingbroke, he extolled Toland

and Tindal as good reasoners. He described them as men who really had something to say, and could say it; "but as for Bolingbroke, he was the mere essence of emptiness and nonentity." Now that Hume is to be brow-beaten, Bolingbroke is extolled as a man who knew how to reason; but as for Hume, he "insults common sense," and defends "dogmatical nonsense with scepticism still more nonsensical." *

We have abstained in all the preceding papers from any remarks on Leland's "View of the Deistical Writers." Leland was industrious, he had good intentions, he was disposed to be candid, and yet he is one-sided. His book does not deserve the reliance which has generally been placed on it. Two of the writers especially were entirely beyond him. These were Hobbes and Hume. Of the former he does not say much; of the latter he says a great deal too much. He is most successful with Bolingbroke. He fails entirely with Hume. He says that the tendency of Hume's writings is to confound rather than to enlighten the understanding. But this depends on the character of the understanding. He marks a few things in Hume's writings that "strike at the foundations of natural religion." When Leland wrote this, the "Dialogues on Natural Religion" had not been published, so the reference was probably to the essay on "Providence and a Future State." Hume, as we have seen, distinctly avows that he did not approve the principles advocated by the Epicurean philosopher. The extent to which he did agree with him, as expressed in a note at the end, is only unfavourable to natural religion as different people may view it differently. The impossibility of tracing the connection between cause and effect Leland would have been willing to pass by as a display of metaphysical subtlety, if Hume had not made it the foundation of conclusions relating to matters of great importance. Now this was just one of the things which Hume denied he had ever done. The inquiry was limited to the question of the source whence we have the idea of power in causation. The answer is that it is from experience, and not from intuition or demonstration, but the fact of its existence and the validity of our arguments depending on it remain the same. With his own interpretation of Hume's doctrine of causation, Leland finds Hume inconsistent, when treating of liberty and necessity he speaks of necessary connection.

It may be some excuse for Dr. Leland that he was not alone in supposing that Hume's principles were unfavourable to natural religion. The objection which Hume put into the mouth of Philo, that we had no ground for ascribing to the cause more than we found

* The "Remarks" were published by Cadell, in 1777, as written by Bishop Hurd, in the form of a letter to Bishop Warburton, with the addition of a few lines at the beginning and a few at the end. †

in the effect, did not invalidate the argument from design, but it showed that it had limitations. It might prove a Creator, but it did not prove an Infinite. It might prove that there was some analogy between the mind of God and the mind of man, but it could not annihilate the manifest interval between the Divine and the human. Yet the things suggested by Philo have been taken into account by all philosophical Theists. They are to be found in Plato and Plotinus, in John Scotus Erigena and Benedict Spinoza. The acknowledgment of them has caused all philosophy of religion to be charged with what is called Pantheism.

Hume's "Dialogues" were continued by Dr. Morehead, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church in Scotland. Philo becomes a Christian, defends the Berkeleyan philosophy, and "all for the best," while Cleanthes remains a simple Theist. In Dr. Morehead's "Dialogues" Philo admits that he never denied the validity of the design argument. His error, as he explains it, was in esteeming it merely analogical and founded on experience. Now he maintains that its foundation is deeper. Wherever he sees marks of order, disposition, plan, he must acknowledge a designing mind by a necessary decision of the understanding previous to all experience.* Were there no works of art in existence, we might still perceive traces of intelligence in the universe of nature. The universe may be a machine, an animal, a vegetable, or the production of a concourse of atoms; in any case, the mind reads intelligence in it. Reason was employed in putting the machine together, generating the animal, sowing the seeds of vegetation, or reducing into form or order the irregular dance of atoms. What the supreme nature is we do not know, but we do know that the universe manifests an intelligent mind. The nature or reality of all things is hid from us. Inquiries into real essence invariably lead to scepticism; but there is another region accessible to us—that is, the natural sentiments which we cannot but form upon questions of this kind. The reality of existence may be very different from our conceptions of it, yet when we have reached the genuine and unbiassed apprehensions of the human mind, we have reached the only view on which it can be contemplated. Thus, to trust our faculties is to trust in God. Philo, in Dr. Morehead's "Dialogues," differs chiefly from the Philo of Hume in having added Christianity to his philosophy.

We should not omit altogether an ingenious argument against Hume's sceptic which is urged by Hugh Miller in his "Testimony of the Rocks." It is drawn from geology, and though not remarkable for metaphysical keenness, is yet, in its sphere, and, so far as it goes, such as Hume would have welcomed. Miller considers Hume

* This was the argument of the Scotch metaphysicians, Stewart, Brown, and Reid, in reply to Hume.

as identical with Philo, and so supposes the argument against the perfections of Deity, from the singularity of the effect, as Hume's own. This misconception brings with it some confusion, for Miller has not seen that Hume, in his stern impartiality, was simply trying to mark out the precise boundaries of our knowledge as derived from the measure of the capacity of the human mind. Miller's reply to the sceptic is that we have in geology that experience in world-making which no longer makes the world a "singular effect." We have at least five distinct "footprints on the sand;" that is, five distinct creations,—the *Azoic*, the *Paleozoic*, the *Secondary*, the *Tertiary*, and the *Human era*. In the first era it might have been said that it was unphilosophical to argue that the producing Cause was competent to form anything beyond gases and earths, metals and minerals; yet in the *Paleozoic* we have tall araucarians and pines, reptiles of comparatively low standing, and highly organized fishes. It is evident now that in the first creation the producing Cause had put forth but a part of His power. In the *Secondary*, the manifestation of this power is still higher. In the *Tertiary*, we have noble forests of dicotyledonous trees with sagacious and gigantic mammals. In the *Human era*, the greatness of the Divine power is yet more fully revealed. Each creation has been higher than the one that preceded it. With this experience, Miller asks, is it still unphilosophical to reason that the producing Cause will yet put forth greater energy and realize the hopes of the deeply-seated instincts which lead us to look for new heavens and a new earth? There is certainly in this a probability that yet higher creations will succeed the present; but the point of Philo's argument is, that in strict reasoning we must always measure the producing Cause by precisely what is manifested in the effect.

The result of Hume's criticism of the design argument has been finally settled by Kant. In the *pure reason* which leads to scepticism, it loses its force, but it finds it again in what Kant calls the *practical reason*. It is valid as far as it goes. In concluding his *Essay on Miracles*, Hume said with a sneer that our religion is not founded on reason but on faith. Those who replied to him found at least that it was not against reason. The internal sense which men have of the truth of religion is properly called faith; not that it is opposed to reason, nor in the sense of implicit reliance on authority, but as designating a state of mind rather than an act of the mind. In this sense the most devout and rational Christians of the present day will not object to taking Hume's conclusion seriously, that the foundation of our belief in Christianity is not from a process of reasoning concerning miracles, or any other external evidence, but really has its foundation in something which is called *faith*. Why should Hume have sneered at this? He had

proved that reason, as he understood it, had failed in everything, even in proving its own existence. He had shown, too, that our only escape from scepticism was to return to reason, such as it is, and to put faith in it. So that a rational faith really is practical reason.

Hume's biographer, Mr. Burton, claims that Hume's place should be not among the sceptics, but among the philosophers of the porch. There is some justice in this claim when the easy French philosophy is put off. Hume's character is that of the genuine Stoic—calm, patient, unbiassed, self-sacrificing. In the *Essays on Epicurean, Stoic, Platonist, and Sceptic*, each of the philosophers is made to speak as if Hume felt that each of them had some truth on his side. Though avowedly a disciple of the experimental philosophy, his eagerness to follow principles to their last results continually leads him to some region which that philosophy forbids its disciples to enter. He refused to engage in controversy. The agitation of mind which that kind of gladiatorship produces, he did not think conducive to the discovery of truth. When Dr. Campbell, through his friend Dr. Blair, submitted to him the manuscript of the "*Dissertation on Miracles*," Hume sent to Campbell one of the kindest letters ever written. If it had not the name of Christian, it had the reality without the name. To Dr. Blair he wrote that whenever they met it must be with the understanding, that no subjects relating to his profession were to be introduced in their conversation. He had made up his mind; and such subjects might destroy the good feeling which existed between them. The entire simplicity of Hume's character, as delineated by his friends, is in keeping with all that we know of him from his writings. It is traditionally recorded that his mother, speaking of her son David, once said, "Our David's a fine, good-natured cratur, but uncommon wake-minded." It is possible that David, destitute of the religious element, without prejudice or bias, may have appeared to his devout mother precisely in this light.

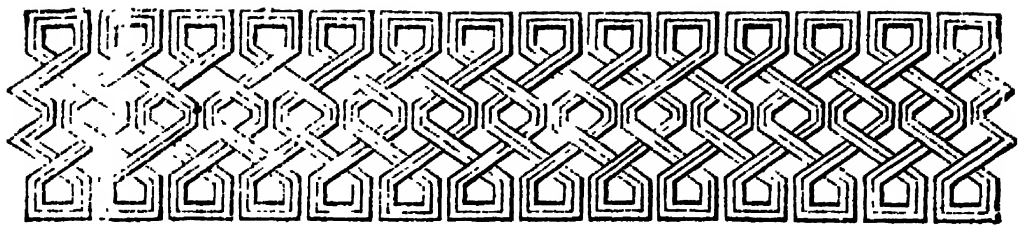
Hume lived in a dark age—dark, we mean, as regards religion. The eighteenth century had so many men remarkable for their virtues, their great human gifts, and their practical common sense, that we often wish it were possible to vindicate it from the usual charge of irreligion. But all the evidence is against us. Hume says that the clergy had lost their credit; their pretensions and doctrines were ridiculed; and even religion could scarcely support itself in the world. We have the same testimony from Bishop Butler, Archbishop Secker, and others. Hume was penetrated with the spirit of the age. There is no great man of whom we know anything who had by nature so little of the sentiment of religion. His mind was essentially pagan, without one Shemetic element. The whole spirit of the Bible was alien to him. He does

not seem to have had even a taste for its literature or its lessons of human wisdom. In every great English writer, passages, similes, or illustrations from Scripture are plentiful in almost every page, interweaving themselves in the happiest sentences of our most brilliant orators and our most finished essayists; but in all Hume's philosophical writings we have marked only two references to the Scriptures. One of them is about the treasures of Hezekiah. It is introduced in a political essay, and with the indifferent words, *if I remember right*. In the whole history of his life there is but one occasion where he ever manifests the least sense for religious feeling. When in London he learned of the death of his mother. His sorrow was overwhelming. His friend Mr. Boyle said to him, "You owe this uncommon grief to having thrown off the principles of religion, for if you had not, you would have been consoled with the firm belief that the good lady, who was not only the best of mothers, but the most pious of Christians, was completely happy in the realms of the just." To which Hume answered, "Though I throw out my speculations to entertain the learned and metaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of the world as you imagine." This is a solitary instance, and, if really genuine, is altogether exceptional. When he drew near his own end, with all his faculties entire, he amused himself and his friends with jests about crossing the Styx, and how he would banter old Charon, and detain him as long as he could on this side the river before he entered the ferry-boat.*

Hume's principles, of necessity, made him many enemies. We may praise the zeal of those who opposed him, but we can also admire the calm, self-possessed spirit which bore the opposition with meekness and patience. There is a story, well authenticated, that when an old man, and very heavy, he fell into the swamp at the bottom of the wall that surrounded Edinburgh Castle. He was unable to get out, and in great dread of there ending his life, he called to an old woman for assistance. The old woman told him that he was "Mr. Hume the Deist, and she would help none of him." "But, my good woman," said Hume, piteously, "does not your religion teach you to do good even to your enemies?" "That may be," she replied, "but ye shall'na come out o' that till ye become a Christian yoursel', and repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Belief." He performed the task, and got the promised assistance. David Hume is not the first whom ability to say the Creed has helped out of a ditch.

JOHN HUNT.

* A saying of Bishop Horne to Hume illustrates this defect in the sceptic's character. Hume had used it as an argument against the alleged consolatory effect of religion, that all the religious men he had met with were melancholy persons. "The sight of you," replied Horne, "is enough to make a religious man melancholy at any time."—*Ed.*



SKILLED AND LITERARY ART-CRITICISM.

IT seems to us that this is a year of progress in both art and criticism, or rather that it is a year of cheering prospect for the future. Criticism of works of art really means intelligence brought to bear on them to interpret them to the people. The relations of the critic, the artist, and the public must necessarily alter, as the public learns more about art; and we wish to give our view of the present state of things, and to say why it seems to us to be somewhat encouraging.

For practical art, the English school has honourably taken example by the best points of the French, and has fairly gone in for knowledge of the human form. We are happy to say the tendency is to study from men quite as much as from women, and that we cannot see any mischief in it. Such study must produce great results; and Mr. Hunt's "Isabel," along with the works of Armitage, Watts, and Leighton, are worthy of a strong school of painters of humanity. There is a point in nude study where the pure beauty, which is its asserted object, loses its purity; but we do not think it is often exceeded in English work. At least, there seems to us to be a great difference between Mr. Leighton's "Actæa," which is perhaps the extreme on our side, beyond which our men won't go, and M. Cabanel's "Aphrodite," which represents the extreme beyond which even Frenchmen can't go. But this is not our subject; we have rather

to do with the progress of criticism, and especially with that very important and auspicious fact, that criticism is fast falling into the hands of men who know something about the work on which they comment. Until lately we have had but few critics possessed of real technical skill, or of that knowledge of nature and form which is, in fact, only to be obtained by drawing. But now we are beginning to have painters who can write, and write well; and we think the results will soon be visible in the increased intelligence of public opinion, headed by its journalists and *littérateurs*. Talk about works of art is either the talk of men who can draw forms accurately, and tell good colour from bad, or of men who cannot—but who may be possessed of natural judgment, imagination, and feeling for beauty, and of education and experience of life. Their opinions have their weight, and deserve to have it; but there is a certain superior authority in the evidence of educated painters, as skilled evidence. And to say truth, there are now so many well-bred, well-read, and well-trained painters, that the craft is beginning to speak for itself, and to bear witness with authority as to its real masters. If observation of nature and fact—if special study of the nice truths of form and colour give title to speak with certainty about pictures, these things depend on drawing.* Every man who can draw will tell you that observing an object without drawing is infinitely different from observing it as you draw it; that in the latter case you see it about ten times as well as in the former; and that the habit of observing, for the sake of recording in colour and form, introduces the eye to new sights and the mind to new ideas. The heart, which watches and receives, does both through the eye, and the eye can only be educated in one way. Perhaps one man out of ten thousand may observe like a painter, though he has not learnt to paint; as Wordsworth tells us about the beauty of the daisy's "star-shaped shadow, thrown on the broad surface of this naked stone;" and Scott goes through whole chords of colour in his descriptions (in "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake" more particularly). But one must say that drawing is a use of the eye which improves the eye, and that the eye sees more and better for it, and affects the mind more vividly, more subtly, and more beautifully. The layman, the man of feeling and education, being something of poet and painter at heart, may have right to criticize the choice and conception of a subject; that is to say, his word is as good as a painter's, as to the thoughts of the painter. Thought is more than language after all. But when you come to the finished picture, you come to the language in which a subject is treated, and a conception embodied. That

* See "Modern Painters," vol. iii. p. 279—282; and a new Essay of great value, just published, under the odd title of "Hiatus. By Outis." Macmillan & Co.

language has a grammar,—accidence of knowledge, anatomy, &c. ; syntax of drawing, prosody of colour,—and it is only by a miracle that he who has not learnt that grammar can be as good as he who has. Imperfections of language may be signs of a greater glory in the thoughts ; the poet's words may grow dark with meaning, or the prophet be blind with excess of light ; but still inadequate language does confess weakness in the speaker ; and a bad foreshortening or exaggerated hues of colour will diminish the value of a picture of the most intense feeling, as is often in pre-Raffaellite work. Had Goethe or Alfieri painted pictures—and the former spent some time in artistic study—one cannot suppose but that their pictures would have had force and grandeur enough in them. They did not paint, because they themselves felt that painting is a language hard to acquire, and that speaking by means of it would be to them like acting in fetters or writing tragedies in English. Goethe well understood that his pictures, if he painted, would always fall behind the true workman's in professional skill, and rightly refused to express himself under a standing disadvantage.

We think there are at present three kinds of art-criticism : the two first, as we hope, have a tendency in the course of a few years to assimilate with and join each other ; and we hope they will then pretty well silence the third, or hold their own against it on its own ground of the market. There is skilled, literary, and commercial criticism. Of these, the first two may be impartial, or they may not ; the last represents public taste as far as dealers can influence it : it makes no pretence to fixed principles of judgment, but backs this man or that man on grounds of personal friendship, fashion, trade, or literary connection, and so on. Literary criticism has been till lately in the hands of outsiders, and has consequently not been strong enough to influence the profession of art and trade of picture-dealing as it ought. "I suppose we know better than the people who write in the papers," is the pithy remark of a celebrated R.A. in his evidence before the late Commission. The expression was in great measure true, though not particularly conciliating or dignified. But it displayed the regular commercial feeling of a skilled workman, quite sure that he can produce as good an article as anybody else, and that nobody has any right to ask for better ; and that view is unfavourable to progress. Painters must not treat critics as interlopers in the business ; and the more highly educated our painters are, the more they will approach the position of a critic, and the better able they will be to look at painting from the literary side. For instance, if Mr. Woolner had never drawn or carved anything, he would still be able to see and to speak rightly of pictures or statues which contain beautiful thoughts, or appeal loftily or heartily

to feeling; and the world would attend to what the author of "My Beautiful Lady" said. If the author of "Jason" and "The Earthly Paradise" were not also a painter as he is, his opinions on painting would still be worth something to painters. These gentlemen are well-known authors. But highly-educated painters are growing numerous; and they all join hands, as it were, with critics like Messrs. Ruskin, Rossetti, and Hamerton, who possess professional skill and knowledge of methods and difficulties, besides all their reading and observation. All commercial art at first quite naturally set itself desperately against Mr. Ruskin's criticism; then, in great measure, adopted his advice. Gentlemen would not have it even that his own etchings were done by his own hand, as Mr. Hamerton tells us. One would think that "J. R., del. et sc.," at the corner of a first-rate plate, meant that J. R. said he had done that plate; and that, being a man of well-known scrupulous honour, he would be telling the truth. But, as the author of "Etching and Etchers" says, the only answer made by a well-known painter to whom he showed a first-rate soft-ground etching, so signed, in the *Seven Lamps*, was the syllogism, "No man totally ignorant of art could have done such an etching as that. Ruskin is totally, &c. Argal, Ruskin did not do that plate." Another instance of professional exclusiveness shows a higher tone of determination than of morality:—

"When Mr. Seymour Haden's etchings appeared, an eminent artist wrote a letter to one of his friends, in which he positively asserted that Mr. Haden had not etched the plates which he had published, but had purchased the talent of a poor man of genius, binding the genius never to reveal his name. I have seen this letter, and read it from beginning to end; the name of the writer is famous, and if I gave it in this place it would not be new to a single reader. The reasoning was exactly the same as in the case of Mr. Ruskin; the works of Mr. Haden were admitted to be excellent, but their very excellence was itself held to be evidence against their authenticity, because it was not to be supposed that an amateur could do work of that quality."

"The bare fact that they are capable of doing something else," says Mr. Hamerton, "is considered to prove the incapacity of amateurs to produce a work of art. When they do good work, either the merit of it is admitted with the qualification that it is good 'for an amateur,' or else it is attributed to the help of some friendly artist, or the imitation of some model."

Since we wrote these words, their truth has been brought home to us personally, with amusing exactness. Critics seem to be just as professional as painters. Hear our simple tale:—Having read, drawn, painted, etched, and engraved more or less for twenty years and more, we were invited to write or compile a practical art-book for the University of Oxford. This we did; and what we went through, and made others endure in the job, will probably never be

known, except to Mr. Wheeler of the Clarendon Press and ourselves. The book is a fairly-illustrated practical treatise, with some historical sketches by way of padding; and it passed under good professional censorship, and also under that of the University delegacy, so we do not think there are many mistakes in it. A few critics, for the most part connected with art-teaching, praised it generally;* and others very sensibly abstained from remarking on its practical directions, except to the effect that they were rather good, for aught the critic knew, and therefore could not be ours. But everybody was smart or indignant at the idea of a clergyman's presuming to write about art, or the possibility of his knowing how to draw or lay on colour. Some person or persons in the *Saturday Review* went on repeating the words "lay" and "amateur" in a three-column article, which for length, spite, impotence, and general flabbiness reminded us a good deal of a paralyzed alligator. One or two Anonymi also objected to Mr. Ruskin's being appealed to as a great critic and authority, and abused us accordingly: larger carnivora and smaller infusoria, all together. It is not *ad rem* to notice these singular beings, nor is it sportsmanlike to shoot crows; but as they all said the same thing, they give us an opportunity analogous to that of getting within range of a whole line of the unclean birds on a rail, and it is only human nature to throw away a charge on them.

The fact is, the real difference between artist and amateur turns *only* on skill, knowledge, and inspiration; the popular distinction is between a man's selling his pictures, or trying to live by selling them, and his living any other way. The regular workman sets himself against the non-commercial artist or critic, who interferes with the market; and the regularity of his own work, and the fact that he lives by it, gives him a real plea in his own favour. But to ignore Mr. Ruskin's exhibited or published works is to ignore the very highest skill in imitative landscape-art. And the professional or commercial objection to non-professional critics is precisely the same as that to non-commercial painters. They affect the market, they bother the dealers, they tell the public what it ought to like; and the public rapidly finds it does desire new things—which bothers the painter. There never was a better protest against "non-professional" criticism than the lament of *Punch's* R.A. :—

"I takes and paints,
Hears no complaints,
And sells before I'm dry,

Till savage Ruskin,
He sticks his tusk in—
Then nobody will buy."

* I have had reason since this was written to thank writers in the *Guardian*, the *Cambridge University Gazette*, and the *Spectator*, for very favourable notice. It is encouraging to observe extreme timidity in quotation in all my assailants.

This question of literary and skilled criticism deserves to be discussed between the parties, *πρῶτος καὶ μὴ πικρῶς* (as Demosthenes always observes before any particularly vicious examination of his enemy's antecedents). Clearly there are faulty extremes both ways. The regular *littérateur* (by which term we mean the generally well-educated writer who has given special attention to this subject, not the press-man who hangs about studios, and reads a day or two at the British Museum) may think that he is highly educated, and the artist is not; and that therefore he has right, or at least power, to settle, and classify, and comport himself generally, like the *Times* among bishops, the *Saturday Review* among ladies, or the proverbial bull in a china shop, who has it all his own unpleasant way. The artist thinks that he knows a great deal about form and colour, and has educated his eye and hand for work, and his mind for feeling and aspiration, by technical study of great works of art—he has drawn, and can draw—and he says the critic hasn't, and can't, and regardeth not the crying of his would-be driver. The first may degenerate into a hack or a quack; the latter into a dealer's drudge: and we call a man by that name if he repeats himself for sale, whether he is paid by thousands or in terms of shillings. But there is real hope of reconciliation, because painters now read much more, and occasionally write; and critics who are able workmen also increase in number. But those who can only write must speak as witnesses, not judges, and some of them ought to abate their tone of certainty. As to amateurship, we think Mr. Hamerton's distinction must stand good in substance: that an artist is a man with more knowledge, skill, and inspiration, while an amateur has less. It would be of course most irritating to a man who gives his whole life to drawing and painting to be told he is no more an artist than a man who practises two hours a day or less; but we do not mean this. He stands, or should stand, at an indefinitely higher point of skill than the other. Moreover, if he works in a pious and generous spirit, with high aim and purpose, we put him so much the higher above the man who does not live by art; *because he has got piety and generosity into that which is the main labour, and care, and object of all his life.* But supposing the minor two-hour-a-day artist to spend his two hours in hard drawing from cast and nature—and supposing he does it for the love of beauty in nature—we put him in the same class with the professional, calling both artists. Only we put him as much lower in the class as you like. As to balancing feeling against skill, it is not fair on the professional; it is easier to have the keen feeling of the two-hour-a-day worker, to whom every touch has a holiday feeling about it, and who does not paint to live, than to keep alive strong feeling and high aspiration in your soul, and work at pictures which won't sell immediately—per-

haps to the detriment of your own wife and children. It is easy for an advanced student, who has leisure to take the three best and freshest hours of a day to work out his idea on canvas, and go on pretty successfully, and in luxury. But he does not know about hard painting every day, and all day. He is not forced to live by conception and imagination. The true workman must live by them; and they must sometimes be hacked and worn out. And this is the true reason for artistic impatience of an amateur comment—that, as in all other arts, it is painful to hear a man pronounce with easy authority on what oneself lives for and lives by. “Painting may be fun to you, it’s death to me,” is a remark which may have been made by a keen professional artist to a good *dilettante*.

The fact is that till lately writers have been better read men than painters, and have appeared to the public, in commenting on art-work, as the representatives of high outer education, as the champions of knowledge and feeling against mere technicalities. And as it is easier to skim a well-written article than to look well at a powerful picture (especially when you cannot paint, and do not look at the work with the eye of a lover), the writers get the ear of the public, and the painters do not get its eye. The public says to the journalist, Make these fellows paint what we like to buy; dealers say, Make them paint what we can sell. Consequently, there is a tone of power among the *littérateurs*—they cannot well be caricatured, and the silent painters can be joked at and bullied. They will not henceforth be quite so helpless, at least they will be able to make answer to fair critics who give their names, as all unfavourable commentators are bound in honour to do. As for anonymous comment, to our mind, if it be favourable, generally speaking, it loses some of its value; if it be unfavourable, it can have no weight at all, except by means of fair quotation. Mr. Bernard Cracroft’s view of lay comment on pictures is stated in the *Fortnightly Review* for June, 1868. At the end of a criticism, which has itself been quite sufficiently criticized, he justifies his strictures by saying that a painter alone is competent to judge of methods, and that results are intended for a wider circle and are open to wider remark. This is in great measure true; and in the instance chosen all is fair. The picture, Hunt’s “Isabel,” is criticized almost entirely from the literary point of view; and a big picture by Mr. Hunt may rightly be so treated, because it is, as it were, national property; because everybody is sure to talk about it, and many will really study it; and because the painter’s reputation for technical power and force of mind are established beyond question. Still, we think, a practical colourist, or even a draughtsman, whose hand had tried to follow the outlines of that figure (to us, beyond range of adjectives), would have somehow

got bewitched with the lines and colours, and forgot his Keats for a while. Keats may be right, and Boccaccio and Hunt may be wrong; but the picture is a picture, a clothed and embodied conception, and the splendour of the thought's clothing, in this case, is very great indeed. To judge of the whole work justly, you ought to be able to understand the painter's point of view, and to that end you ought, *by rights*, to have tried a pencil outline of the figure, or to match the colours, say of a square inch of the blue drapery.

The opposite pole of controversy is the R.A.'s statement, above-mentioned, that he knows better than the people on the papers. Mr. Cracroft says, "As a layman I may judge as I like:" he is answered, "Of course you may, because it does not the least signify how you judge, or what you like." This seems to annihilate all criticism except those of R.A.'s. And as they generally paint instead of criticizing, it only amounts to a defiance of all outsiders: and so it was taken at the time. But, within bounds, the words are perfectly true. On his own ground, in pictures of modern life and character, in the expression of a certain kind of sentiment and humour, in knowledge of methods and technical skill, we should as soon think of setting our opinion against Mr. Frith's as of attacking Turner's cloud-drawing in the "*Liber Studiorum*." As to anybody who was not touched and delighted by the "*Maria*" of this year (1868), we should consider him deficient in tenderness of mind and sense of beauty. We never had the honour of writing for any newspaper; but if we had, we do not think we should have ventured to instruct Mr. Frith in his own department. But we think it does not extend over the whole of art. It is, of course, wide enough to supply him with fresh and good subjects; but it is not wide enough to make him an authority on all other branches of art: about A. Hunt's or Inchbold's landscape, or Armitage's or Leighton's figure-painting. He cannot be right if he claims, as R.A., superior authority in departments which are not his; and he is tempted to do so by his well-deserved position, and the general deference which it commands from the public, who think simply that a man who can paint one thing can paint everything, and is a paramount judge of painting. We do not think Mr. Frith knows so much about mountains and mountain drawing, for instance, as Mr. Ruskin, or Mr. A. Hunt, or Mr. E. Walton; and here our question about professional and amateur work, and professional and amateur judgments about work, runs away with us as usual. Where the *λογός* leads, there we must go. Modern art is getting split up, like modern science, and will not bear it as well. Over division of labour in painting is only beginning to be deprecated as it should be. Sir Coutts Lindsay, Mr. Watts, and others, remark the lamentable extent

to which it is carried ; and, we must say, we think it is a consequence of the very commercial way in which the public are allowed to look at art by the titular chiefs of the artistic profession. What does a "successful painter" mean? A man who is always selling his pictures, and making money by them. And what is the way to sell pictures? To get a name for doing some one thing, and never do anything else.

Till lately, the public had no choice or taste of its own ; it is only just trying to have one ; and consequently, when in want of pictures, it has gone mostly to old well-known manufacturers, or been led to them by dealers, who directed a taste in pictures like a fashion in trousers-patterns. Artists have achieved a name in a line, and with it a competency or a fortune, and followed the road to success in blinkers. Landseer himself—who is capable of high landscape and so much beside—for years went on producing dog-pictures, as Messrs. Huntley and Palmer go on producing biscuits ; *i.e.*, rather better than other people's, and sufficiently well stamped with his mark to be known for his. The worst is, that by dint of professing one narrow line of art, men get to consider that line the whole artistic profession, and themselves exclusive professors ; and the world innocently lets them assert their authority in all subjects and lines of painting, because they are able to sell a rapid succession of pictures to the same pattern. The fact is, that any system of patronage (and now-a-days the public is patron) which tempts men to perpetual self-repetition, tends to degrade them and their work. This is now felt even by regular portrait-painters : they begin to weary of red curtains and columns, and to try, with more or less ingenuity, to get their sitters into pictures. And while a painter, generally employed on portrait, holds on to any serious pursuit in art above it, there is always a chance for him ; for then he is still seeking and learning.

The President of the Royal Academy has shown an excellent example by uniting landscape with some of his later portraits, and representing his sitters in action. "The Battle of the Alma" is a step in this direction, though it seems to want the excitement of combat ; and the expression of the Duke of Cambridge can hardly be his royal highness's fighting likeness. Also, his horse is "short of work," and is advancing at a steady foot's pace ; and Colonels Clifton and Tyrwhitt appear to be conversing on the weather and the crops generally. The captain in the Guards, on the right, seems, it is true, to be experiencing a certain degree of annoyance, perhaps at the slowness of the whole proceeding ; he appears, by his expression, to be turning round to acknowledge his *ennui* in confidence to his grenadiers. There is a cool sort of cannonade going on, and

shells are unobtrusively exploding just where they ought in the picture. But, as Mr. Rossetti observes, the arrangement of the picture is like Landseer; and portraits thus made part of a scene, and set in action, may become works of art of the highest value. Titian and Veronese may be said to have condescended to portrait, their habitual work being grand histories or allegories. If our own artists make a faithful use of portraiture as a means of study, it will advance them on their way towards higher and highest work.

We are quite sure of the advantage which every true artist will gain from a wider range of practice in various lines. Life is quite long enough to study form in clay or stone, as well as on canvas, if a man is really determined to do justice to his own powers, and has an ideal of success beyond money-making. How all ancient precedent encourages variety of study! Giotto was architect and painter; Leonardo was painter, goldsmith, engineer, and mechanic; Durer the same, besides his matchless engraving; Michael Angelo the same, being from the first and essentially a sculptor. The proverb about "Jack of all trades and master of none," does not apply to various branches of a great craft, which are closely related to each other; and, besides, art is not a common trade, dependent on facility of multiplying objects to pattern, but an intellectual one, in which a single production makes an era. Although all processes in art are necessarily connected, the present fashion is for the artist to practise no two of them together. They say an engine-driver drives no better for knowing the construction of his engine, and a screw-turner is best when he does nothing but screws. But painting is not driving or manufacture; and if we say a painter gains power by sculpture, we are borne out by endless examples, down to Watts's "Clytie." The honourable thoroughness of the English character, which desires perfection of work, often seems to stand in men's way. Perfection of the meanest kind, as deceptive imitation, is too often held sufficient; and men are accordingly discouraged from painting up to the full stretch of their powers—that is to say, up to their point of failure. And the greatest men have acknowledged that, paint and carve, stipple and polish as they will, they are far behind the subtlety, power, and finish of nature. There are two ways of recognising this in art-work. A man may aim high, and press on to his point of failure in grand subject; it will be soon reached, but his failure may yet be worth making. Or he may confine himself to small matters, where he has more power of realization, or actual deceptive imitation; but then his success may yet not be worth having. Yet ultra-realization is a necessary means of study for almost all men. It is no use beginning to paint till you have mastered processes, and arrived

at some perfection in trivial subject ; but still-life and flower-painting are insufficient as sole objects of existence. W. Hunt was a great painter, we well know ; but even now, from his self-repetition, he is remembered as if he had painted nothing but grapes and primroses, and the public hardly remembers his landscapes and rustic portraiture.

There was a time, well within our own memory, when the contrary advice to this was needed, when painters of name showed want of accurate drawing and study of colour, in ordinary objects. Some of them want it now ; but there is a great change since thirty years ago ; since poor Haydon,—high art, and weak drawing. There is no danger now of raw uneducated lads starving in garrets, yearning and struggling to be Raffaelles by dint of hungry aspiration, and expecting to rise, as balloons do, by means of the wind in their insides. Our art-schools teach real drawing, and any lad who has the gifts of a painter of humanity has his fair chance of development and notice and success. But a painter ought not to pass his life in the English art-school course, good as it is to learn his work in. It can only teach him good methods of work, it cannot urge him to work at full stretch of his powers, or even support him against the necessities of the market. We have heard the complaint (we rather think Adam Smith made one to the same effect about patronage and endowments) that our schools tend to multiply mediocre painters : and it may no doubt be well-founded. We suppose they do produce a great deal of mediocre subject ; a good many painters who get no further than fruit, and bric-a-brac or methodical landscape ; and a good many young ladies who can do nothing but stipple beautifully with the “ Kensington touch.” Every school has its failures as well as its successes ; its firsts, seconds, and gulfs. We never heard the existence of a third class quoted as an argument against the Oxford system, or the tripos regarded as an evil because it annually produces so many junior optimes. If by mediocre painters is meant only good still-life painters, they are an advantage, almost a necessity for the art-progress of a country like this, where people are in a transition state, and can only advance by means of simple work which they can understand. Supposing a young lady can do nothing but shade and round casts perfectly. She could not have learnt to do that twenty years ago, and she has learnt, at least, what it is to do one thing well and workmanlike. Consequently she can criticize and teach all round her the one thing she knows. She knows what work is, and is raised for ever above vapid water-colouring, and mere young-lady accomplishment. If she has character, leisure, and opportunity, she may proceed to colour, to still-life, to pre-Raffaellite foreground, to small figures in it, to larger

figures, and so on. If she have invention, and power of composition, she will go on to a career, which probably may not be lucrative, but in which all the best powers of her mind and spirit, will be fully drawn out, and in which she will at least start as artist and work woman, and be able to cast off from the first the reproach of amateurship. And we think that the production of good still-life studies and small careful landscapes, and their sale at a cheap rate, is a thing most desirable for our generation. If they can stand in the market against the chromographs, it is highly important that they should do so, since people require to be educated beyond chromographs and mechanical repetition. It is possible for girls or young men to fall entirely into studio-drawing, and pass life in trying to get prizes for copying a cast; in that case we should think the prizes were doing some harm, which would be removed by a strict rule of superannuation: but even then they would do far more good than harm; for nobody can copy casts well without knowing much about beauty of form. Still we think that charcoal drawing may advantageously be made of more importance than it now is for advanced students, as, from its far greater rapidity, it devotes time rather to learning exactness in form than smoothness of execution. The real use of all the stippling is to enable the pupil to see fine degrees of gradation in shades, and to understand how form depends on them. But ten correct and fairly well-shaded charcoal drawings may be made in the time which is required for one ultra-stippled chalk study, and there is no doubt that a greater mass of knowledge about muscles, bones, and form in general will be obtained in doing ten than in doing one. Drill must give way to practice at last. It is a great thing, if still-life and fruit pictures can get people into the habit of enjoying pictures generally. When the love of beauty is well awake, in a generation or in a single soul, a great step is taken; and it is one as great when the idea of self-expression by pictures, and of looking to them for ideas, has got fair hold of men. They have a force of their own, analogous to that of music. For good or evil, the force is there. Since the Italian Renaissance, it has been to a certain extent employed for evil, and we may as well work it for good. There is progress in art, in the national sense, when it is a minister of culture, of the ideal and spiritual life, to an increasing number of persons. Even when it appeals in a degree to the corrupt part of man's nature, there is no doubt that beauty, and even artistic skill, and, still more, passionate force and feeling, mitigate the evil very considerably.

We have said something of Titian's "Venus," and even Michael Angelo's "Leda," before this—and have not thought it necessary to speak of M. Cabanel and the modern unmentionable school; nor

do we like to describe dubious pictures like some of Gérôme's, because it is suggesting harm about them, when it is possible for many to see no harm in them. But take the French battle-pieces; that is to say, take ably-painted and fair specimens of them. Of course they are very shocking. But is it not because they represent French victories and not English? What sheets of Pharisaic twaddle are addressed to our unresisting public about the warlike spirit of France, and the way it is excited by Vernet's or Ivon's works! It is well that we should keep our morality for home consumption: in the first place, we want it a good deal; and in the next, when foreigners hear it, it makes them laugh so very immoderately, and inclines them to think us greater humbugs than we really are. The weakness of British morality is not hypocrisy, or even insincerity. To say so is to repeat the *cantilena* of sensation novels, the common form of argumentative adultery. It is our extraordinary ignorance of ourselves and others, and our consequent peaceful self-satisfaction, which make our morality seem as unreal to everybody, except ourselves, as if it were altogether false. Why, in the name of wonder, should we object to M. Ivon, when we delight in Gustave Doré, and tempt him to make always the worst use of his genius, and illustrate blood and wounds, fire, torture, and the human intestines? What amount of patronage would M. Doré have got from the public in general, had he begun only with pictures like the altogether lovely little woodcut in the "Savage Papers?" People would only have said that was Édouard Frère's line of business. But there really is far more savageness in some of the late Bible illustrations than in Ivon's "Malakoff."* For shameless dwelling on butchery and dead nakedness and mutilation the illustrator of the British Bible is much worse than the Emperor's pictorial laureate. We certainly have seen the eye of the conscript brighten before Ivon and Vernet; and there are country crowds round their pictures. But, at all events, a tone of patriotism, and thoughts of death well earned for France, must come upon their minds. We think the British public seldom fails to show some interest when our own victories are put on canvas. Besides, the mildest-minded painter must acknowledge that M. Ivon can draw, paint, and compose with a grand skill, vigour, and facility, which we often look for in vain on this side the Channel; and that great qualities of art are learnt from the impressions afforded by crowds in eager action, by the harmonies of discipline, by the union of the great forces of drill and will, and, if that be all, by the expression of men who are facing death for their country. But some French fighting-pictures are very noble and pathetic indeed, without any blood. M. Protais' picture, "Avant l'Attaque," was

* See the "Rahab," etc., etc.

much and deservedly admired in Paris, and is reproduced in the photograph-shops. It has all the sentiment and beauty of the verge of battle not yet joined. A battalion of chasseurs is under arms; it is a clear morning, before sunrise, with promise of heat—"the noon will look on a sultry day;" the scale of colour is very low; all the figures in the picture are motionless; and the key-note of the work is the colonel's hand gently raised for silence, as he leans over his white horse's neck among the foremost files. They are the head of a great column, apparently, by the gesture of the young captain on foot, who is to lead; or they are, perhaps, expecting to be extended as *tirailleurs*. All the men are young, with small *favoris* and beards, and fair and almost delicate faces; they are totally unlike the hackneyed ideals of *Zouaves* and *vieux moustaches*, but perfectly true and most pleasing types of the young French soldier. There is a hush of expectation; many are fidgeting silently at some small unconscious task, as men do before desperate action; one is buttoning his gaiter, another twisting his sword-knot; the eagerness in all their eyes—the eyes of naturally gentle and regular faces—gives one *chair de poule*. They are like greyhounds dumbly straining on the leash. All wait on the quiet face of the colonel, who, being on horseback, is best able to see some expected signal of advance; and his hand is raised softly to the buglers, who wait, the trumpet but an inch off from their lips, like Orcagna's judgment angels, as verily they shall be, to many a sinful soul. As to talking of pictures like this as immoral, or calculated to excite warlike spirit, and so on, they are so in the same sense as Byron's lines on Waterloo in "Childe Harold;" that is to say, they imply that there is much glory, nobility, and pathos in the great tragedies of war, and this nobody except a stump-orator will ever attempt to deny. As for our morality, if we are not fond of honour and of fighting for it, we are devoted to money, and don't mind swindling for it, or cruelty either.*

However, there is no doubt that exciting art is not necessarily great art, but that it is the frailty of a somewhat luxurious and sensation-seeking generation, untrained in great troubles, to fancy that stimulating the fancy is the same thing as informing or elevating the heart or mind. It is a good enough definition of the proper effect of tragedy to say that it purifies the soul by means of pity and

* Here is a sentence taken from the *Times* of Aug. 5, 1868, perhaps in the actual words of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education; it met our eyes accidentally an hour or two ago:—"There are whole masses of the population among whom the necessity of living is the first question; to that necessity, not only the education, but the very life and health of the young generation, are sometimes sacrificed." "They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger" (Lam. iv. 9); and we apprehend, at least, that money is made in this country by means which involve calamity and suffering as bad as the worst evils of war.]

terror. But there are tragedies which debase the soul with pity and terror—with pity of crime only, and terror of the policeman mainly. Now there is no doubt that not only high art, but all pure art, can raise people out of the reach of all that. We are acquainted with a good many artists for an outsider. They are mostly young or middle-aged; some are less known to fame, others are of wide reputation. They are as different a set of men as anybody would wish to know; all are more or less cracked, but their lines of work are different; there are high-art men, there are pre-Raffaellites, there are landscapists. But we think we may say with accuracy that the general characteristics of the race, as far as we know it, are an absence of meanness, a capacity for innocent or manly pleasures, and a certain superiority to base and foul pleasures. We have also observed a great willingness to live sparingly, and a power of doing without vulgar luxuries; something of high thought and low living. We have also seen a good deal of charity and kindness in the craft. And as to the artistic envy and restless jealousy which Heine and George Sand speak of, we think that acid does not bite very deeply into English metal.*

The lives of Ingres and Flandrin, and the characters and very system of working of Scheffer and Delaroche, show that art rivalry in France is quite as generous as anywhere else; in fact, the great *atelier* system of instruction, where all are pupils together under one great man, greatly encourages mutual assistance, and manly thought about merit rather than success. The fact is, every man who is worth much in art has his ideal; and though he may think it better than any one else's, and sometimes think more of himself for having it, yet it will make him independent and happy if he pursues it heartily. Indeed, all we understand by an ideal is the sense of abstract beauty in something you have observed or imagined, and which you want to paint; and, personally speaking—after having drawn all sorts of things for twenty years without much success—we do here assert our conviction that it was good for us to begin, and to go on, and never to leave off. We got a cheap pleasure we could share with others or keep to ourselves at will; we got the key of an independent spiritual kingdom of our own; and we believe we were kept out of a great many scrapes. "He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to Fortune," says Bacon; and he that hath learnt to enjoy and record any beautiful thing has in great measure taken hostages from her.

* Compare "Consuelo" (vol. i. p. 145), at Corilla's speech about the jealousy of the theatre, with Mrs. Barrett Browning's lines in "Casa Guidi Windows," p. 26. The passages are too long for insertion, but are well worth reference to any one who has the books at hand, as they both point to the same truth, observed from different sides by the two authoresses, that perfect art casts out jealousy and its "torment."

It is art progress, in the happiest and widest sense, when a whole generation of people are brought to appreciate such forms of beauty as they have access to. It is as painful to the artist as it can be to the philanthropist, to consider what masses of our own people must for the present live unhelped and un comforted by the sight of beauty. But artists and philanthropists may take counsel together on the important question of how much good, how much unconscious education may be diffused among the people by public decoration in fresco and carving, by open art schools, and free or cheap access to exhibitions. Whatever be the faults of the Royal Academy as a place of instruction for painters, no better thing has been done for many years than their most honourable and benevolent step of having cheap evening admissions to their exhibition. We hope it succeeded as a speculation; whether it did so or not, it can make no difference in the merit of the proceeding. We have not heard that any pictures suffered in consequence; and we apprehend that the crinolined crowds of last year (1867) must have done at least their share of mischief to low-hung works in the morning exhibitions. We have always understood that the pleasure, the interest, and the feeling thus awakened in people as yet unconscious of what art can do for them were very great; and such pleasure is exactly what they want. No better deed could have been done by the chief society of painters in the country than thus to appeal to the people, and stand forward as teachers in the sight of the men who want their teaching most. We wonder if Mr. Faed ever went to see what navvies and workmen thought of his "Worn Out," with its homely and noble sentiment and deep simple pathos, which the roughest man or woman in England might run and read.* No easier picture ever was painted which escaped being common-place; perhaps it was hung too high to benefit the poor students who might have learnt their work from its science, method of work, and clear painting. But only form a notion of the average moral effect of that work on hard-working men and weary mothers of families. It must at least have given them to understand that their long endurance of all the trials of hard life is felt and sympathized with by men; and how much more by God, who made men? Then go on to consider the amount of knowledge, and pleasure, and culture "exhibited" in larger or smaller doses by all the easily-understood pictures, from Redgrave's and Hook's all-English work to Watt's "Esau" and Armitage's "Herodias." The question is not whether the British bricklayer can give a coherent account of the whole show when he comes out of it, but whether one, two, or three pictures have put new thoughts, hopes,

* We regret having unaccountably forgotten to pay any tribute to Mr. Faed's work in an article on "Pictures of the Season," in the *Contemporary Review* for July, 1868.

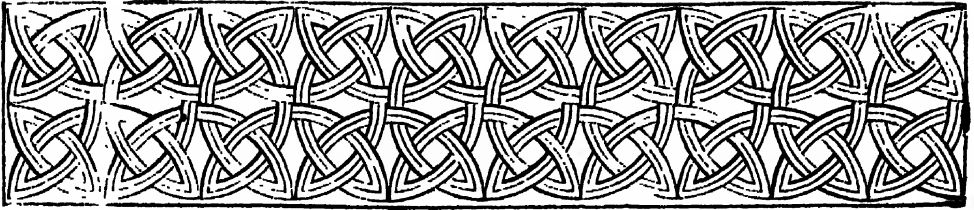
ideas into his mind. Men won't look on pictures as books; so they think a man has got nothing from a picture unless he can talk about it like a painter, and shrug their shoulders at the notion of untaught men learning anything, even when vivid thoughts stare them in the face in form and colour. For good culture really done, we should be inclined to back the evening exhibitions of the R.A. against the morning crushes.

It is the fashion now to say the general influence of Christianity has always been against culture. If by influence of Christianity is meant the temporal or papal power of Roman Catholicism, and if by culture is meant natural science, the progress of man's knowledge of the world he lives in and its conditions, then probably this Positivist thunderbolt is one of the "right aiming" sort. And we do not deny that asceticism and the ascetic frame of mind are unfavourable to the conquering and many-seeking energies of man; for asceticism, pursued for its own sake, is founded on the doctrine of utter corruption, and bids man not conquer and adorn the world, but fly to the desert; nor try to honour God in all his works, because in fact God's works as we find them can do Him no honour. Sophocles says:—*πολλὰ τὰ δέινα, κούδεν ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει.* S. Macarius and Anthony say—*πολλὰ τὰ λύγρα, κοῦδεν ἀνθρώπου λυγρότερον.* If it be said to a man, You have to save your soul; that is your work in the world; you must do it by having as little as possible to do with the world, since it is all evil, at all events all bad for you—that man will betake himself to saving his soul, probably, in the Roman Catholic communion, and, logically, as a member of one of the cloistered orders. And he will not care for culture in the wider sense; that is to say, he will not care for bodily comfort; nor for elevation of spirit or expansion of thought, unless it be in a technically-religious sense; nor think of beauty, material, moral, or intellectual, as an elevating thing. He will anathematize, or consent with anathema on, science, or man's pursuit of certain knowledge for its own sake. As far as his theory of Christianity goes, it is against culture. But if it be said to a man—You have the Nicene Creed; it accounts to you, in part, for yourself, now and hereafter, for ever, and for what you have round you; it provides for your *ego* and your *non-ego*, in fact or in hope; it is the only possible theory which gives any prospect of knowing anything as it ought to be known, and promises much more; you have to hold by that, and to live in it, in love and obedience, trusting that God will save your soul for you, He having become man, even as you, for that purpose;—thinking thus, it seems to us a man may live in daily use of all means of grace, and in daily effort to labour with the foremost in art, science, discovery, or any honest business whatever. He will find himself a good deal hampered in

politics and commerce, we think ; but his Christianity will urge him to work for culture in every possible way ; and not only for separated and Pharisaic culture, but for diffused teaching, comfort, sweetness, and light for all people. His Christianity will make him feel with Mr. Harrison, as well as with Mr. Arnold, and probably more with Mr. Maurice than either.

What has all this to do with art and criticism ? It is to show they ought to do some good to men who want good, and also, in particular, to show how Christianity—that is to say, life according to the Christian faith—is in favour of all culture as a matter of logic, and always has been so as a matter of fact. It was not Angelico the ascetic monk who stood in the way of culture. His example may have made men think conventual life beautiful ; but the vices of Florence and the murder of Savonarola drove many more to the cloister than he ever enticed thither. It was not Michael Angelo, the incarnation of human genius, energy, and subtlety, who set his culture against the Christian faith ; he possessed his soul all his days in a Protestantism like Dante's. In these men and their most different lives, the opposed principles of devotion and genius, of religion and work, of asceticism and culture, of man's contemplation of God and his self-development, so called, meet and are united. Great art is the highest point of culture, which is the highest result of human development. Yet it is contemplative and aspiring, looking always for something above itself—for something better than itself—for some Person in whom is that better. In all its branches, art is that chief self-assertion of man, in making which he can forget and lose himself ; because of the inspiration which passes through him, he can so feel himself as a reed breathed through by the Spirit of God, and be conscious that his boldest notes are not his, but the word of a Master who has yet higher work for him.

R. Sr. J. TYRWHITT.



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—THEOLOGICAL.

Poes of Faith: Four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge in November, 1868. By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D., Vicar of Doncaster. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS is another of Dr. Vaughan's valuable contributions to the pulpit literature of our day. And, like the rest, it is deeply marked with earnestness, and full of the power of counsel.

He treats of the Poes of Faith in four sermons. Their names are, **UNREALITY, INDOLENCE, IRREVERENCE, INCONSISTENCY.** Dr. Vaughan's forte, as a preacher, is that which the poet-critic of old pronounced difficult—*proprie communia dicere*: the saying, in words of weight and pathos, things which every hearer's bosom before contained. And not only in this department is he strongest, but when he goes beyond it, his power is not quite what might be expected. Now and then, as for example in his idea that our Lord's deprecation in Gethsemane regarded not His great weight of suffering on the Cross in atonement for sin, but rather His separation from conscious communion with the Father—an idea broached before by him, and repeated in these sermons,—Dr. Vaughan appears as the fautor of some unusual view, or some untried interpretation, and, as it seems to us, hardly with felicity, or with the elements of success.

But these partial failures, if such they be, are much more than counter-balanced by that great excellence of which we spoke above.

Another matter has struck us while reading with pleasure, and we hope with profit, these capital sermons. It is, that here and there, it seems to us, Dr. Vaughan draws the hard and sharp line somewhat too tight for everyday piety. The old strictness of almost Puritan practice is maintained in words, which hardly chime in with the very heartfelt and real sympathy for life and life's wants which characterize the author's exhortations. We will give one example—from the sermon on Irreverence:—

“If a witty thought occurs to you, and you long to utter it—if the freedom of the delightful conversation stimulates within you the power of mirth and the power of jesting, and you complain of the stiffness and dulness of being evermore fenced and guarded when you are amongst friends—still, if there be in the repartee one fragment of a parodied text, or in the story that you would tell one profane expression, refrain! as you love reverence, refrain!”—p. 103.

Now it is not with the latter of these two “ifs” that we have any controversy.

No Christian man need ever tell a story which has in it a profane expression; or if he do, it will be in a way and tone which will treat profanity itself reverently. But we do venture to think that the former of the two hypotheses is a little too rigidly dealt with. What is a "parodied text?" Are not almost one-half our usages of Scripture expressions, parodies of the sacred text? And are not many such usages, even in common, we may almost say in light, conversation, far from irreverent—far from bringing Scripture or sacred things into contempt? And where exactly are we to draw the line? Are Keble and Lyte—to recur to an example elsewhere adduced in our notices this month—to be allowed a parody of the disciples' request at Emmaus, because it is sentimentally congruous, and is the playful use of Hazzael's words by Sydney Smith in reply to Sir E. Landseer to be set down as profane?

We confess we do not like Draconian laws on such a matter. They are likely to lead rather to less than to more strictness in discourse. Our language is full of Scripture. We can hardly pass a day without some application of its words which could only be described as a parody. The reverence of the Christian conscience, not a hard and fast rule like this which we have quoted, is our safest guide. We may be sure that no man living in its light will allow himself to say that which may bring sacred words into contempt; but there are many uses of them which gladden, and even hallow unconsciously, our common lives, which Dr. Vaughan's rule would exclude.

We can give but one extract, illustrative of the best qualities which we have been predicating of these sermons:—

"Watch it (indolence) in its influence.

"It makes one man a bigot. If it is not necessary, if it is not safe, to think if Revelation was given as a solid lump of doctrine, to be laid up in the napkin of an indolent assent, or used as a missile against infidels, or brought out at set times, on Sundays and holy days, for parade or ornament—let me take it on trust from the family in which I was born, or the sect or the party into which disposition or accident has thrown me, and let me count it a mark rather of attainment than of irreligion to be confident in my interpretation of its meaning, and vehement in my denunciation of all who differently read it. This is the very history of religious partizanship. One man, taught of God or untaught, ponders and meditates, at last speaks and writes: his thought, his conclusion, is taken on trust by thousands, who just call themselves by his name, and follow, or think they follow, where he leads or led. It is sloth which really marshals the ranks, and turns the thoughtful utterance of one into the senseless violent gabble of the many.

"It makes another man a sceptic. We do far too much honour to doubt when we dignify it by the title of free-thinking. Certainly there are those who have reasoned themselves into unbelief; as there are those who have through much learning, truly or falsely so called, confused and hopelessly entangled an intellect never perhaps the clearest. But of this I am assured—that, for one man who disbelieves the Gospel through overmuch thinking, thousands and tens of thousands doubt about it through the precipitancy of indolence. Sloth loves suspense. Not to reject the Gospel—for this might alarm; not to call myself an infidel—for this still requires some courage; but to leave all doubtful—to recognise the certainty of nothing—to lay no result by in the storehouse of conviction, and to treat no principle as established beyond the reach of assault—this is the counsel of sloth in reference to all truth: and when you point to this man and that man, of taste, of eloquence, of intellect, who has never given in his adhesion to the Gospel of Christ, I shall still think that, in matters of the soul, indolence may have been his counsellor, and that he who was diligent in business, and sagacious in politics, may yet have been sluggish in answering the greater question, *What must I do to be saved?*"

H. A.

Sermons Preached in the King's Weigh-House Chapel, London, 1829—1869. By T. BINNEY. London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. BINNEY possesses in high degree most of the elements needful to constitute the great preacher. He has clearness, force, and concentration, with a gracious largeness of character which enables him to touch life at many points, and to draw easily from apparently remote quarters what serves to lighten, in a subdued but still effective manner, somewhat severe and close-developed trains of thought. Yet not seldom his illustrations would seem like surprises, were it not for the easy and familiar setting which he invariably contrives to prepare

for them. There is, moreover, a tendency to filter spiritual truth through a circle of too sustained secular figure and conception. Indeed, this tendency is so pronounced, especially in his earlier writings, that we cannot help thinking that it remains, like a bit of protruding strata after a later drift has swept over the plain, indicating a proclivity to moral paradox, which, we fancy, he must have felt it difficult for a good while to restrain effectually even in the pulpit, and which finds freest outlet in some of his lectures, such as "How to Make the Best of Both Worlds," and "From Twenty to Thirty-Five: Lectures on the History of Joseph," where, notwithstanding that the vigorous practical English sense tends somewhat to absorb into itself the spiritual element, the discourses assert perhaps a rather too close alliance with the inner fibre of his most powerful sermons. With a steady, capacious, rather than a keen intellect; a shrewd, practical, English imagination rather than a sensitive, poetic temperament; and an eloquence measured and self-restrained rather than spontaneous, intense, and captivating, he represents what one might not inaptly call the *public-minded* school of modern preachers. Their aim is to secure hearers from amid many classes by dint of breadth and freshness of conception rather than to draw devoted adherents by the revelation of deep and intense personal experiences in any form whatever. Nothing, indeed, would more surprise a Churchman, too much accustomed to associate with Dissent ideas of loose, rabid rhetoric, and extreme doctrines without any basis of reason or of logic, than the severe, simple stateliness of Mr. Binney's style, unmarred by the familiar and even colloquial turns which occasionally lighten up the page, and we should expect would still more lighten up the spoken discourse. As a result of this feature in Mr. Binney we have what may seem a contradiction—a *peculiar self-conscious reticence*. Both reader and hearer feel inevitably that with Mr. Binney they are in the hands of one who never trusts himself to reveal himself, as he might and could do under other circumstances. Mr. Binney is greater than his sermons, and his words *tell* in leaving something unsaid. Whatever he may be elsewhere—and we fancy there is in him a genuine vein of childlike *abandon* and *naïf bonhomie*—in the pulpit he must be strong, reserved, and individual, whilst at the same time a very pronounced matter-of-factness obtains and rules. Hence, to the superficial reader it might seem as though the merely moral and philosophical aspects of Christianity were what chiefly interested him; and it is only after some patient study that we get thoroughly *en rapport* with the large sympathetic nature and exquisite sensibilities that express themselves in Mr. Binney's discourse, and all the more forcibly in virtue of this very restraint. And here we come on Mr. Binney's great want—fervour. Not that he lacks heat. But it scarcely ever plays with lambent light over the surface of his sermon-thoughts. Yet something of this lyrical fervour is essential to the great preacher; something of the thrill, the mesmeric emotional touch which stirs and quivers through the whole frame. This we only see in its fullest measure in the case of men who carry their *whole nature* into the pulpit. Irving had it, together with keen logic and fiery Ezekiel-like imagination; Chalmers had it, together with exact and rigorous intellect and doggedly pertinacious shrewd sense; Robertson of Brighton had it, together with an overcharged fineness of character that like an untended fire too soon burned itself out; Mr. Liddon has it, together with a little looseness of mental texture; Mr. Spurgeon has it, dashed with fantastic and *conceited* (in the good old sense) intelligence; and a brother Dissenter of Mr. Binney's, Mr. Thomas Jones, has it, together with considerable intellectual suspense, and a strange, soft, molting tenderness of mood and manner which takes force from a quiet, familiar, unconventional, yet impressive pulpit style. But Mr. Binney knows little of the "lyrical thrill." Had he had it in any measure, there can be no doubt that with all his other gifts—his orderly intelligence, his shrewd eye for life, his clear-cut yet forcible style—he would have been one of our greatest English preachers. But as things are, is not Mr. Binney a great preacher? We answer, Yes; and offer in proof this volume of sermons selected from those delivered to the Weigh-House congregation during the past forty years. They are compact, vigorous, charged with thought, yet above all clear and practical; and bear better than most sermons the severe test of repeated readings, notwithstanding the absence of colour or relief gained by any kind of pulpit trick. The most notable of the

sermons seem to us the first—"The Words of Jesus,"—which, though preached a good while ago, anticipates more or less clearly a good deal which has been since said; also the third, "Life and Immortality Brought to Light;" and the thirteenth, "The Law our Schoolmaster," in which the distinctive principles of Christianity are set forth with rare force and clearness; whilst for vigorous illustration and felicity of practical appeal, we regard as models, "Salvation by Fire and Salvation in Fulness," and "Men in Understanding." We thank Mr. Binney very cordially for these discourses, which have on them everywhere the marks of a robust mind and lofty character.

H. A. P.

Our Eternal Destiny, Heaven or Hell. By the Rev. CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D., F.S.A. Scot., &c. London: Houlston and Wright.

THIS is a thoughtful and striking little book, well calculated to suggest and guide meditation on the momentous subjects of which it treats. Nor is it wanting in passages of very tender beauty. The author has escaped the heavy mediocrity which besets themes of this kind, and has not only on common topics written well and feelingly, but has also struck out some original ideas and views of his own. With regard to these last, it is not to be expected that all should "consent unto him." One of them seems to be that there is no such thing as disembodied spirit; that the dead, on being delivered from the burden of the flesh, are endowed with a spiritual body resembling that which they have left, and to which they will be reunited at the resurrection. There is no little confusion, to our mind, brought in by this view. Far more probable to us is the idea that, as the personal man in the flesh still retains the consciousness of limbs which he has lost, so the disembodied spirit of man may retain consciousness of the whole body which it has lost, and thus may be, to itself, embodied, though in the reality of fact without a body.

Dr. Rogers's chapter on "The Abode of the Soul" is to us the least satisfactory in the book—a sort of chamber of horrors, seen by the lurid light of terror, and illumined by no ray of the eternal justice of God. When will Christian ministers, of whatever view regarding this awful subject, learn that they were sent, not to proclaim hell, but heaven; not to preach the devil, but Christ? The Holy Spirit has wrapped up this dread matter for us in words which we should do well to leave in their simple majesty, and not to unfold into the weaknesses and inconsistencies of our limited thought.

One thing we miss in all books of this kind—viz., any even attempted answer to the question, What will be the *employment* of our perfected state? Dr. Rogers tells us very beautifully of recognition, of joy, of renovated nature, of spiritual delight: but what is to be the substratum of all these.—how the exalted human energies are to find material for action,—on this matter there is no speculation.

It was Dr. Chalmers, we believe, who said that most people's idea of heaven was, "that they should sit on a cloud and sing psalms." And all the usual preaching about it really promises us very little more. "Recognising the lost on earth" will be but a short matter: "holding delightful converse" cannot be the ultimate aim of the perfected souls of men. There must be some mighty employment behind, which, if we can lay down little respecting it with certainty, yet ought to have been shadowed out and prefigured in a book like the present.

H. A.

The Presence of Christ. By the Rev. ANTHONY W. THOROLD, M.A. London: Strahan & Co.

WRITERS of the genuine devotional type are almost as rare as good hymn writers. Either we have too much thought—the straight line of doctrinal statement breaking too abruptly through the softer emotional element—or else the devotional flame incessantly rises, flickers, falls, and fades. Devotional writing, above all, should be steady and sustained. In some of the older writers we have the highest qualities, marred by sudden whirls and freaks of fine rhetoric, or forced and sparkling conceits, as in Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Hall, or, in a less degree, in that Carlyle of the Puritans, Samuel Ward. Perhaps Baxter and Flavel are the most sustained and equable; but the Scotch Samuel Rutherford is the most exceptional instance of a writer who never puts pen to paper but to glory, even though he be a prisoner, and who is ever, "in a manner, in the third heaven, rolling and tumbling his

soul in these beds of roses," till his every word is steeped in heavenly odour, and even faint with the fragrance of love of Christ. But the very childlike unconsciousness of these writers often justifies such extravagant freedoms. Modern devotional books, for most part, err from a different cause. The writers do not and cannot escape from the self-conscious divisiveness that marks religious thought as it inclines to the scientific side in our days. As has been pointed out in these pages recently, even *Family Prayers* bear noticeable traces of this. It is therefore with peculiar pleasure that we welcome Mr. Thorold's "Presence of Christ." There is no affectation of fine or powerful thinking, and yet there is in the book a genuine basis of thought, and a simple, sincere presentation of doctrinal truth. All is penetrated and suffused with a low, steady, equable light of devotional fervour; never, perhaps, rising to the keen intensity of Rutherford or Ward, but never lapsing into mere rhetoric. The intellectual framework of Mr. Thorold's book is like a good alabaster lamp, which tones and mellows the light from the flame within, and imparts a sort of tender, almost imperceptible colour. And the book is withal rich, not only in practical lessons (see especially pp. 208, 209), but powerful in practical impulses, as having undoubtedly come from one who has walked through dark valleys, over thorny places, and never lost sight of the eternal loadstars of the Word of God. The book is complete, and all of one piece; certainly no common merit in a book of the kind. As in all sincere work, the style is the counterpart of the matter,—quiet, reticent, but clear, and sometimes truly eloquent. The one only adverse criticism we are inclined to make is, that sometimes when points recur under different sections, concentration rather than expansion should have been more aimed at. But this is comparatively a small fault when the spirit is so good; and we only hope that many may, by means of the book, be enabled to share the feelings with which the congregation of St. Giles'-in-the-Fields must have heard these chapters originally from the pulpit. By way of fortifying our recommendation, we venture to make one short extract out of the many we had marked while reading the volume:—

"Travellers, who have crossed from Switzerland into France by the old post road over the Jura, will remember their farewell gaze on the Lake of Geneva, and the green plain, and the white crest of Mont Blanc losing itself in the clouds; will recall also the grand prospect of Burgundy, with its fertile meadows and golden vineyards suddenly opening out at their feet. But both these views are not to be enjoyed at the same moment. Between the turn of the road, that shuts out the panorama of Switzerland, and the opening in the pass, which gives us our first glimpse of France, there is a tedious and gloomy interval among sterile rocks, and frowning precipices, hills that shut out the sun, and barrenness that forbids verdure.

"Now, this may be offered as a most imperfect representation of that sad and dark period in the history of some men, when life seems all behind us, with its precious joys and its noble duties, and when the glory, that is coming, has not yet burst upon our view. To tell us, at such a moment, that our depression is physical, may explain it, but does not remove it. To share it with those whom we love best in all the world, would be selfishly casting on them a burden they could not carry; yet, keeping it to ourselves, only throws it further in. In such a condition of mind and body, everything we see, or hear, or do, or read, aggravates the symptoms of the disease. Are the journals full of some great event to come off presently? The first thought is, 'I shall never live to see it.' Children playing, men going to and fro to their tasks, the changing aspects of nature, the sight of a passing friend at whose side in former days we delighted to labour, the stir of the tide of life all round us, the infant on our knee, the wife or husband at our side, the possessions of our home, the companions of our youth: all these are for ever in some subtle and keen way stirring up the associations of the grave, and telling us with a whisper, which we never fail to catch as from one standing at our shoulder, 'Thou must leave all these, and come away with me.'

"No doubt this varies according to individual temperament; much of it, too, is morbid, irrational, and almost wrong. Yet God has his own purpose to fulfil out of it; and we may be sure that a discipline so mysterious, and perhaps in some of its features so comparatively rare, has blessed lessons to teach those who survive it; lessons, not so much how to die, but how to live, with a more tender sympathy, a more living zeal, a more profound humility, and a more ardent gratitude." (Pp. 141—143.)

The Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, as set forth in a recent Declaration: a Correspondence between the Rev. Wharton B. Marriott, M.A., Select Preacher, &c., and the Rev. T. T. Carter, M.A., Rector of Clewer. Parts I. and II. Rivingtons, London, Oxford, and Cambridge.

THIS interesting correspondence took its rise from a certain well-known "Declaration," to which—among those of many other leading High Churchmen—the name of Mr. T. T. Carter was appended. This Declaration contains, with other matters relating to the nature of Christian sacrifice, the following proposition: that "in heaven Christ, our Great High Priest, ever offers Himself before the Eternal Father." Against this Mr. Marriott alleges that he cannot find in Scripture any justification of the proposition that Christ doth now in heaven ever "offer Himself" (in the scriptural sense of the words) before God the Father; and this leads him to contend that in Heb. viii. 3, the words ἔχειν τε . . . ὑποσπένδον (aorist, not present like προσφέρειν), do not imply a continuous or repeated offering; a notion which is, indeed, precluded by the words in ix. 25, οὐδ' ἵνα πολλάκις προσφέρειν αὐτόν.

This proposition Mr. Marriott establishes with great clearness and cogency.

Mr. Carter replies, that the Declaration is not intended to assert that the Lord is for ever "laid as one dying on the altar," or "that any act is being performed similar to the immolation of a victim;" but that an "offering after the slaying," which forms part of the complex act of sacrifice, is continuous; and in proof of this he offers Levitical analogies and Apocalyptic symbols. Here it is evident that there is an ambiguity in the use of the word "offer," and this leads to a discussion of the scriptural use of the words προσφέρειν and ἀραφέρειν. Mr. Marriott concludes that προσφέρειν is used—1, of the Lord "bringing Himself to God an offering of atonement between God and His people; and, 2, of His bringing into the presence of God the "Blood of sprinkling which should serve as a memorial before the Father of the all-availing sacrifice then already offered without the gate." The latter does not differ from the sense attributed to the word "offer" by Mr. Carter; but Mr. Marriott still contends that *this* offering is not repeated or continuous, but made once for all (p. 30).

It is of course impossible within our limits to follow this interesting discussion to an end; indeed, it has not yet reached its end; but we may say generally that, differing as we do from Mr. Carter with regard to the nature of Eucharistic sacrifice, we yet sympathize with his protest against "the common habit of regarding our Lord's sacrifice only in its connection with His sufferings and death;" and this, although we entirely agree with Mr. Marriott's criticism of the misapplication of the text, "by which Will we are sanctified" (p. 85).

But the manner of the controversy is even more suggestive than the matter. It is conducted on both sides in excellent taste and with perfect good feeling; but it is evident almost from the first that neither of the combatants can overthrow the other, for they do not meet with a fair shock in the lists: Mr. Marriott levels his lance fairly enough at Mr. Carter, but as he approaches, the latter turns aside, so that the threatening spear does but glance obliquely on his shield. To drop metaphor: the combatants belong to different schools of thought. Mr. Marriott is the interpreter of Scripture: he is ready to accept what Scripture tells of the great mysteries of our Faith. The only question with him is, to what conclusion do the laws of language and the analogies of Scripture lead us with regard to this or that proposition? Mr. Carter is the defender of what he believes to be the theology of the Church; he feels that it must be defensible from Scripture, indeed; but this is not with him a prominent consideration; and careful and minute discussions of the meaning of tenses and particles evidently make him uneasy; he argues from the Scriptures "according to the interpretation fixed on them by the traditional teaching of the Church" (p. 100); "great doctrines are not to be made to rest on single texts, or minute verbal criticism of the sacred text;" he disputes "the adequacy of verbal scriptural criticism for the establishment of the Church's creed;" he does not seem to feel how sad a reflection it is, if it be true that "no Council ever looked to this mode of reasoning as the means of ascertaining the truth of any particular doctrine" (p. 133); he is probably not very anxious to inquire by what "mode of reasoning" Councils have

sometimes arrived at the dogmas which they have propounded. In a word, Mr. Marriott is critical, clear, cogent, consecutive; Mr. Carter is good, gentle, earnest, and somewhat vague; holding the theology of Aquinas, but divided by a whole heaven from his method. Mr. Carter is quite right in thinking that his theology cannot be sustained on Mr. Marriott's principles; we think that it can just as little be supported by the advocacy of Mr. Carter's school.

S. C.

Spiritual Life. By JOHN JAMES, D.D., Canon of Peterborough. London: Rivingtons.

THE venerable author of this little book has been taken from us since its publication. An affecting allusion to his declining state is found in the last page:—

“This work has been long contemplated; but successive seasons of sickness from time to time have checked its progress: even now it has been brought to a close whilst I have been under heavy bodily affliction.”

Under those circumstances we will not permit ourselves more licence in criticism than to say that the work of itself does not possess any interest beyond that conferred on it by its character of a memorial of a venerable and useful man. Its various chapters state, in very sober and unobjectionable doctrine, the various workings of the Holy Spirit on man; but without any original or even suggestive thought,—and, as it seems to us, without any sufficient recognition of the immense difference made to the Church by the great Effusion which introduced the present spiritual dispensation.

H. A.

Triumph: the Christian more than Conqueror. By the Rev. G. PHILIP, M.A., Free St. John's Church, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Nimmo.

WHEN will good Christian men, able Christian preachers, learn simplicity? We have here a thoroughly good book: full of wholesome lessons of faith and life: yet all its chapters and paragraphs so overloaded with flowery diction, that one is dazzled with the glare, and smothered with the fragrance. In the very statement of the plan of the book in the preface, the author shews his besetting weakness:—

“Passages of Scripture are employed as piers from which the arch of thought springs.”

And then only look at such examples as these, which we have noted as we went on:—

“When sin first lifted up its ghastly face in God's fair world . . .”—P. 3.

“Between faith in Jesus and rest in God there is no middle passage.”—P. 5.

“Have we all things? Let faith stretch itself on the bed of our broad professions.”—P. 22.

“Some eminent critics are of opinion that ‘rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory’ belongs only to the future. That the deepest flood of Christian joy swells not in the meantime up to the lofty tide-mark, admits of no denial.”—P. 24.

“Faith grasping Revelation transforms the unseen into the visible, and clings to it (*what?*) as the true. Out of God's utterance it constructs and kindles a chain of golden lamps, reaching from the throne of the Eternal down through myriads of worlds, down through the sun's bright circuit, and the moon's pale pathway in the heavens, till, with the last lamp burning in our bosom, looking along that line, we then see ‘the heavens opened,’ &c., &c.”

We might multiply these instances tenfold. The reader will have already seen that Mr. Philip pays the penalty sure to attend on the exuberance of florid illustration—viz., confusion of metaphor. Here is a remarkable instance of it:—

“Night by night the life of the man who walks with God precipitates itself—the confessed and forgiven sins, into unfathomed depths;—the thoughts, the words, the deeds of worth, flowing from a gracious heart, the habitation of the Holy Ghost—into the bosom of the Son of God. There, in awful, unapproachable, undisturbed silence and secrecy, it lies. But it is safe, perfectly safe.”

We are really unwilling to remind the evidently excellent author of this well-meant and very showy book, that a common form of corruption is that

which converts "good solid meat into a mass of wriggling worms;" but the saying is an old one, and he would do well to profit by it.

Nor is his work wholly exempt from a fault of another and a kindred description: that of playing with Scripture. We call it playing with Scripture, when some mere casual saying in the sacred text is taken and pursued through a fanciful maze of imaginative meanings. That this has been once or twice done with effect, is no excuse for making it habitual. Keble and Lyte have turned the casual invitation of the travellers at Emmaus to an unknown companion, into a solemn and affecting Christian prayer. Therefore, up start a hundred imitators, and there is hardly a little phrase in the Gospel History which has not been pressed into similar service. Do certain Greeks seek at the hands of two Grecian-named Apostles, Philip and Andrew, a personal introduction to our Lord? We have now a hymn written, the burden of which is, "We would see Jesus."

And modern pulpits, and hymn-books, and tracts, are furnished very much on the same principle.

Mr. Philip's whole fourth chapter, "God . . . comforted us by the coming of Titus," is a flagrant example of the licence thus taken with the Bible.

We should not omit to mention that the very motto adopted by Mr. Philip in his title-page—"Thanks be to God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ" (2 Cor. ii. 24),—is almost certainly a mis-translation: the verb *θριαμβέω*, meaning only "to triumph over," "to lead in triumph," and never "to cause to triumph."

We are sorry to have been obliged to speak in the main unfavourably of a book so thoroughly Christian in its spirit. But it seemed impossible to write a discriminating notice without saying as much as we have said. There are, happily, now among us hundreds of good and thoroughly Christian books of advice and instruction. All the more reason for pointing out which of them tend to solidity of faith and simple genuineness of feeling, and which to that meretricious dilletantism which is becoming the plague of our religious reading.

H. A.

II.—HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

A History of the English Church, from its Foundation to the reign of Queen Mary.
In Two Parts. Addressed to the Young. By M. C. S. Oxford and London:
James Parker & Co.

THE English Church in olden times was so mixed up with secular politics, and the great ecclesiastical heroes have so figured as statesmen in the narrative of national affairs, that it needs a very original pen to make us feel we are not reading the History of England again under a religious title. We think M. C. S. has been very fairly successful in drawing the stream of Church matters freshly and distinctly through the landscape of general events. Authorities both old and new have been studied: the tone is reverential and always in good taste and in the earliest periods not too credulous; and what is of great importance, the style is sufficiently attractive for seriously disposed youth. Some of the details we think ought to have been scrutinized with a more critical eye. We should say, for instance, that the reader does not get a satisfactory explanation of the crisis in the Becket tragedy. If the Primate had become in his exile and adversity "an humbled and altered man" (p. 132), how came it to pass that no sooner had he returned home, at the king's express permission and after a formal reconciliation as to the old quarrel, than he fell to the cursing and denunciation that quickly brought him to his fate? Our historian suggests nothing more than a miserable infirmity of temper, as though he had been an inveterate old scold; which is wholly insufficient to account for the catastrophe. We have noticed also that Archbishop William de Corbeuil is made to die twenty years too late (p. 116); Clarendon Palace is called a Castle (p. 128), and its famous Constitutions are written in the singular number (pp. 128, 129); by a common and careless and very mischievous interchange of

two letters which has irretrievably ruined several old historical names, the baron William de Brause (as Wendover writes him, others spelling it Braose) appears in this volume as Branse (pp. 169, 170). Dean Colet the famous Pauline is spelt each time Collet (pp. 433, 434).

Who can write history without a bias? M. C. S. has *rather* a twist in the High Church direction; in fact decided enough to make him (or her) regret the loss of the ancient "Vestments of bright and gorgeous colours" (p. 487), and to think that the Communion Office of Edward VI.'s First Prayer-Book was altered in the Second "for the worse" (p. 489). There is however so evident a desire and intention to be candid in all statements and to speak of our Reformers with respect (so unusual in these days) that we feel pretty confident M. C. S. had never seen Archdeacon Haro's "Vindication of Luther" when the following note was composed:—

"Thus he (Luther) carried the doctrine of Justification by Faith so far as to bid the sinner 'pecca fortiter,' 'sin on boldly;' and he called the Books of Chronicles and Ecclesiastes poor and unwise; and the Epistle of St. James an epistle of straw; and wished the Book of Esther were tossed into the Elbe."—P. 430.

C. II.

Feudal Castles of France (Western Provinces). By the Author of "Flemish Interiors," &c., &c. Illustrated from the Author's Sketches. London: Chapman and Hall.

THE author of "Flemish Interiors" and "Cosas de Espana" has the happiest possible faculty of conveying information upon out-of-the-way subjects, without pedantry, and tinging them with her own enthusiastic taste for them, so that they are rendered most attractive and entertaining. In collecting literary and historical *bric-à-brac* Mrs. Pitt Byrnes has few equals, and in her disposition of her treasures she assuredly has no superior. Her latest work is the best sample of her style. Occasionally, but not often enough to make the book tiresome, she fell into the error of over-amplification in her "Cosas de Espana," but "Feudal Castles of France" has no such fault. She takes the reader with her on this delightful tour among the stately remains of the great strongholds of a system which had so fearful an ending in fire and blood; and, assuming on the part of her readers not so much knowledge as to render details needless, or so much ignorance as to oblige her to be diffuse, she repeoples the vacant halls, and rebuilds the noble architectural structures, which are poems in stone indeed. The book is delightful reading, full of food for the fancy, and of pleasant and profitable exercise for the memory. The illustration, the realization of certain epochs, persons, "bits" in history, are great helps to readers who regard the past with interest and veneration, and this is especially true of the exceptionally romantic history of France. The beautiful Château d'Amboise, which, with its miniature chapel, the famous oratory built by Charles VIII. for his beloved queen, Anne of Brittany, suffered so much in the Revolution, is the author's first theme. The noble castellated palace, perched like an eagle's nest on its majestic elevation, has many thronging memories, including the sojourn of the loyalest husband and wife numbered among French sovereigns; the institution of the Order of St. Michel; the unrolling of the domestic drama of the House of Valois; the regency of Louise of Savoy; the happy home-life of Francis with his proud mother, who wrote of her son, in her private diary, as "Mon Seigneur, mon César, et mon Roy," but who never hesitated to send him into any danger at the call of his honour and his duty. There Marguerite of Navarre glittered, sinned, and repented; there she wrote the "Miroir de l'Âme Pêcheresse," some beautiful lines from which form the motto to this book; there Marguerite de Valois and the Duc d'Alençon sojourned, "à cause de leur petitesse;" there the girl-Queen of France, Mary Stuart, passed the brief, pathetic days of her first marriage; there her boy-husband died his weary death of pain; there Ronsard sang, and basked in court favour; there the Guises conspired; there the prisoners of Henry III. languished; there De Choiseul Stainville lived, in princely splendour, "le cocher de l'Europe," and renovated the noble building so magnificently, that it afforded grand opportunities for plunder in 1793. The Restoration brought it into the possession of Louis-Philippe, who restored it, but

he never resided there. The last historic interest attaching to it is the sojourn of Abd-el-Kader, taken prisoner by General de Lamoricière in 1847. The château has again fallen into a state of interior dilapidation, though the grounds are kept in beautiful order. It must be no small pleasure to pass "the long sunny lapse of a summer day's light" in the study of the feudal palace of Amboise.

The gem of the castles of Touraine, according to the author, is Loches, uniting the greatest pictorial perfection with the highest historical interest. It appeals especially to the attention of English visitors, as it "passed, with the province to which it belonged, into the possession of our early monarchs. To them it became a most important possession, and they held it with a ruthless grasp." But the presence which, above all others, the Château de Loches summons up, is that of Agnes Sorol, the peerless "Dame de Beauté," whose life is so wonderful a romance, whose character presents such strange contradictions, and whose position as a king's mistress, and yet the object of almost adoring respect to all classes of society, is such an anomaly. It has been said that Loches, with its important territory, was bestowed upon Agnes Sorol by Charles VII.; but there is no record of that gift, or any document bearing on it. It is related that the king built for her a turret adjoining the château, where she lived, and which still bears her name. Under Louis XI. the castle, which had been the scene of all that was noblest and most beautiful in the life of the period, acquired the terrible renown which clings closely to it, and which Sir Walter Scott has impressed upon the memory of our time. Its story under Louis XII. is painfully interesting, and once more romance, brilliant though blamable, is revived by the appearance on the scene of Diane de Poitiers. It was at Loches, too, that D'Épernon, who was its governor, received the persecuted widow of Henri Quatre, and treated her, *en reine*, with true knightly gallantry. After the death of the duke's son Bernard in 1661, Loches ceased to have a history of its own, and the writer says, "We can find no events of interest connected with its fabric, which suffers the melancholy consequence of abandonment and neglect." It was rather annoying to find that the Château de Plessis les Tours, immortalized and in a great measure invented by Scott, does not exist, and the tourists inquiring their way to it must have felt themselves somewhat ridiculous. It is difficult to believe that the ugly, uninteresting *débris* which occupy its site ever can have formed any part of a castle or a palace. Traces of the foundation remain by which an idea may be formed of the enormous extent of this formidable fortress; but "as for the detail, whether of the threefold fortifications by which it was surrounded, with their man-traps, and spikes, and gratings, their portholes and their sentry-boxes, their trap-doors and their surprises, or the interior arrangement of the gilded prison in which Louis confined himself—all is left entirely to the imagination." Though its great importance passed away with Louis XI., Plessis was eminent among palaces long after. In its grand hall the States-General met when they conferred upon Louis XII. the title of "Père du Peuple;" there Charles IX. celebrated the taking of *La Charité* by a banquet to the Duc d'Anjou; and there the famous meeting between Henry III. and "the Béarnais" took place. "In 1778," says the author, "Plessis still existed, but did not retain any vestige of its former size, strength, or splendour. It was then converted into a house of correction, but at the Revolution it was ignominiously demolished." The beautiful Château de Chaumont, one of the most ancient among the châteaux of the Loire, is an utter ruin, only the foundations remaining, while a second building, erected piecemeal and at long intervals, occupies its site. The history of Chaumont is involved with that of the counts of Touraine and of Blois, and illuminated by the grand and saintly virtues of the great Cardinal d'Amboise. Here Ruggieri cast the horoscope of Catherine de Médicis; here the queen endeavoured to induce Diane de Poitiers to live, after the death of Henri II., but Diane refused; here her daughter held great state, and her grand-daughter, who married Turenne's father. Since then Chaumont has seen many changes, and in 1810 Madame de Staël took up her abode there, without the prescribed limits of her exile from the capital.

Chambord, which "Henri Cinq" has never seen, is a ruin, but still beautiful and most interesting. The building of this wonderful palace by François I. was the realization of an ambitious freak such as might have occurred to an

Oriental potentate. "From the wild, desolate, arid plains of Sologne he was resolved to call up a fairy palace which should be at once the most striking and sumptuous château of the Renaissance." Chateaubriand's well-known description of this half-mystical building reads like a fairy tale. Diane de Poitiers inhabited a splendid pavilion in the park. To Chambord many recollections of Marguerite de Navarre belong, and here St. Gollais made his famous epigrams. Henri II. did not live much at Chambord, but he built that famous architectural wonder, the double spiral staircase. Mary Stuart was at Chambord for a little time, and there "La Grande Mademoiselle" spent many of her wretched, disappointed days. Louis XIV. rested there on his journey to meet his bride. There Stanislas Leckzinski lived, and Maréchal Saxe; then the fatal Polignacs, and Pichegru, the traitor. The following curious fact speaks for the elaborate magnificence of the structure:—

"When the Revolution broke out, Chambord had already reverted to the crown. It was ordered to be dismantled and demolished. The first part of this threat was promptly executed, and the furniture sold by auction; nothing was left within the bare walls but the table of lias-stone, on which the body of the Maréchal de Saxe had been embalmed. The project of demolition was abandoned on finding that the charge for destroying the *flours-de-lys*, and other royal insignia, would amount to 100,000 francs; however, the same reason which preserved it from new mutilations likewise militated against any attempt at restoring it. When Napoleon I. became emperor he placed both Chambord and Fontainebleau under the protection of the Legion of Honour, converting the former into a barrack. Later, he thought of fitting it up as a domicile for the Spanish princes, but abandoned the idea on finding it would cost 3,000,000 francs. In 1809 he united it to the crown property, and gave it, as a national recompense, to Berthier, Prince of Wagram, with 500,000 francs rental, taken from the navigation of the Rhine, on condition that all the revenues produced by the land should be expended on the castle. This condition was accepted, but not acted on."

The purchase of the castle by public subscription, its presentation to the Duc de Bordeaux, and the twenty years' lawsuit which ensued, are the latest facts in connection with this wonderful monument of taste, power, and splendour. The least splendid and luxurious of the palaces of Francis was Rambouillet, in which he died. The author gives a most brilliant and picturesque summary of the history of the château, which has witnessed so many royal reverses, received within its walls so many exiled princes. A foudal castle, a royal palace, the centre of a circle of *beaux esprits*, the Château de Rambouillet has not fallen into such utter decadence as that of the other châteaux of feudal France. It has become, under Napoleon III., an asylum and house of education for the daughters of brave military officers. The Château de Chenonceaux, a most curious and beautiful sample of the architecture of the Renaissance, is also described in a most attractive style; and the images of Diane de Poitiers and Mary Stuart are again evoked. Here, too, Louise de Vaudemont lived through many of her evil and sorrowful days. The Château d'Anêt, now an utter ruin, affords material for the richest memories of romance—materials of which the author makes use with much skill. A splendid, sad story indeed is that of the life and death of La Grande Sénéchale. The châteaux of Montbazou and Couziers are also chivalrous romances, love and war poems in stone, and well the author interprets them. The Château de Blois is the last by whose walls she lingers, with Charles d'Orléans, with Jeanne d'Arc, with Queen Claude of beloved memory, with the terrible Guises, with Marie de Médicis, with Gaston d'Orléans, and "La Grande Mademoiselle," with Louise de la Vallière, with Marie-Louise of Austria, and the infant King of Rome. It still stands, one of the finest monuments of the ancient monarchy; but the château is a barrack, and the beautiful historical chapel is a tailor's workshop.

F. C. H.

The Age of the Martyrs; or, The First Three Centuries of the Work of the Church of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By JOHN DAVID JENKINS, B.D., Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford; Canon of Pieter Maritzburg. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co.

WITH a profession of history on the title-page, this volume might be rather characterized as a culling from the *Acta Sanctorum*. We hope our Anglo-Catholic young ladies are better disciplined than to be caught by the legendary

rhapsodies and tumid eloquence that crowd these pages. But we hope against hope. Why should susceptible youth in these days of imaginative piety be presumed staid and sensible, when an Oxford Fellow, a Canon, and B.D. can live and breathe in such sentimentality as fills this book from beginning to end? And yet the author, as well as Dean Green to whom he dedicates, are Church officers in a land where every statement of authority is eyed with the keenest scrutiny, so that Bible history itself is thought to stagger under the handling it gets. Is South Africa the land, and is this the time, for a Church dignitary, when handling Church Annals to be "turned to fables?" Here is the picture of St. James the Apostle in the Jerusalem Council mentioned in the Acts.

"In his long white linen robe, with the mitre upon his head, and on his brow the golden plate engraved with 'Holiness to the Lord,' the venerable apostle rose and urged the decision of St. Peter. His face was worn with fasting and hallowed with the holiness of prayer." &c. &c. (P. 41.)

An elaborate account is given of Peter's visit to Rome, his ministry there, his martyrdom and burial, and all rendered with about as much sense of any rational doubt of its authenticity as a monkish annalist in the Middle Ages would have disclosed. But the glorification of St. Peter's Church, and St. Peter's See is the close and climax of the book—and may have been its object.

"St. Peter advanced towards the heathen city, where under a divine guidance he was to fix his throne. He toiled along the stately road which led him straight onwards to the capital of the world. He met throngs of the idle and the busy, of strangers and natives, who peopled the interminable suburbs. He passed under the high gate, and wandered on amid high palaces and columned temples; he met processions of heathen priests and ministers in honour of their idols; he met the wealthy lady borne on her litter by her slaves; he met the stern legionaries who had been the massive iron hammers of the whole earth: he met, &c., he met, &c. . . . he but a poor feeble aged stranger, destined then to commence an age of religious sovereignty in which the heathen state might live twice over and not see its end." (P. 27.) Then comes a florid description of Rome and her empire, in which we learn that her mandates were "obeyed with unflinching obedience amid the fervid heat of Egypt and Africa, and the icy blasts of Britain" (only three years after Tibullus'. (P. 30.)

C. II.

History of the Fens of South Lincolnshire. By W. H. WHEELER, C.E.
Boston: Newcomb: London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

WHEN the Middle Level Sluice burst in 1861, most newspaper readers learned for the first time that a district of England, more extensive than some of our counties, lay under high-water level.

Mr. Wheeler, a practical engineer, has, in this useful manual, provided a pleasantly written, and by no means technical account of the methods by which one of the richest agricultural districts of England has been gradually reclaimed from the watery wastes. With great research and a thorough knowledge of the local mediæval history, he has traced the progress of reclamation in the estuaries of the several rivers which flow into the Wash. Many will learn for the first time that we are indebted to the engineering skill of the Romans for the drainage of the great level of the Fens. The course of their dykes and cuts—Herculean works, on which their legions and captives were employed—may still be clearly traced, the banks extending for upwards of fifty miles. After their departure Saxon barbarism allowed the waters to resume their full dominion. So long did this continue, that from three to eighteen feet of sediment was deposited on the Roman fields. A smith's forge, with all its tools, has been found sixteen feet below the surface at Skirbeck. On the Welland, tan vats, a number of shoes and boots, have been found ten feet, and at Lynn a cart wheel sixteen feet, below the surface. The second reclamation is due to the energy of the monks of Crowland, and of the many religious houses with which the district was studded. Within the last century great advances have been made, and almost every engineer of fame has left his mark on the Level. Smeaton, Telford, the Rennies, Cubitt, Brunel, and Robert Stephenson have in turns there exercised their skill. Nor is the work yet complete. Mr. Wheeler remarks that—

"There are thousands of acres of land which might, at a less amount of money than is paid for freights of foreign grain, be turned into rich corn-lands and pasture. The

example set by the Romans of old, who employed their soldiers, assisted by convict labour, in forming the embankments by which the Fens are protected, might well be imitated in the present day."

The volume is interspersed with many interesting descriptions of the people, and of the natural history of the Fens. An incidental mention of the fisheries of the Wash illustrates the necessity for legislative regulation of our sea fisheries. The produce of mussels used to be from £700 to £800 per week. Owing to the wasteful destruction of the young fry, raked up for manure, the brood was almost exhausted in 1859. The corporation of Boston interfered, and in two years' time the beds were again covered with mussels. But it was found that the magistrates had exceeded their powers, and in 1868 the beds were again exhausted, and the fishermen destitute. We can heartily recommend this exhaustive little work to all who are desirous of improving their knowledge of the physical geography of their country.

H. B. T.

The National Church. History and Principles of the Church Polity of England.

By Rev. D. MOUNTFIELD, M.A., Rector of Newport, Salop. London: Longmans.

THE result of Mr. Mountfield's study of the great expositors of the Anglican Church Polity is laid out before the reader in a concise form and in an interesting style. He has to deal with the facts of history and with the theory of polity. Facts are always instructive: theories are often guiding lights, but they may be fatuous flames. Church Polity ought to be understood now, with all the pons of other days to elucidate it, and with the experience of a hundred sects, in England, in Scotland, on the Continent, to illustrate it. Earnest and first-rate men whose names are still fragrant in memory sought to seize the true idea. Coleridge and Whately have left their thoughts about it, and Arnold too, who kept it fondly before his mind as the great subject for his old age—if he should reach it—to deal with. And how necessary right views are! We want it pressingly for our "Church of the Future." But any views that can hold their place we may well sigh despair of. The fates seem unpropitious. We have seen an "Ideal" born and die in a tempest; and "Church and State" foundering in another of which its own author is the genius. We should like to see a nineteenth-century Hooker, to state judiciously the present facts of our polity in accordance with a sound and solid theory, and expound to us what a National Church is now, since the Toleration Act, and the admission of Romans and Jews to Parliament, which assembly according to Mr. Mountfield is the legitimate and sole legislature of the Church of England. We are neither satisfied with what we are, nor with what our enemies mean for us, nor with all that our friends wish for us. We shall have to grapple with the logic of facts as they arise, and it is often far easier to deal with these than to understand the theories of our constitution propounded. We have to steer our bark with all its anomalies as wisely and warily as we can among the rocks and shoals; and as long as there is a blessing in her for mankind let us hope that the Head of the Church will not suffer her to wreck.

Mr. Mountfield's book as a popular exposition, and written in the tone somewhat of an apologist and pleader, may be read with interest and profit; but we will not undertake to say that he has yet puzzled it all out in his own head and can give a steady light for our pilots. Nor is this wonderful; since even an Arnold (in whose general outline he seems to coincide, though he does not refer to him that we have noticed) can only partly see his way. Arnold however saw and felt his difficulties: Mr. Mountfield's difficulties may be seen by others. We will now by a few extracts let the author speak for himself.

"The expression 'Church and State' has fostered the misapprehension that there is an alliance between two independent societies, whereas in England the Church and Commonwealth are the same society under different names,—a Commonwealth as it lives under some form of secular law and rule, a Church as it lives under the Law of Christ" (Hooker). (P. 33.)

Further on (p. 123) we come to the following statement, in which the italics are ours.

"The legislature is justified in continuing to maintain the ancient National Church and make laws ecclesiastical, so long as it considers that a National Church conduces to

the welfare of the nation. The theory on which our Church is founded, that the Commonwealth and the Church are the same society under different names, *is no longer true*; but the practice which sprung out of the theory is continued, because the nation believes that such practice conduces to the common welfare."

What is this but saying that our practice is founded on a false theory? But again:—

"1. We hold that the authority to make laws belongs not by divine appointment to any particular person or persons in the Church, as sacerdotalists affirm, but to all the members of the Church. 2. The Church of England *being regarded as identical with the Commonwealth* of England, this legislative power is exercised with us by Parliament." (P. 143.) "In England the *Commonwealth being regarded as the Church*, the head of the one is the head of the other." (P. 149.)

We think that even sacerdotalists ought not to be oppressed with a tyrant logic forcing them in this fashion to acquiesce in a practice once before and twice after its basis-theory has been acknowledged unsound. In these liberal days such violent logic might be fairly called persecution.

This antiquated sect will likewise, we greatly fear, be somewhat staggered by other statements in Mr. Mountfield's exposition; not but that the statements may have a sense of truth in them, but that the sacerdotalists will fail to see it. That is their fault however, but here are the passages, which occur in a summing up of advantages of Church laws being made by Parliament.

(Second advantage.) "The whole nation has a voice in the concerns of the Church and may mould it to its will, thus making it national." (P. 121.)

(The fourth "advantage" of Dissenters being in Parliament.) "Supposing Parliament truly to represent the opinions of the nation, the Church of England cannot become, or long remain, the Church of a minority" (p. 119)

—that is, of course, Churchmen and Dissenters will then change places. Also the "advantage" of bishops being selected by the Prime Minister is that "as a layman he is commonly free from theological prejudices." (P. 166.)

Under the blessed rule of Parliament we get another of our author's "advantages." Thus:—

"Parliament may, as it does, direct the clergy when offering up prayer or praise or administering the Eucharist and Baptism, to wear certain vestments and use a certain form of words." (P. 142.)

Church legislation however, to which of the two, clergy or Parliament, it is the great bore, we entreat Mr. Mountfield to reflect again and make up his mind and tell us for certain what he thinks; because at p. 121 he writes—

"It is an advantage to the clergy that Church laws are made by the principal laymen of the nation, relieving them as it does from the necessity of devoting much attention to ecclesiastical legislation."

But when he comes to p. 133 he gives a reason why Parliament should appoint a sort of special committee or commission charged with the duty of suggesting and devising Church laws:—

"For the enormous amount of business continually and increasingly flowing in from all parts of the British empire upon Parliament, as well as the indifference of some of the members to the National Church, cause less attention to be paid to its affairs than is desirable."

It is very provoking that Mr. Mountfield after introducing us to the pleasant society of Politists and Legists like Hooker, Taylor, Barrow, Coke and Blackstone, and all their solid maxims and dicta, should lead us away into such a quagmire as this.

C. H.

The Royal Engineer. By the Right Hon. Sir FRANCIS B. HEAD, Bart.
London: John Murray.

THIS genial veteran, who so thoroughly enjoys getting into some great establishment and turning it inside out before the public, has now been taking notes, in his own special vein, in the barracks and on the practising ground of the Royal Engineers, and greatly to our edification. At the end of his volume we are entirely up in the subject, from the Competitive Examination and the Duke of Cambridge to the "Invasion of England." We once thought we did

know what a sapper was, a kind of mole with a pickaxe underground: and perhaps we did. But the age travels by railroad, and we now know him as an artificer of versatile genius, by whom his commanding officer the Royal Engineer turns war itself into a fine art. He manipulates in all the sciences, and is to be discovered on any day of the year in his own haunts (above ground) at mathematical problems, at electricity, photography, astronomy; at surveying, mapping, lithography, printing, engraving, diving; fabricating pontoon bridges and contriving the terrible torpedo. That this distinguished society, the R.S. of the body military, should bear all the titles of the hierarchy of war and wear the soldier's uniform, and yet not appear in the official Army List and have not so much as colours of their own, but be treated as little better than civilians, is an anomaly Sir Francis Head cannot feel reconciled to. In the presence of strong positions the Royal Engineer shares danger and death with the very foremost, but not credit. The warriors of the line volunteer in dashing deeds to win their C.B., and the R.E. is simply "told off" to guide or pilot them scientifically through the ground, but never to "lead" them, to their winning point. If the intellectual corps is to be kept cool, like the brain in the body, under the excitements of glorious war, we can imagine this is not a bad way of securing the object. This does not however commend itself to the Right Hon. Author, who is never weary of firing off his sarcasms at the system, beginning with Shakespeare's "Clerk of Chatham," and recommending that at least an A might be allowed on the sapper's signal-flag that first waved over captured Magdala, inasmuch as the heroes of the line have been permitted to write on their regimental colours "Abyssinia" in full.

From Sir Francis' graphic pages we subjoin the following extracts. We are to imagine one of the scenes portrayed in his engravings, a long procession of waggons carrying a hundred yards of bridge, with travelling office, shop, forge, and all their attendants, making for a river; when suddenly an enterprising body of hostile horse is reported approaching the heavy and helpless array. For Sir Francis' gratification the officer in charge suddenly gives the word of command:—

"*Form for defence against cavalry!* And in less than two minutes he (Captain), his horses, his drivers, and his sappers, became the invisible garrison of a fort or polygon of twenty sides, formed by his pontoon and covered waggons drawn up so close to each other that in several instances they almost touched, and in others left an interstice or embrasure of about a foot or eighteen inches on the outside. As I rode round and close to this rapidly-constructed fort, whenever I came to an interstice, a sapper on one knee, with his sword in bayonet form attached to his fire-arm, with two others standing one behind the other above him, each and all looking direct at me, nearly together snapped their Sniders in my face. Others beneath the waggons shot at me from between the wheels; and I have no hesitation in saying that the officer's word of command was so completely carried into practical effect that the rampart formed by his waggons was totally impenetrable, not only to cavalry using swords, but also to lancers." (P. 44.)

Describing a drill-scene on the Modway, where a party of young Engineer officers and sappers were busily engaged in throwing a bridge across, our author adds:—

"H.R.H. Prince Arthur (at present the junior lieutenant in the corps of Royal Engineers) belonged to the first party encamped for pontoon instruction, in which he took such zealous interest that on one occasion he was seen swimming, with his clothes on, in water the mud of which was very little calculated to improve them. But he is reported to have said on joining the Royal Engineer Establishment, *I am not come here to shirk work, nor did he.*" (P. 59.)

C. H.

The Life of the Rev. Thos. Collins. By the Rev. SAMUEL COLEY. With a Portrait. Second Edition. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS memoir of a laborious and earnest preacher will be enjoyed by those whose tastes flow readily into the Methodistic moulds and forms; but to others trained in piety under the Book of Common Prayer we could not risk our character by recommending it, except perhaps as a material for study in a department of religious psychology. If any one would understand the spiritual nurture of those numerous poor and lower-middle classes among whom such men as good Thomas Collins have their "circuits," this volume will be an excellent guide to

him, as a few quotations will show. God forbid we should ever seek to drag before unsympathetic readers the painful peculiarities of religious life for the purpose of exciting levity, or still worse of feathering a shaft. Our common Christianity is concerned in hurrying past all such exhibitions, with reticence and reserve, unless we honestly intend to draw from them their lessons of wisdom for our reflection. In this spirit then we proceed to the following scenes adduced of Mr. Collins' "profitable parlour-work." We notice the quiet brevity which records in a diary-jotting the serious event of a person being "saved."

"At Mrs. Smith's, of Bredo, one of the servants was saved at family prayer." (P. 68.)

"On Saturday evening, at Salehurst Abbey, the neighbours gathered in; I talked to them a while; we then fell to prayer, and five of them were saved." (*ib.*)

A female writes:—

"Mr. Collins met me at Mr. Francis's house. I had been a self-righteous Pharisee; but in the morning service the Spirit had opened the eyes of my soul to see its own vileness. Mr. Collins asked, 'Do you expect salvation to-night?' I replied, 'Whatever good I may have, it is my resolve not to go away without it.' He said, 'I have pleaded with God this day for hours, in the wood, for souls; He will give them. I know his sign. I shall have souls to-night. Yours, I trust, will be one.' Well, night came, and with it such a power as I had never felt. Cries for mercy rang all over the chapel. Before the sermon was done, I, with many others, fell upon my knees to implore salvation. I found it; and to all eternity shall bless God for that Easter Monday." (*ib.*)

Another person writes:—

"Mr. Collins lodged with me. We told him we wanted our three eldest children converted. 'Three eldest?' said he, 'why not all? My God says, Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it. I will not ask Him for less than all!' That large-hearted prayer was answered. All were given. One was saved in the chapel, and the other three at the family altar." (P. 165.)

Is it possible that any spirit of sacerdotalism, which declares an awful transmutation of certain substances under the influence of formulæ duly pronounced, can ever invade the unvested breast of John Wesley's priest whose parlour conversions and savings are such ordinary occurrences? On another occasion a Mr. P. and "a nervous man who could not bear the noise of the prayer meeting" after preaching, "came in to tea," writes Mr. Collins.

"I asked P. 'Are you happy?' 'No.' 'Do you wish to be?' 'Yes.' 'When? Now, or seven years to come?' 'Indeed, I hope it will not be seven years first.' 'Well then, let us seek it of God now.' At the word we fell to prayer. The men wrestled; the servant wept; and the daughters, two sweet young maidens, sobbed as they knelt at the sofa. It was a boisterous time; but in less than half an hour P., the nervous man, and the girls, were all rejoicing together. The presence of the Lord went with us to chapel: several were saved there." (P. 176.)

When the poor overworked pastor is unfitted for a protracted exercise heaven comes to his assistance sooner, and he knows it. The scene of the following is the town of St. Austell.

"Hunger for holiness seems rising. After the love-feast, (t. P. told me at the door that he was longing for perfect love. 'Return with me,' I said, 'to the vestry.' He came at a word, prepared, according to the Cornish idea, to wrestle until midnight. I had strength for no such thing, and knew right well that Heaven did not wish it. So I just knelt down, and simply besought the Lord to light the poor man's candle at once. It was done." (P. 323.)

The following passage is from Mr. Collins' notes at Oldbury in 1860. The biographer writes that as Mr. Collins preached "several obtained mercy. Take one case. The notes are curt but instructive."

"'Are you a believer?' 'No.' 'How long have you been seeking salvation?' 'Years.' 'Who is it whom through all those years you have not believed?' 'Christ.' 'What? Not believe Christ! Is He a liar?' The youth paused, then slowly and firmly answered, 'He is not.' 'But He says—He that believeth on me hath everlasting life—and you can't believe Him.' 'I can.' 'You won't.' 'I will.' 'But you don't.' 'I do.' 'You won't continue.' 'I will.' 'Then, man, if these things be so, you are a believer.' 'Yes, now I am, and hallelujah! I this moment *feel* that God is my salvation.'" (P. 431.)

We should dearly like some good, sound, excellent Doctor of the Conference to decide for us—as we should hardly like to obtrude our own opinion—whether

it be possible that, whereas the tenet of the Real Objective Presence is believed to be inscribed upon some part of the Papal skirt, the believers in a Real Subjective Presence, even in the Circuits, may be holding on to another part of it. Leaving however such delicate ground, we may be permitted to suggest that the mode in which Christianity is presented to and accepted by large masses of our fellow Christians constitutes a division and a barrier far more potent than any doctrinal formula or theory of government can be. Wesleyism is a province of Christendom marked off from other provinces by rivers and mountains which any reader of this biography will find to be more subtle or impassable than any physical boundaries; and he who dreams of healing the breaches of these unhappy days must sooner or later become aware that unity and amalgamation are by no means affairs confined to negotiation and proposals between delegates and representatives, but involve a change of atmosphere, an alteration of diet, a complete re-education, a revolution in taste and sentiment, and language, and thought, things beyond all others impossible to be measured by propositions and articles. It is usually said that the Church of England expelled this famous evangelistic movement from her bosom in the last century. But assuming that the only alternatives were to part company with it and to adopt it and be identified with it to this day, is it possible to persuade ourselves that the Christianity of England could now afford to have sustained such a loss as would be involved in the second alternative? Can we honestly think that the sensitiveness of a highly cultivated understanding, such as that which now enjoys the devotions of the Anglican Communion, could ever have endured to this day, or *ought* to have endured, such a presentation of Christianity as we find in the letters and jottings, the parlour work and chapel work, of good Thomas Collins?
C. H.

III.—SCIENTIFIC.

The Principles of Currency: Six Lectures Delivered at Oxford. By BONAMY PRICE, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford. With a Letter from M. MICHEL CHEVALIER, on the History of the Treaty of Commerce with France. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co.

THE lectures of which Mr. Bonamy Price's volume consists were delivered, his Preface tells us, "as Public Lectures at Oxford in the Taylor Institution." It seems needless to say that they display the well-known characteristics of the writer: a perspicuous style, acute logic, a clear conception of a limited number of truths, coupled with an almost inability to see over the limit, and an outspoken impatience of all that strays beyond it, as being necessarily error. Mr. Price frankly admits, indeed, that political economy is "a law of dispute and of controversy, of assertion and denial—a region in which little progress is definitively acquired and retained;" in which "the tendency to backslide seems to be incessant and irresistible," so that "it seems like lost labour to waste instruction on those who listen and are convinced, and then, under some indescribable impulse, rebel against the light." But, complacently ascribing this "impulse" to "the ceaseless action of selfishness—the never-dying force of class and personal interests—the steady and constant effort to promote private gains at the cost of the whole community," Mr. Price is obviously enabled to raise his own dogmatic pertinacity in favour of positions which appear to him to "attain the quality of demonstration" to the height of a virtue. Yet—if a majority of well-to-do Victorians, under one of the freest constitutions of the world, bred up in, and, as it were, permeated with free-trade principles, choose by law to pay more for this or that home-grown product than for the imported one—Mr. Price is at full liberty to say they are unwise, but what right has he to say they are selfish, simply because their plutonomic "doxy" happens not to be his?

Substantially, the work—barring a tilt by the way at Mr. Mill—is little

more than a repetition, in more serious and deliberate form, of Mr. Price's previous onslaughts on the bad political economy of our commercial men and commercial writers, amounting, as he contends, to a restoration of the "mercantile theory" demolished by Adam Smith. He is always lamenting what he calls somewhere "the confusion which afflicts the city on all matters connected with the scientific understanding of money." In some departments of political economy, he declares, "the doctrines of merchants and bankers have subdued the whole land, and almost put a stop to all independent thought which should presume to contradict the established theories of men of business." And in order, no doubt, to prove the rule by the exception, he inserts, in an Appendix, a certainly very able paper by Mr. Charles Gairdner, manager of the Union Bank at Glasgow, as exhibiting "a precision of thought, a correctness of view, and a scientific treatment most rare amongst writers who belong to the commercial world." Mr. Price's leading doctrine is, that coin alone is money properly so called, although "we have been compelled to apply the same term to bank-notes;" and he hankers after a classification of the instruments of exchange which "would place coin in a class by itself, and would group in a second and collateral class all the other instruments of exchange." Curiously enough, however, whilst thus proclaiming the affinity between bank-notes, cheques, bills, &c., and maintaining that the "right" of bank-notes to the title of money "consists in the fact that they circulate, taken in connection with their impersonal character," Mr. Bonamy Price seems well-nigh blind to the extent to which both features apply to those instruments of exchange to which he so sharply denies that title. If he had ever seen a "good bill" come back for payment, often perfectly loaded with endorsements, he would never say that bills of exchange do not "circulate." Nor would he say so of a cheque, coming up, we will say, to London from a village or small town where there is no local bank, seldom less than a fortnight after its issue, and often with fifteen or sixteen endorsements. Indeed, there are towns and districts all over England where a cheque bearing a known local signature will be found far easier to cash than a Bank of England note, as being more palpably genuine, so that we have here an instance of what Mr. Price declares not to be money, as not being circulable, circulating better than what he acknowledges as such. And as to the "impersonal" character of the bank-note, it is difficult to see in what respect it is less personal than a cheque to bearer,—one might even say, than any bill, note, or cheque endorsed in blank. The drawer or acceptor of any ordinary bill of exchange knows as little, and cares as little, by whom it will be ultimately presented for payment as the Bank of England cares who may return to it a bank-note; and so far as mere actual circulation is concerned, the difference between the one and the other need be no more than that in the one case every hand must be legally noted through which a bit of paper passes, and not in the other. As respects cheques to bearer, indeed, if the difference of form be overlooked, they are almost entirely equivalent to notes which a given bank allows individuals to issue against itself, the security for which, however, is not its whole assets, but only the portion of such assets due, or allowed to be credited to, the issuer. Whatever Mr. Price may say, cheques do in fact largely supplement the circulation of what alone he terms money; they are the practical means through which the non-extension of provincial banks of issue has been so little felt; and although they may co-exist and flourish together with a system of free banking, as in Scotland, they are for England the habitual substitute for the latter. But whilst it appears thus obvious that neither in point of circulable value nor of impersonal character can the bill, cheque, &c., be distinguished from the bank-note otherwise than in degree, there is generally, though not necessarily (apart, of course, from any legal recognition or privilege), a great practical difference between the two classes of instruments—that of the habitual limitation of time to the efficacy of the former class. Whilst a bank-note is *prima facie* good to all time, a bill or note is almost invariably payable at a fixed date, and its circulable value is therefore practically confined (though it need not legally be) between this and the date of issue, or more generally of acceptance—a period which is, indeed, often longer than that of the average circulation of a bank-note. And whilst the cheque bears no limit of time on the face of it, still the legal decisions in cases of bankruptcy, &c., tend to give it one habitually.

Determined, however, that nothing shall be money but what the Oxford Professor of Political Economy chooses to call such, Mr. Price makes very merry with that "climax" of "looseness" in "the City's language,"—the "Money-Market," by which expression our blunder-headed merchants and bankers will not scientifically understand only "a place in which sovereigns and bank-notes are specially sold," but simply the place where, even taking the word in the Professor's own strict sense, a man is most likely to get money for money's worth, and money's worth for money. Another tabooed word for him in currency matters is "represent," and its derivatives. To an ordinary mind it appears a perfectly clear idea when it is said that coin "represents" goods, that a bank-note "represents" coin, that a cheque in the holder's hands "represents" coin or notes; but Mr. Price "cannot accept the word 'represent' in currency," for he "can never understand its meaning." A more serious inroad upon the English language is Mr. Price's use of the word "mean," not in the sense of "medium," but of "means,"—a false grammatical refinement analogous to that which—in the face of authorities such as "the wages of sin is death,"—has by this time almost implanted into our language the Yankee singular "wage."

But indeed Mr. Price, notwithstanding his claims to strict scientific accuracy, makes sometimes use of language which is scarcely consistent with itself. At p. 4 he tells his hearers that "men must be Political Economists. You may not, individually, be merchants, or members of Parliament, or clergymen, or land-owners, but Political Economists, one and all of you, you cannot help being." At p. 7 he informs them that the Emperor Napoleon, under the preaching of Mr. Cobden, "became a Political Economist, but he was almost a solitary convert." At p. 42 he writes that "if there were no national mint, Baring's money, Rothschild's money, and all sorts of money would be circulating together, and the confusion would be intolerable." At p. 150 he asks, "Who would say that any possible harm could come of every householder issuing sovereigns, if only the public had a complete guarantee that every one of those sovereigns was a good one?" And he never hesitates to praise the Scotch banking system, in which all sorts of "money" are circulating together, and the public has no complete guarantee that any £1 note is good.

M. Michel Chevalier's letter, describing how the French commercial treaty was literally sprung as a mine by the Emperor on his own Finance Minister, his Chambers, and his people, is no doubt exceedingly curious; but one cannot help feeling surprise at seeing an English Liberal of the old school treating such a piece of Cæsarism as deserving of nothing but unmixed and almost fulsome eulogy. Let Mr. Price rest assured that the unquestionable unpopularity of the treaty over a large portion of France to this day is in great measure owing to the clandestine, surreptitious way in which it was introduced, and is sufficient to prove that, in history as well as in morals, the end does not justify the means, either with Jesuits or Free-traders. J. M. L.

The Polar World: Man and Nature in the Arctic and Antarctic Regions of the Globe. By Dr. G. HARTWIG. London: Longmans.

It is no reproach to Dr. Hartwig to call his book a compilation. It professes to be nothing more; but he has condensed for us information on either Pole, not indeed new, but hitherto too often buried in the inaccessible quartos which entomb the results of Government explorations. Having searched through all the records of voyagers and naturalists, he has gathered up the results into a lavishly-illustrated volume, well arranged, and pleasantly written, which will do more to popularize polar adventure than any work which has yet appeared.

The most intrepid explorers are not always the most attractive writers; and it detracts not from the heroism of a Livingstone or a Barth if we admit that other pens might have delineated their discoveries in more glowing, though not in truer, colours.

But Arctic explorers have almost always been cultivated scholars and men of science, and we are glad to see that Dr. Hartwig has not scrupled to extract the spirited descriptions of a Parry or a Ross. At the present moment, perhaps, the description of the Antarctic regions, as the least known, will be turned to with the greatest interest, especially as public attention is beginning to be drawn to that mysterious region of icebergs and volcanoes where, it is to be hoped, the astronomers of 1881 will escape the fate of Franklin.

The narrative of Ross shows the difficulties which the adventurous star-gazers will have to encounter. In latitude 76° S. that brave explorer succeeded in leaping upon an island which bore not the smallest trace of vegetation—not even a lichen or a piece of seaweed growing on the rocks, but the white petrel and the skua had their nests on the ledges of the cliffs, and seals were seen sporting on the water. The next day they saw an eruption of Mount Erebus, when the flame and smoke rose 2,000 feet above the crater, which was elevated 12,400 feet above the sea-level. A brilliant mantle of snow swept down the sides of both these giants of the South, and projected a perpendicular icy cliff several miles into the sea. In vain the explorers endeavoured to approach the shore.

“The roar of the surf, which extended each way as far as we could see, and the crashing of the ice, fell upon the ear with fearful distinctness, whilst the frequently-averted eye as immediately returned to contemplate the awful destruction that threatened in one short hour to close the world, and all its hopes, and joys, and sorrows, upon us for ever. In this, our deep distress, we called upon the Lord, and He heard our voices out of his temple, and our cry came before Him. A gentle air of wind filled our sails; hope again revived; the feeble breeze gradually freshened; our heavy ships began to feel its influence, slowly at first, but more rapidly afterwards, and before dark we found ourselves far removed from every danger.”—*Ross's Voyage.*

Dr. Hartwig gives us very full information, not only on the geography and history, but also on the natural productions of the Arctic and Antarctic regions. Forbidding as these may be to man, and scant as is their botany, they abound in animal life to a degree which is not exceeded in the tropics. It is impossible to give any *résumé* of this part of his work, which is copious without pretending to be systematic. Full and concise chapters give us the history and descriptions of Iceland, Lapland, Novaya Zemlya, Siberia, Aleutia, Hudson's Bay, Newfoundland, Greenland, Patagonia, and Tierra del Fuego. Amongst the most interesting chapters are the concise summary of all the Arctic expeditions from the earliest times, and the sad story of the Greenland colony. So concentrated is the information, that there is not a page from the beginning to the end of the book which we could willingly omit.

H. B. T.

The Naturalist in Norway. By Rev. J. BOWDEN, LL.D. London: L. Reeve & Co.

For the mere tourist in Norway, who does not stipulate for very accurate or detailed information in natural history, Dr. Bowden's book is a pleasant and readable companion. It is interspersed with many amusing anecdotes of Norwegian peasants, beasts, and birds, and the writer has incorporated the most racy tales of Pontoppidan, and many of Lloyd's sporting adventures, illustrated by tinted lithographs. As naturalists, however, we might be inclined to treat the work more severely. The information on the ermine may be taken as an example. There is no intimation of its identity with the stoat; we are told that it resembles the weasel in appearance, but is rather larger in size. The *naturalist* is not to be educated on the vague descriptions of this book, amusing as may be the anecdotes. The chapters on the birds are chiefly copied from Nillson's lists, with some additions as to their breeding. On these we feel almost inclined to quote the old remark, that “what is true is not new,” and “what is new is not true.” This is not to be wondered at, when we find a hundred and eight pages devoted to the birds of Norway, without the slightest indication of the writer having even heard of the researches of Wolley! Though the salmon rivers of Norway figure on the title-page, the subject is dismissed in six pages of text. Of Nordland, of the rivers of which we have some knowledge, nothing is said. The volume concludes with a simple catalogue of the flora of the Dovrefjeld, copied from Blytt. The best part of the book is a description of the Lapps; but the whole is a compilation, which it required neither a naturalist nor a resident in Norway to produce.

H. B. T.

A Treatise on Harmony. By the Rev. Sir F. A. GORE OUSELEY, Bart. Clarendon Press, Oxford.

It is seldom we have brought before us so valuable a work on music; but it is impossible without ample musical notation to do justice to it, and we must content ourselves with a slight comment. The theory of harmony is here studied by

the learned and accomplished professor with the same accuracy, and in the same spirit, with which we are in the habit of examining any other scientific subject. No doubt, many and excellent books have already been devoted to the theory of harmony, but they have all more or less suffered from the tyranny of obsolete and needless dogma. In the present work an attempt has been made to simplify matters, by reducing many knotty points in harmony, and solving many questions by the light of common sense. To thoroughly appreciate this method, the student should be generally well educated, and he should also have a good acquaintance with the rudiments of music. The professor believes that a true theory of music must be founded upon the natural laws of musical vibration, and that, in truth, in making our scale and combining our harmonies we must use the basis which Nature has already provided for us. To do this is to found our system on what has been called the harmonic theory. The late Professor Donaldson, of Edinburgh, adopted this natural method, and his lectures are in consequence remarkable for their clearness and freedom from dogma. We use the word dogma, because music, more than any other art, has suffered from rules laid down without adequate reason, and often adhered to, to the great detriment of musical progress.

The professor's theory is supplemented by some valuable illustrations at the end of the volume, showing the comparative magnitude of intervals. It will not be the teacher's fault if, with these helps, and the progressive system carefully adhered to from chapter to chapter, the student fails to acquire a thorough mastery over the general principles and the chief rules of harmony.

A. T.

Tommy Try, and What he Did in Science. By C. O. G. NAPIER. 46 Illustrations. London: Chapman and Hall.

WE have here the egotistical narrative of a pedantic little urchin, who considers himself now a full-blown naturalist, and relates to us the process of his development from the monad in long clothes. He seems to have resided in many different watering-places on the south coast, and, had he confined himself to descriptions of boyish explorations among shells, seaweeds, birds, and butterflies, the book might have been useful as a school-boy manual, although his natural history cannot be depended upon, and we have rather apocryphal stories, as of a hybrid between the missel-thrush and the blackbird. But Tommy Try's taste was not confined to nature, and the book is interlarded with caricatures of Eastern tales, with impossible shipwrecks, with not very high-toned stories of lodging-house keepers, and the loves of sailors and servant-maids. Altogether the volume is beneath criticism. The woodcuts are from the blocks employed in the illustration of Figuiet, or, where original, do no credit either to artist or engraver.

H. B. T.

IV.—CLASSICAL.

Homer's Iliad. In English Rhymed Verse. In Two Volumes. By CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D., D.C.L., Chaplain to the Speaker. London: Strahan & Co.

To review effectually a translation of the entire Iliad would involve larger space than is usually allotted to a *Contemporary* notice. And the restraint of limits makes itself felt in the case of such translators as Dr. Merivale, whose name and antecedents warrant the merit of whatever he takes in hand. His classical and English scholarship are facts not now to be discussed or dilated on, but have been established by many incontestable proofs in translation into and out of the classical languages, not less than by historical works collaterally evidencing his critical familiarity with ancient literature. When such a one is moved by the interest which has sprung up of late years in the subject of Homeric translation, and lays himself out to attempt a solution of the problem, in what metre, style, and diction Homer may most fitly be represented in English, he is clearly entitled to candid and patient consideration; and the results of such consideration are not to be merely glanced at as ordinary efforts.

We shall try, therefore, within our limits, to give a fair idea of the main features of his work, and to draw to it the attention both of those to whom, apart from the Greek, it will afford interest and amusement, and also of those who, with more or less scholarship, like to compare English with Greek, and translation with translation; avoiding, on the one hand, such profuse quotation as might supply dabblers and smatterers with second-hand notions, to save their going to the fountain-head; and, on the other, the dry, brief, stunted regard with which versions of less mark might fairly be passed over.

Dr. Merivale is of the number of those who hold the ballad metre the truest exponent of Homer's hexameters; and, so far as concluding Greek line and English line within identical limits, the most bigoted of hexametrists could not deny his having established a strong case for the superiority of his measure to any other. This measure may be designated as in the main fourteen-syllable, with a division at the eighth syllable; and the sense of monotony which might otherwise be felt in a poem of such length, is relieved by a not infrequent intermixture of one, two, or three octosyllabic half-lines, rhyming with the eighth syllable of the entire line which they follow, this entire line itself rhyming with the next entire line in due sequence. The effect is extremely satisfactory. That spirit and fire which it is justly urged that our modern translations for the most part fail in reproducing, seem to reanimate the English frame of a naturalized Homer, when every now and then we light on such a passage as that which early in the first book depicts Apollo coming down in vengeance for the wrong done to his servant; a passage which here owes much of its success to the seasonable use of the half-metres to which we have referred:—

“Then down from high Olympus in wrath the Archer strode;
With bow about his shoulders flung
His doubly-lidded quiver hung;
Rattled his arrows as he swung to earth, the wrathful god!
Like night he came, and straightway sate from the ships apart;
And dire was the ding of the silver string, as he drove his mortal dart.”—i. 44-9.

We are extremely sceptical as to the capacity of hexameters or any unrhymed metres to convey the tone and spirit of Homer's lines with like force, no matter how skilful and qualified the translator. It will be understood that the bulk of the translation is in lines of full length, and that it more resembles the versions of Blackie and Mr. Gladstone than of other modern translators of Homer. To our thinking it excels these in variety, through the usage which has been illustrated above, as well as by the much more frequent use of sectional metres, in which Dr. Merivale luxuriates with a very happy effect. Particularly is this the case with regard to the catalogue of the ships. Here, in no strict or unvarying proportion, octosyllabic lines are repeated fourfold and fivefold in the midst of full-length lines of the sort that constitute the staple of the translation. Of the effect an idea may be formed by this sample, from the enumeration of the contributions to Nestor's tale of ships:—

“'Twas there, they say, the Muses assailed, as once it fell,
The Thracian Thamyris, and stopped the songs he sang so well:
Once as he came from Oechalus,
Realm of Oechalian Eurytus,
Boasting the best in song to prove,
Though even the Muses 'gainst him strove,
Seed of the eagle-bearing Jove!
But they indignant smote him, and made the master blind;
His song divine they took from him, and maimed the tuneful mind.”—ii. 594-600.

Never, to our thinking, has this *crux* of translators been more successfully handled. Of another attempt to vary the uniformity of metre, to wit, where our translator renders the enumeration of the Nereid sisters of Thetis, at the opening of the eighteenth book, into English hexameters, we are unable to speak so heartily. It is conceivable that Doto, Spio, Callianassa, and others of the sisters labour under the disadvantage of somewhat intractable names; but it might have been almost better to omit the list and leave the appellation of each to the reader's fancy than to break off from so modern a stave into one at once ancient and incongruous, and of which the insertion may possibly be due to a desire to prove the inadaptability of the Homeric rhythm to our English poetry. It

is noticeable that Professor Conington, in his continuation of Worsley's *Iliad*, contrives to group these same ladies in a single Spenserian stanza, without resort to any great or startling change; and, generally speaking, variety, if we must have it, should have retained in it sufficient elements of resemblance to reconcile readers to the transition.

But it is time that, whilst on the subject of metre, we should exhibit a sample or two of the fitness of that chosen by Dr. Merivale for the main portion of his translation. In its ordinary flow it answers his purpose of giving scope and verge enough for Homer's words, as may be seen in the following extract from the fourth book, in which the meeting of the hostile armies is likened to the confluence of two mountain torrents (Il. iv., 446—55):—

“So when they met together, confronted in one place,
Bulls' hides and spears with all their force thrust each in other's face,
Those brazen-breasted warriors! and every bossy shield
Banged on his mighty opposite, and clanged the echoing field!
And rose there cry of anguish, and shout of triumph loud:
And din of slayers and of slain; and ran the ground with blood!
And as two mountain torrents, from ample founts that flow,
Down rushing with their watery might clash in a gorge below:
And the shepherd in the sheeprun the tumult hears afar:
So when they joined were heard the rout and onset of the war.”—i. 93.

If, as is the case, a comparison of this English with the Greek should establish the fact that nothing of importance in the latter is overlooked or slurred, through exigencies of metre, it must be admitted that this average sample exhibits an equivalent for the verse of Homer which is far from ineffective. To give it variety, however, and variety, too, which stops short of the insertion of one or more octo syllabic lines above noticed, other expedients are called into play. We allude to the sectional rhymes which Mr. Gladstone used once or twice only in his translation of the first book of the *Iliad*, but of which Dr. Merivale has made freer and more frequent use with happy results. If we take a passage from the final conflict between Achilles and Hector in the twenty-second book, and list the latter hero's utterances when he finds that the simulated Deiphobus has failed him at his sorest need, we shall find this expedient more than once resorted to. Hector cries—

“Woe 's me: the gods full surely have set me forth for death,
For Deiphobus, I doubted not, stood here, the wall beneath.
But no: aloft he tarries; 'twas Pallas mocked my sight:
And surely *here* fell death is *near*, nor boots to flee or fight.
No was it of old appointed that Hector should be killed;
And so have Jove and Jove's own son, Far-darter Phœbus, willed;
Who erst so loved and kept me well; but now to Fate they yield!
Yet would not I, all bootless, inglorious, sink in doom;
But great deed *done*, long memory *won*, and name beyond the tomb.”—ii. 228.

The same device imparts singular life to a line in the prayer of Chryses in the very opening of the first book (*ἰμῖν μὲν θεοὶ, κ. τ. λ.*—i. 18, 19):—

“May the gods, in bowers Olympian dwelling, grant ye to prevail,
And trample *down* king Priam's *town*, and happily homeward sail!”

And elsewhere this and other varieties of metre insensibly carry the reader onward by dispelling the sense of monotony.

Enough has been said, perhaps, about the form of verse, on which we have tarried longer because it is an easy task to guarantee the sound scholarship which characterizes this version. Perhaps it would be fitter to say, an impertinence: for, given room and space, there could be no doubt but Dr. Merivale would fill each line with a faithful and apt counterpart of Homer's original. In all the catch-passages, where much practice of recent years in reviewing translations of Homer has taught us to look out for mistakes, or slurrings-over of the sense, we have invariably found the present translation clear and decisive in its choice of the best interpretation which was to be gleaned from earlier or later commentators. No one, for instance, who has doubted between the explanations of i. 170-1—

οὐδὲ σ' ὄλω
ἐνθάδ' ἄτιμος ἰὼν ἀφεινος καὶ κλοῦτον ἀφύξειν—

will have any doubt after reading Dr. Merivale's version—

"Homeward my crested barks to turn, descending to the sea;
And shower no more, disdained and poor, fatness and wealth on thee!"—

that he adopts the sound view that here we have a rare instance of the elision of *σοι*, and that, as elsewhere, *δίω* is equivalent to *διόμαι δειν*. And a verse translation which can be relied upon, as tendering the most trustworthy interpretation of the Greek, is often a great boon to young students. Towards the end of the first book we observe that in rendering the lines—

ἤχι ἐκάστω δῶμα περικλυτός ἀμφιγυήεις
Ἡφαιστος ποίησι ἰδυίγαι πραπίδεςσιν,—607-8,—

our present translator avoids the error into which both Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone have fallen, in taking *ἀμφιγυήεις*, with Hesychius, to mean "limping," and rightly interprets it of Vulcan's "skill with both hands," which he expresses by the Latin "ambidexter":—

"Where with his sleight and cunning the Ambidexter famed,
Vulcan, for each immortal god his own fair bower had framed."

In this case the use of a Latin word in an English translation is the more tolerable because it would be difficult to give an English equivalent for it, save in the shape of a periphrasis. We are not so sure that such toleration ought to be extended to the needless introduction of a Græcism where it is said of Calchas that he—

"knew by *mantic* lore,

What was, and is, and is to be, by Phœbus taught of yore."

It would have been so easy to write—

"Who by prophetic lore

Knew what was, is, and is to be," &c.

Apropos of the use of strange words, the question suggests itself how far the translation by Dr. Merivale is affected, for good or evil, by free and constant resort to archaisms. The case here is not quite the same as with Spenserian translations. So many modern poets have handled Spenser's metre, that the mind's eye does not exact or even seek the presence of Spenserian words, as a *sine quâ non* to excellence, in the metre of which he was a chief master. But, perhaps, with the ballad metre, even in modern use of it, archaic words are more in their place. Certainly they pass muster with less challenging; and in very many portions of this "Iliad in English Rhymed Verse" they are introduced with an effect which modern words would not have succeeded in communicating. Often it is a decided advantage to press them into the translator's service. *ποιμήν λαῶν* is economically represented by "folkherd": we have the fitting counterpart of "Ἡφαιστον διὰ δῶματα ποιπύοντα" in "the Pollfoot swinking and serving through the august abodes." The verb "to thirl" is used of Achilles thrusting his spear-point into Hector's tender throat, and very many more old English words are used to much purpose and with good effect. The epithet for Mars, *βροτολοιγός*, is perhaps not so exactly matched by the obscure and much-discussed Shakespearian word "blood-boulted" (*h. e.* "matted with blood") as to exempt it from protest at the hands of many who will think the English harder to interpret than the Greek; and, in all submission to correction, we question the judgment shown in adopting, in reference to the exchange between Diomed and Glaucus, the archaic word "swap," which has long since passed into slang. In the reproduction of compound epithets, so prominent a feature in Homer, Dr. Merivale has wrought with unquestionable skill and felicity. Jove is the "cloud-amasser," and Apollo, the "far-accomplisher;" Chryseis, "the dainty-cheeked;" the Greeks, "curly-crested," "brazen-coated," and "brass-clad;" Hector, "high-plumed," and so forth; and thus the character of the original is better preserved than by weak resort to periphrasis. Besides this, the ballad idiom helps, to our thinking, in many places, to bridge over the distance between the Greek and the English, and to suggest the state of society which the original poem represents, and the tone and turns of thought of the poet who composed that poem. Not that there is aught rude or rough in diction, or phraseology, or style; the whole reads as a finished work by one who is equally skilled in the language from which he translates, and in the particular phase of

his own language into which he has judged it best to translate it. It has none of Chapman's eternal conceits, is less flighty than a recent translation into ballad metre, and never drags heavily, as some of the more modern blank verse translations do, from their unrelieved uniformity. Take it up to read aloud, and we are mistaken if the experiment does not prove that the measure and its variations have in them wherewith to inspirit reader and hearers, so that flagging attention and languid voice will be alike impossible. This is a fair test, as regards ordinary readers. And as for the scholar, he will find manifold occasions of satisfaction when the Greek is brought home to him by sure and distinct touches of translation, that leave behind no suspicion of vagueness, the offspring of doubt and lack of research. Add to this, that, from the sufficiency of the chosen metre, this version is not driven to "add or diminish aught" from the original, except in very rare instances, and hereby is a marked contrast to translations in heroic metre. The execution of the Homeric similes is a study in itself; and though it has been endlessly experimented on by the most eminent hands, the famous one of the Trojan watch-fires at the end of the eighth book will bear reading again in connection with Dr. Merivale's seven lines, which fail neither in grace, ease, truthfulness, nor spirit [ὡς δ' ὄρ' ἐν οὐρανῷ—'Ιλιόθε κρέ.—555—61]:—

"As when the stars in heaven burn round their shining queen
Brilliantly, and without a breath expands the broad sereno;
And every cliff and valley stands out, and headland height;
And breaks o'er all the firmament immeasurable light;
The stars all sparkle, and the swain's heart gladdens at the sight:
So many 'twixt the galleys and Xanthus' yellow stream,
Kindled in front of Ilium the Trojan balefires gleam."

But the similes do not test Dr. Merivale's skill in an exceptional degree. His use of his metre, idiom, and language is as serviceable for the portrayal of the hero's onslaught, the battle-din, and the deed of blood, and for the reporting of the speeches at the council-board or assembly, and the angry or amorous converse in Helen's bower. It is quite conceivable that, like Lord Derby's *Iliad*, this, too, may gain in perfectness, as the call for new editions suggests a repetition of the *limæ labor*; and sincerely do we hope that such calls may be neither few nor far between, not so much for the perfecting of the work's sake, as for an evidence of the good taste of our daily-widening circle of Homer-readers. It seems to us that that evidence would be found in favour shown to a version of the immortal bard, the form of which is our nearest possible approximation to that of Homer and the rhapsodists.

Our notice must not close without an expression of cordial admiration of the touching dedicatory sonnet prefixed to these volumes, and the Latin elegiac translation which accompanies it.

J. D.

A. Persii Flacci Satirarum Liber. Edited by A. PRETOR, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Classical Lecturer of Trinity Hall. London: Rivingtons.

WE should not be surprised if this new edition of the ill-apprehended satirist, Persius, were to help to rehabilitate another well-abused character. When a poet's remains survive him by eighteen centuries, and, after their meaning has been puzzled out, leave an impression on the modern student that he has been cajoled by a name misapplied, and that, as in the case of Persius, he has been reading dissertations, not satires, there is not much chance for that poet or his remains to have much popularity. And editors have ill consulted the fame and favour of this author by the pains they have taken to disabuse students of the notion that he was what the title of his book declares him. Of satires proper, say they, Persius wrote but one,—if by satire you mean, as Roman satire did mean, personal invective in the shape of bitter verse. Now Mr. Pretor, without departing from the traditional theory that he was a satirist without the most important essential, knowledge of the world, vindicates for his author the credit of having written at least two satires, the first and fourth, with as strong a personal animus as could have influenced even a Juvenal, so strong indeed that he deemed it wise, thinks Mr. Pretor, to put his readers on a false scent in his prologue and first satire (vv. 9, 10), where, though in fact young, rich,

cultivated, and well born, he represents himself as a grey-haired, starveling, half-educated, half-rustic scribbler. Without going into detail, it is enough to say that our new editor of Persius gives consistency and point to many before obscure passages in the satires mentioned by maintaining and proving their distinct reference to Nero, who, in the one case, as a would-be poet, was hurting public taste and corrupting public candour by exacting flattery for his "Greek triflings" and puerile parodies and centos (see i. 99—102, note, and compare Introduction, pp. xvi.—xxv.), and, in the other, lashed as outraging public decency and good government by his midnight brawls and wilful incapacity for empire. (See iv. 1—5, 25—52.) We hail with satisfaction the editor who thus goes into the field to combat the common notion about the fourth satire, a notion that its bearing is general and not personal, and congratulate Mr. Pretor on having held his own against so weighty an editor as Jahn with remarkable success.

But it would be an error to suppose that the value of his edition consists solely in clear views as to the object and general scope of his author. Though nothing could be better or, for its length, more exhaustive than the Introduction, which leaves no external or internal evidence as to our author's life, surroundings, and motives unexamined, Mr. Pretor has shown himself, in the foot-notes to each page of his text, a much more succinct and convincing annotator than Maclean, his only rival herein among later English scholars. His arguments to each satire are shorter and more to the point, his "construes" of difficult or obscure passages more spirited and yet close, and his explanations, whether of ancient customs or of grammatical peculiarities, more generally such as to carry the reader with them. In his preface he gives it as his "firm belief that an accurate translation never yet injured a boy's scholarship," and contends that something of the kind is needed to save the tiro from numberless misconceptions which, once rooted, are difficult to eradicate. And, in his practice, he has met the difficulty admirably, for while he is never wanting in helpful notes to explain the connection, bearing, and spirit of a hard passage, he has taken care to leave the reader to find the meaning of out-of-the-way words by the time-honoured resort to Smith, Andrews, or Ainsworth. For a specimen of his just ideas of translation we recommend his English of 64—75 [*"Hæc sibi corrupto—admoveam templis et farræ litabo"*] in Satire II., one of those fine outbursts which have always won readers and admirers for Persius, and which Mr. Pretor has rendered with adequate spirit, and elucidated with care and research; or, again, the passage about Remorse, in the third satire. His accuracy and discrimination may be seen in the way he handles such lines as the last of the first satire—

"His mane edictum, post prandia Callirhoen do."

The poet has just been naming the "nonariæ," who were not allowed to infest the streets and ply their disreputable calling till after the ninth hour; and noticing the idlers and profligates who delighted in their impertinences. Maclean, therefore, supposes "his" to refer to the latter, and "Callirhoe" to represent one of the former. Persius, according to him, leaves the idlers to gape open-mouthed at the prætor's "edictum" in the mornings, and to wanton with the Callirhoes, or "nonariæ," in the evenings. But Mr. Pretor, accepting Jahn's hint that "edictum" was the playbill, or programme of the day's amusements, denying the likelihood of "prandia" being used loosely for "cœnæ," and doubting whether "Callirhoe" does not rather indicate the name of a poem of the forlorn-damsel class, like the Phyllises and Hypsipyles, than a frail sister, explains the whole line of commending to idlers for their mornings the prætor's play-bill, and for their after-luncheon (or post-prandial) diversion the recitation of the Laments of Callirhoe. The supposition that "prandium" could here be *i.g.* "cœna" is, as he justly observes, upset by the consideration that the hour of "cœna" would be "too late for the 'auditorium,' to which they repaired after luncheon." For good and ample explanatory notes we might cite that on Satire III. 10, 11, which enumerates and illustrates the materials and implements of a copyist, or that on the difficult line, "*Censoremve tuum vel quod trabate salutis?*" (III. 29), where he supports the common reading, and supplements Jahn's imperfect explanation of it, by noticing that "vel" and "ve" are both needed to couple the separate ideas conveyed in

“*censorem ve tuum*” and “*trabeate*.” But, indeed, we have not found any single difficulty in this generally-accounted difficult poem with which his latest editor has not manfully grappled; and we augur, as we began by saying, a rise in the popularity of Persius among modern students, through the pains and skill with which Mr. Proter has placed him and his works before us. There are few volumes in the “*Catena*” series to which less exception could be taken by the most critical. J. D.

V.—POETRY, FICTION, AND ESSAY.

The Golden Chain of Praise. Hymns by THOMAS GILL, Author of “*The Papal Drama*,” &c. London: William Hunt & Co.

It would be scant justice to deny that there are in this book thoughtful and melodious hymns. Yet considering that the author in his preface has pitched his standard of excellence very high, we confess to great disappointment on closing his work. “A hymn,” he says, “should not consist of comments on a text, or of remarks on our experience; but of a central and creative thought, and keeping for itself melodious utterance, and with every detail subordinated to its clear and harmonious presentation.” And yet the greater portion of his own hymns are comments on texts, and remarks on experiences. We are not sure that we can agree with his doctrine above quoted; but it is, at any rate, nearer the truth than his own exemplification of it.

He goes on to say, “Herein (?) a true hymn takes rank as a poem; but it is a poem that has to be sung, and should exhibit all the qualities and limitations of a good song—liveliness and intensity of feeling, directness, clearness, and vividness of utterance, sweetness and simplicity of diction, and melody of rhythm: excessive subtlety and excessive ornament should be alike avoided. Hymns are meant and made to be sung: the best and most glorious hymns cannot be more exactly defined than as *Divine Love-songs*.” (Preface, p. vi.)

Whether again this be so or not, at least he who writes it ought to allow full force to the epithet “*Divine*,” and to take care that it be never lost sight of. This Mr. Gill seems to us not sufficiently to have done, when he writes as in Hymn 17,—

“O Lord, my God, mine All, mine Own,
Still grant these visits sweet!
Still meet Thy lover all alone!
These blessed hours repeat!”

or, as in Hymn 27,—

“Yes, Lord of Glory, Thou would’st make
Love unto heirs of dust and sin!”

or, as in Hymn 33,—

“There, where Thy lovers round Thee learn,
While all Thy host make cheer:”

or, as in Hymn 93,—

“Still clasp the heavenly Lover,
And thou shalt praise Him yet:”

He certainly seems to us to be confounding every earthly love with that which is *Divine*; and, in consequence, to be committing the worst fault which a hymn writer can commit—sin against taste.

Nor are these the only examples of this committal. Witness the following:—

“By Thine earliest, by Thy latest,
By Thy saints and martyrs all,
By Thy sweetest and Thy greatest,
By Thy John, and by Thy Paul,
By Thy sages,
By Thy souls heroic!”

or this,—

“Teach us a glorious grief allied
To Thine, sin-vexed Dove!”

or this,—

“My rapture runneth over,
My flesh is glad in Thee :
Look down, Thou heavenly Lover!
Thy mirthful seeker see!

“Aglow with holy pleasure,
I leap, I shout, I sing :
I triumph without measure :
I play before the King.

“Amidst Thine earth's full beauty
I send my raptures forth :
I teach the birds their duty :
My mirth exceeds their mirth.

“Amidst Thy new creation
I glow, I sing, I soar :
The joy of Thy salvation
Uplifts me more and more.”

This last puts us in mind of a stanza, once pointed out to us by a friend, in a hymn of Charles Wesley's :—

“I ride on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor envy Elijah his seat :
On a chariot of fire
Mount higher and higher,
And the moon is far under my feet.”

But if Mr. Gill shares that great hymn writer's faults, we must allow him a share in his merits also. And that we may not seem to be setting down all in blame, we will quote entire what seems to us an admirable hymn :—

“And didst Thou, Lord, our sorrows take ?
And didst Thou, Lord, our burdens bear ?
Didst Thou for love of us forsake
Those glorious heights, that heavenly air ?

“O ! could our weakness move Thy might ?
Our misery make us sought of Thee ?
Our gloom allure Thy glory bright ?
Our sins win down Thy purity ?

“Were these our charms ? was this Thy love ?
Was this our prevalence of prayer ?
Was it in Sin and Dust to move
This love divine, this heavenly care ?

“O ! then shall dust 'gainst dust wax proud ?
Shall sin be fiercely wroth with sin ?
Must frailty never be allowed
Of fellow-frailty grace to win ?

“We who so tenderly were sought,
Shall we not joyful seekers be,
And to Thy feet divinely brought,
Help weaker souls, dear Lord, to Thee ?

“Celestial Seeker ! send us forth !
Almighty Lover ! teach us love !
When shall we yearn to help our Earth
As yearned the Holy One above ?”

Should this book reach a second edition, Mr. Gill will do well to correct some faults of prosody, and some sins against euphony. Of the former his own ear,

we doubt not, is already conscious. As to the latter, we will only call his attention to the fact, that there is an unfortunate juxta-position of sounds in the following line, which is scarcely remedied by the comma:—

“Black, beetling rocks would shut it in,” (p. 213).

H. A.

Orval, or the Fool of Time; and other Imitations and Paraphrases. By the Hon. ROBERT LYTTON. London: Chapman & Hall.

MR. LYTTON is a writer who presents to the critical reader just the same problem as his distinguished father, only in still more difficult terms. With almost one accord, critics affirm that Lord Lytton has not written poetry. In respect of the son, there is not the same uniformity of decision, and yet there is a hesitation, and the total outcome of the general verdict might perhaps be summed up in the words—“Divine by the half-blood only, and therefore mortal.” In all that he writes, there is a philosophico-poetic apprehensiveness, which reminds one of Victor Hugo; a flow of melody which, in point of variety and volume, is scarcely excelled in our generation; with, lastly, a suffused picturesqueness of effect which is nearly unique. And yet in our most truthful and receptive moods we are, perhaps, few of us satisfied with Mr. Lytton’s verse considered as poetry. Writing far inferior in volume, in skill, in intelligence, in sound and colour, does not fail to strike us as more like genuine singing. These writings, from “Clytemnestra” downwards, while they bespeak a fertile, cultivated, and sensitive nature, dipped, so to speak, in poetry, seem, after all, more like high literary effort pushed to the very verge of that which is more, and yet falling short of, the unconscious simplicity of poetic power. This muse is a muse who poses; she is histrionic; she is not purely and sweetly original; we never feel quite sure of her. It seems harsh to write all this; it is harsh—but then those who write it feel the pang perhaps more than the singer himself. If all this ringing splendour of effect does not make a poet, we may well ask what does? It is difficult to say. Let us content ourselves with affirming that Mr. Lytton is either a true and prolific poet, or the most splendid literary phenomenon that ever puzzled criticism in drawing the line between inspiration and imitation.

In the preface to this volume, Mr. Lytton has written much which, if it were lawful for reviewers to deal direct with the man himself, we should say disclosed a generous, thoughtful, compassionate nature. What he has to remark upon the claims of working men, for instance, shows that the iron of our social difficulties has entered into his soul, and his account of Krasinski and the plot of his great poem is in the highest degree appreciative. It has already been explained to the public that “The Infernal Comedy” is scarcely an accurate translation of the original title, which means, rather, “the non-divine comedy,” with an oblique reference to Dante, not so much antithetic as negative in its bearing. Mr. Lytton seems to have conceived the plan of a poem, and indeed, partly written one, in which the play of the forces which broke out in the French Revolution should be typified in the characters and struggles of individuals, when he found that the Polish count, Krasinski, had already written such a work; and then he preferred to adopt that as a substructure, or rather, to paraphrase it. This he has done in the present volume. “I sincerely believe,” says Mr. Lytton, “that, in its present form, it is a tolerably faithful reproduction of a poem which is unlike anything that I know of in English literature, though it must be admitted that it has not altogether escaped the influence of Goethe.” It certainly has not; without *Faust* one dares not say it would never have been written, but it would certainly have been very different. The failure of the genius of revolution to accomplish its idealisms is signalled at the close in a very striking, and, as far as we know, original manner. Panurge, the revolutionary leader, exclaims, dying, “*Vicisti, Galilée!*” We are almost afraid to meddle with this:—

“He stands there still—pierced with three nails, which are
Three stars. His arms are stretched across the world,
We cannot pass them.”

Are we to read this as the language of baffled, enraged, despairing and yet

vindictive revolt? It seems so. It looks as if the author meant to convey his belief that the spirit of Christianity naturally lent itself to social order in the sense in which that phrase is employed by revolutionists. The general effect of the paraphrase as it stands is curious rather than pleasing. Mr. Lytton's is, at all events, a mind in which conceptions rather than intuitions dominate, and the work, thus presented to us, is one in which thoughts charged with emotion are formally exhibited in picturesque conflict, embodied in certain *dramatis personæ*, rather than a free, spontaneous poem. It would be impossible to determine without reference to the original, whether the fault lay with him or with Krasinski; but we can, at all events, sincerely commend the work as one of very peculiar and powerful interest. B. W.

The Bab Ballads. By W. S. GILBERT, with Numerous Illustrations, Drawn by the Author. London: J. C. Hotten.

THESE ballads—the key-note of which is struck by the vignette of the baby thumping the piano-keys at baby-random—appear to be entirely without pretension. It is a curious fact that they read better at a second or third glance than they do at first, and that, utterly trivial and mechanical as they appear, a certain truthfulness of workmanship does after a time disclose itself to those who look at them more than once. This, of course, no one will do who is impatient of sheer punchinello nonsense, with sheer commonplace for the raw material of the fun. But genuine fun there assuredly is in the “*Bab Ballads*,” while some of the little wood-cuts, from the author's own hand, are almost better than the verses. The chief difficulty criticism finds in dealing with the latter is to find out the author's point of leverage for his admirably fluent nonsense. How does he manage to get a start? This we cannot make out. All we can say is, that the contrast between the mechanical and apparently causeless insanity of the conception, and the ordered, luminous, and musical sanity of Mr. Gilbert's manner, does in fact yield an odd sort of humour. It is something as if *Praed*, with *Frankenstein* in his mind, had tried to make a human humourist, and only succeeded in making a marionnette humourist, with clock-work fun in his inside. And yet you enjoy it, though the fun is nearly always cockney fun; *i.e.*, you require a knowledge of London, and the temporary and superficial aspect of modern life, to enter into it. In “*Peter the Wag*” a policeman loses his way “near Poland Street, Soho;” but nobody would see the joke who did not know how easy it is to lose yourself in that astonishing maze of a neighbourhood which lies between Leicester Square and Oxford Street. In one or two cases, the drawings are simply unpleasant, and the serious ballads are not successful; but the only one we really object to is “*Disillusioned*.” In the ballad called “*Bob Polter*,” there is a lesson which not only teetotallers, but a great many other people who try to instruct the poor and ignorant might advantageously lay to heart. They do not know what a disgusting prig the model workman, as they draw him, really is; but Mr. Gilbert has caught and fixed him in his true colours, and has shown that, instead of acting as a bait or incitement to good conduct, he acts as a deterrent.

M. B.

A Question of Honour. A Novel. By W. COSMO MONKHOUSE. 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

WE have had a good many novels in which the life of a working literary man was the staple of the work; but this is about the best of the kind we have ever seen. It opens with a scene in which a young writer who has just received a hundred pounds for a first novel is induced to go and risk it at the gaming table. He loses, and returns to his wife in despair. But the man who had won from him has put back the hundred pounds into the pocket of his coat—which nobody discovers till very late in the history! Side by side with the story of *Jermyn*, the literary man, runs that of *Stuart Orme*, a gentleman who has married, after the Scotch fashion, a high-spirited girl, who, believing afterwards that the marriage is not genuine, and that she is a clog to her husband, runs away from him and hides herself. After she has been absent a good many years, *Stuart* falls in love with another girl, *Grace Melville* (who is very happily drawn), and the knot has to be cut in one way or another. How it is

cut we hope a good many people will find out for themselves, by going to the book itself.

We express this hope because Mr. Monkhouse (a name which is not unfamiliar, but which we have missed in literature for some time) is a natural and thoughtful writer, who really deserves a good public. There is not an unreal or slovenly figure or character in the book. Many of the persons strike us as being drawn from life; one assuredly is, and Mr. Monkhouse had better have left Mr. Wiles, the publisher, out. All vindictive portrait-painting is in bad taste, to say no more.

The fault of these volumes appears to us to be, that the natural, commonplace interest of the history of Jermyn overshadows the history of Stuart Orme, which, in point of dignity and pathos, should be first: if even it was not, as it probably was, *intended* to be first. But "A Question of Honour" is a good novel, which we have sincere pleasure in recommending to our readers. M. B.

The Diamond on the Hearth; or, the Story of Sister Anne. By MARIAN JAMES, Author of "Ethel," &c. London: Hogg and Son.

A PRETTY story, for the most part well told. We never could endure the kind of sermon-notes of a plot which reviewers give in dissecting works of fiction; and therefore we will leave the discovery entire for those who read the book. Meantime we may remark that the author has read Miss Auston, and sometimes does just a little in her line: but she has also read modern sensation novels, and now and then strikes a vein of their mood likewise. Some of her characters are too much what a florist would call "selfs,"—all one colour. But, on the whole, she has worked well into real life, and with few exceptions, has understood the need of counterpoise even in characters the most pronounced. Of what we are going to say, let there be no mistaken apprehension. We are the last to require the obtrusion of religious words and motives in a tale like this. But in the "Diamond on the Hearth," it strikes us, that their entire absence gives an air even of uncreality to the story. It is hardly possible that persons, in this time, so pure and good as "Sister Anne," and Miss Blackburn, and so deeply moved by sorrow and joy, should be utterly void of all consciousness of the hidden power within, of which, thank God, good and pure society here in our England is profoundly conscious. We do not desiderate even orthodox phrasology—only the slightest tender allusion, in some of the confidences, to that which in all such persons among ourselves, could hardly fail to be a reality.

That there are one or two seeming exceptions, we allow: and one of them which we gladly hail, occurs in the passage which we have marked as a specimen of the author's power. But these only serve to make the *rule* the more to be regretted:—

"Anne's nature was simply womanly: it had a woman's gentleness and depth—a woman's weakness and fallibility. The faculty of constancy, sweet and precious as it is sometimes, turns into a very rack of torture often. The one idea admitted becomes so intimate a portion of a woman's soul, that it cannot be torn away without such a struggle as rends its dwelling-place, and oftentimes leaves it a ruin. And at first it seems as if there were no help for them. Women have not the alternatives in life that so happily exist, and cause what is conventionally termed a "disappointment" to be a disease almost wholly and exclusively feminine. But, although they have not these special alternatives, they have others, if less striking, less important in the world's view, quite as holy, and, it may be, more blessed. No woman's life need be without love—love, too, begirt with all its fairest and divinest influences; love, unselfish, and beautiful, and beneficent—such as that which makes happy the angels. If the ambitions of the world do not lie within a woman's aspirations, there are dearer ones open to her, and within her reach. How much work is there to be done in the Master's vineyard by His servants, such as women alone can do, or none so well as they!

"To do good to those we love is, indeed, the happiest of all earth's possibilities; but simply *to do good* is blessed. If the first be denied, the second is a fate at the command of all. The balance is even, as it ever is, could we see aright. There is no power of good so comprehensive, so penetrating, as that of women—silent, quiet, as it is, alike unheard of and unseen, in its very silence and stillness lies much of its potency. The greatness of men rings loudly upon the earth, but the goodness of women vibrates straightly up to heaven. We know little of it here, for it is not among the honoured, the beloved, the eulogised that its noblest ensamples are found. They whom the world think lonely, and compassionate as desolate, are oftentimes the wealthiest in these

'treasures which rust not;' and again there are those in whom goodness is such a natural effluence, that it is no more affirmed or spoken of than is the fragrance of flowers or the brightness of sunshine. The very loveliness of some lives causes them to flow on unnoticed, almost unknown, save by those whose happiness they make. The even tenor of their way is so invariably self-sacrificing, patient, and benign; we recognise it only in the freshness and fairness of the growth around, even as our own little English streams glide quietly along, unseen—hidden by the very luxuriance themselves create. And thus we sing the praises of our great rivers; we will have them honoured; we exult in their grandeur; we are proud of their beauty; but we *love* the little streams; their low ripple sinks into its own nook deep in our hearts, waking an answering music—tender, softening, and holy.

"Sorrow tests our human natures as rain proves that of earth; it vitalises the good seed and the bad; brings to fruition both sustenance and poison. Some natures it leaves a wilderness; others an ordered garden—not very gay, it may be, but planted with trees, whereof the blossoms send odorous incense into the air, and the fruits foster and bless other lives. Blessed are they on whom the chastening Hand so falls, that the affliction of one results in the benefit of many!"

H. A.

Culture and Anarchy; an Essay in Political and Social Criticism. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. Smith, Elder, & Co.

THE *grace* in Mr. Matthew Arnold is so conspicuous that we think it has led to the *strength* being only imperfectly appreciated. But, for ourselves, the more we study him the more impressed we are with the depth and vigour lying below that pleasant and easy exterior, and the more we find how hard it is to go half-way with him, and then logically stop short. We should be very sorry that Mr. Arnold should be anything but what he is, but we really think his reputation would stand higher if he were not so pleasant and easy, and that a little obscurity and roughness would tell greatly in his favour in some eyes. Perhaps even Mr. Frederic Harrison and the "young lions" of the *Daily Telegraph* themselves would be more in charity with him if his writings had less the tone of the *salon*. His very politeness in administering punishment may often be an aggravation of it to his victim. And, with all his amiability, and that "inexhaustible indulgence" which he truly says is one of the great gifts of culture, his humour is sometimes just a little cruel. What had poor Colonel Dickson, the ex-Reform-League hero, done to Mr. Arnold that it should be said of him that, "he, like *Julius Cæsar* and *Mirabeau*, and other great popular leaders, seemed to belong properly to the aristocratic class, and to have been carried into the popular ranks by his ambition or his genius."

The essays composing this volume have so recently appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, under the title of "Anarchy and Authority," that we may fairly assume a general knowledge of their drift on the part of the majority of our readers. Mr. Arnold makes us see culture under a new aspect—new, at least, to most men—as based not only on the "scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are," but on the social impulse, the desire to benefit mankind generally—to raise them with us, as a study of perfection, or, in his favourite Bishop Wilson's words, "the desire to make reason and the will of God prevail." He insists that individual men can never attain their highest perfection if the society around them is wholly unpenetrated by fresh thought, and the free play of ideas. A suitable atmosphere is as imperatively necessary for the mind's health as for the body's. And to this effect he quotes from Bishop Wilson that "our salvation does in some measure depend on that of others," and from the author of the *Imitation*—"Obscurior etiam viâ ad cælum videbatur quando tam pauci regnum celorum querere curabant." We have here a striking instance of the *religiousness* of Mr. Arnold's culture, which thus leads it naturally to speak in a language not properly its own. But the relations of religion and culture are fully entered into in the fourth and fifth sections of this essay, where Mr. Arnold treats of the great rival forces Hebraism and Hellenism, which between them divide the world. The governing idea of Hebraism is *strictness of conscience*, staunch adherence to some law that we have already; of Hellenism, *spontaneity of consciousness*, "an unclouded clearness of mind, an unimpeded play of thought." "Between these two the world ought to be, though it never is, evenly balanced." Admitting that these two are divergent, there is yet, he says, an identity of aim—"Man's perfection or salvation."

Mr. Arnold's critical perceptions are so profound and delicate that we always incline to distrust ourselves when we differ from him, but is not this rather an understatement of the case? We should say that the difference was more than mere *divergence*—that it might even be called *antagonism*. No doubt the terms "man's perfection" and "man's salvation" are convertible, but what Hellenism means by "salvation" is by no means the same thing as what Hebraism means by "perfection;" and indeed, *primâ facie*, at anyrate, the two would seem to possess elements that could hardly co-exist. It is easy to understand how Mr. Arnold, a Hellenizer by every instinct of his nature, and yet standing near enough to the region of Hebraism to catch the odours of its flowers, should refuse to be shut out from drawing light and refreshment from such great teachers of the human spirit as St. Paul and St. Augustine and the author of the *Imitation*. But though Hellenism, by reason of its flexibility, can draw such light and refreshment, it must not put aside the sense which, as a matter of history, these writers intended their words to bear. "The world by wisdom knew not God," says St. Paul; "that is the divine order of things," is Mr. Arnold's gloss. But surely St. Paul meant more than that. However, it is certain that Hebraism and Hellenism, as being both "great spiritual disciplines," as Mr. Arnold calls them, must needs have much in common; and it may be, that the more we grow in clearness of spiritual vision, the more essential and permanent will seem the unity, the more accidental and transitory the divergency between them. The discussion we have referred to is an admirable specimen of Mr. Arnold, at his best; we need say no more in its praise.

G. S.

Life: a Book for a Quiet Hour. By J. CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE. London: Stevens and Haynes.

THIS is a book requiring thought, and repaying it. It is written after the manner of Bacon's *Essays*, or Bishop Erle's *Microcosmographie*, in epigrammatic short sentences; and is divided into chapters, each dealing with one portion of the varied incidents of "Life." The titles of these chapters are "Youth;" "Character;" "Companions;" "Success;" "Christianity;" "Helps;" "Reading;" "Farewell."

This kind of writing is apt to be spoilt by an affectation of point; is apt too, to degenerate into a mere jerky common-place. But Mr. Geikie has avoided both these faults, and is at the same time simple and original. We take a passage almost at random as a specimen of his style and work:—

"There is a generous warmth and artless enthusiasm about youth, that mightily helps as well as adorns it. It has no fainthearted doubtings about things or persons, but is whole souled, either for a creed, a friend, or a pursuit. Faith dies into cold questioning after a time, or into still colder indifference. In middle life we have no such close friends as when we are young; early companions are dropped and forgotten, and we hardly make more than acquaintances in their place. The heart grows hard like the hand, and loses its sensibility. As to pursuits, a middle-aged man can seldom be said to pursue anything. He only follows at a serious citizen step, in some path opened when he was fresher. A young man is one with all the world; an older man gets more and more isolated and reserved. Conflict with the world; changes in others, by death, distance, or time; changes in ourselves, in position, opinions; the sedateness of years; the occupation of mind by many ties and engagements; and, above all, the evil that settles on all of us, like rust on steel, destroy our frankness and natural warmth. The affections gradually get dull and slow, like the body. We love a youth; we respect a man; and from the same causes: the youth loves, the man can only respect us. Ardour is known only when we are young. Men get cold, distrustful, selfish, prudent, grasping, as years grow, unless they fight hard to prevent it. The heat of the heart grows less, like that of the body; the blood gets thinner and poorer alike in figure as in fact, and it runs sluggishly. In a young man the soul looks through the face, but the rough skin of an older man thickens and clouds into a mask. The child-likeness to the kingdom of Heaven lingers through opening manhood, as the colours on clouds fade only slowly as they drift away from the sun. Each age has its weakness and its strength, but there is often in youth a truthful ingenuousness, a moral manhood, an unselfishness, and a glow which are wanting in riper years. Idleness gets the better of some; vice of others; and, in still more, the cold air of the world throws their nobler nature into a frozen sleep. Not that youth has all the true worth that we meet: there are snowy clouds on the blue all through the day, though the glory comes only in the morning and as the

sun leaves. Young men are warmer, more zealous, more lovable and more loving, but there are thousands at any time, in whom principle has shone out the more steadily and brightly as the smoke and flame of mere feeling have passed. But it is principle less than nature; conscience rather than impulse: and we honour it the more from the contrast to the rule" (pp. 8—10).

But there is even a higher merit in Mr. Goikie's book than has been hitherto mentioned. Its whole tone is deeply religious—this may be said of many books: but its religion is of the very best kind, and this can be said of but few. It is not a piety shut up into a framework and forbidden to think; but the open soul and the living reason looking face to face upon Revolution. Few better things have ever been written on their respective subjects, than his two chapters—on "Christianity," and on "Helps."

With a quotation from each of those chapters we would point our earnest recommendation to men of thought, and especially to young men, to read what has been to ourselves a truly delightful work:—

"All the light of ancient philosophy, to use the figure of Coleridge, was little better, in the darkness of Superstition and Ignorance resting on all things, than that of the lantern-fly of the tropics, moving in luminous specks, on the face of the night—mere gleams and points, of no avail in the gloom around; but Christ shines with a steady and universal brightness. Human philosophy, like a stream through yielding banks, flows stained and coloured by the times in which it rises. But the teachings of Christ, like the river of God, clear as crystal, are unsullied by any polluting contact with His age or country. School after school has attempted to revive neglected systems of Human Masters, but all have failed: Christianity beckons us forward to-day as at first. In all other teachers men have recognized only instructors; but Jesus Christ has been worshipped from the first as a God. The instinct of men has seen in Him no mere Jewish Rabbi, but the Son of the Highest. The heathenism of Greece and Rome, and their philosophies, have faded away like the parhelia—mock suns—of northern skies: Judaism, in spite of the good scattered here and there through the rubbish beds of the Talmud, has died out for eighteen centuries as a living power, except in its own nationality; but Jesus Christ is extending His invisible Kingdom in the hearts of all races, with each generation; winning millions of subjects from every speech, and country, and colour; and indirectly affecting even communities most opposed to a rule so pure and lofty; raising their morals, widening their sympathies, and shedding a softened light through their public and private life? How can we account for such a phenomena? It cannot be only because miracles are recorded of Him and His first followers, for they have long ceased, and they have been ascribed to many besides; it can be from nothing but the living power in His Words and Story. Meteors have their course, and burst into darkness; it is only the sun which shines the same over all ages. The Conservatism natural to religious belief may give other faiths a lingering hold in the area they gained while in vigour, but they stand like the stagnant and shrinking waters of some passing flood; not the bright flow of a steady stream. Other faiths stand like girdled trees, monuments of decay, drooping and sickly. Christianity, like the tree of life, spreads its shadow with each passing century, and bears all kinds of fruits, and its leaves are healing. Its seeds, scattered in land after land, spring fresh and fair in every clime, with Banyan groves from each single shoot. Most certainly Christianity is the religion of the future. Even now, it forms the public opinion of the ruling nations; its spirit is, insensibly, pervading the world. See how, for example, in India, it has called forth an attempt at reforming Hindooism; has shaken the whole system of idol faiths, as the ground-swell of an earthquake shakes and rends their temples; and protests against the most sacred and long-established cruelties in their rites and worship. Buddha is a tradition; Mahomet has ceased to conquer; but Christ walks on the high places of the earth" (pp. 154-6).

"The constancy and unchangeableness of the Laws of the Universe are admitted as readily by those who believe in Prayer as by their opponents. But what are these Laws? How many of them are known? The profoundest scientific man is little ahead of a child. Look up to where systems beyond systems,—the sun and its planets and moons drift through the Infinite, as thistle-downs through the still air. Laws of the Universe! What is the Universe? Pray tell us, you who make so free with it. Are you silent? It is wise to be so. Thought comes back from its farthest flight, and folds its wings, wearied and blinded by the splendour, while yet on the very verge of the Shoreless and Bottomless All. A few fortunate guesses and surface-reflections from all-surrounding mystery, make up the known. Yonder sweep ten thousand suns and systems, circle beyond circle, each distant from the other as ours from them, round the Pole of the Universe; and, still beyond, float countless galaxies, each filling a heaven

of its own, but shrunk, to us, into faint telescopic Light-clouds, in infinite perspective. Bounds wholly fail. From our highest scientific watch-tower we have only a poor contracted horizon on the bosom of the Illimitable. For all we know, from the farthest nebula, irresolvable by us, there may stretch another Infinite, lighted by million suns, the glittering Emperors of the starry kingdoms of innumerable skies. Know the Universe! O man, what dost thou know! Science, like a babe, stands lost amidst Apparitions, Appearances, and unknown Forces, of the hidden meaning and essence of which it knows nothing. The Conceivable, everywhere, and in all things, passes, presently, into the Inconceivable. Where do we get beyond the Phenomenon, to the Thing itself? The Universe! It is little better to thee, O wisest man, than an illusion and shining dream. Canst thou decipher one of all its divine hieroglyphs? Whence came it? Whither is it tending? Has it opened like a flower, slow-blooming through Eternities, or did it break forth as thou seest it, over the Infinite, at a word? What freight does it bear in those golden worlds? Silence is best. Come, join me, and bow the head and worship.

"Prayer does not, for a moment, seek to suspend or violate any law. It does not ask that fire should not burn or water drown, though, if God pleased, He could prevent such results from either. It rests upon a broader view of things than that of its opponents. Instead of a few Laws, it falls back on thousands. Nature and Life are governed, not by the direct and simple action of any known Forces, but by an endless combination of Circumstance and Contingency, a change in any detail of which wholly alters the issue. The least motion of the body brings into play thousands of muscles, and the least change in the course of things colours countless sequences. In the great kaleidoscope of Nature and Providence, the lightest touch varies everything. Every law has countless modifications by others. In seeking the causes of any results, the subtlest, that determined the whole, often escape us. In nature itself, we constantly find our insight at fault. The same analysis is shown from dissimilar substances. Influences wholly beyond detection change structural character and inherent properties. A myriad Possibilities hover unseen over all things, and among these why not include the power of Prayer? Why may it not be amongst the contingencies commissioned by God; one of the countless mysterious forces we are forced to own, though we cannot handle or weigh them" (pp. 164-7)?

H. A.

VI.—MISCELLANEOUS.

A System of Physical Education, Theoretical and Practical. By ARCHIBALD MACLAREN, The Gymnasium, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

It was a happy idea of the editors of the Clarendon Press Series to enlist the services of Mr. Maclaren for the preparation of a manual on a subject so unquestionably his own. His article on the same topic in *Macmillan*, a year or two ago, guaranteed his theoretical and literary capacity, and for practical experience he can point with pardonable pride to a life spent in spreading physical education amidst high and low, military men and civilians, lads and grown persons; and so well has he justified the choice by the "system" which lies before us, that we have no doubt of its becoming *the* handbook of gymnastics wheresoever English men and English boys have patience to "go to book" for hints and information on a subject so important. Jackson's book, which men used to con when they went into training, is out of date; and "Original" Walker's "Art of attaining High Health" deals rather with *diet* than *exercise*. Now, *exercise* is Mr. Maclaren's theme *par excellence*; and in the first and only reviewable part of his volume he discusses this in its twofold aspect with a definiteness and largeness of view which, if now and then a little obscured by over-fine writing, still indicates a thorough grasp of his topic, and is calculated to correct current errors in regard to it. We are not prepared to acknowledge the cogency of the examples he cites of excessive mental culture in early boyhood, or of over-weening and exclusive brain-work at the Universities. Experience teaches us that boys of eight years old "who read eight hours a day, and study Greek, Latin, French, and German, with history, geography, arithmetic, and instrumental music," are as rare, and as little likely to have many imitators, as the young "men who sit with wet towels

round their foreheads, and sip their green tea" by the light of a "lamp lit at the setting of the sun, and scarcely extinguished at its rising." But still we admit there was room for scientific definitions, and distinctions, as to physical exercise, and that, in a matter which concerns parents, as well as their sons, it is an advantage to have a man of experience like Mr. Maclaren to say what is and what is not essential to the "sound body," which in these days claims more attention, we verily believe, than the "sound mind." What we want is some standard and measure of combining attention to both which shall prevent boys from either developing, through parental dread of "undue cerebral development," into unlettered Nimrods, or, on the other hand, ending a brief career of excessive mental exertion by an utter loss of health and vigour, which should have been guarded against by timely regard to health and exercise. Our sons in these days appear less afraid of this latter issue than of the former; and, in the interest of every *paterfamilias*, we therefore tender our gratitude to Mr. Maclaren for explaining, with much emphasis, that *exercise* is of two kinds—*recreative* and *educational*; the first embracing "our school games, sports, and pastimes;" the second having for its object a systematized distribution of the resources of the body, so that each part of the growing frame shall have all its wants supplied (see p. 39). It is a curious fact, avouched by Mr. Maclaren's wide experience, that recreative exercise develops "the lower half of the body to the neglect of the upper," whereas that which he designates "educational exercise" expands the chest, gives increased muscular power, and has a vast and beneficial influence upon the organs employed in respiration, circulation, and nutrition. It would seem that he thinks, as we think, that "recreative exercise" needs no enforcement and no weight of argument to recommend it to the favour of "young England" in the present day; whereas the "systematized exercises," which rectify malformation, and go far to cure abnormal growth of all kinds, are really the signs and tokens of a pursuit of health which deserves to be preached by a crusade of philanthropists. This systematized bodily culture, recognised now in the British army (the first detachment of instructors in physical education for which were non-commissioned officers sent to Oxford to qualify under Mr. Maclaren's training—a training, by-the-way, which so developed them that in five months they could not get their tunics to meet down the middle by a hand's-breadth), has been very slow to make its way into our great schools and seminaries—Radley and Magdalen College schools being exceptions to the general neglect. It is not so in the French Lycées and governmental schools, nor, it would seem, in most of the educational establishments on the Continent. More or less these encourage for the young such systems of bodily training as are carried out in the physical training of their soldiers. Mr. Maclaren discusses the Swedish, Prussian, and French systems, all of which aim at giving to a number of men acting in concert the precision of a well-directed machine; and contrasts it with the ancient gymnastics, which aimed solely at the cultivation of individual energy, strength, and courage.

As far as we can gather, he has great faith in the superiority of his own countrymen, despite their deficiency of physical training, to the French, "who are taught to hit themselves first on the right breast, then on the left, and then both together with both hands at once"—"although the boxing which they are taught will never enable them to hit an adversary" (p. 81): and let us hope that as an Englishman without much training can plant a blow with precision, and as a thorough boy, like a British schoolboy, is, he admits, not to be found abroad, the same kind and indulgent nature which befriends us so far, will continue to develop manly frames amongst us, and to maintain healthy constitutions as heretofore, even if our schoolmasters hesitate yet longer to follow Radley and Magdalen College schools. The difficulty which occurs to us is that, as it is, a vast amount of time is devoted to "athletics"—a misnomer, we suspect Mr. Maclaren would say, for recreative exercises. Suppose to this were to be added the time for strictly "educational exercise," an hour or two hours a week taken out of *school-time*, not *play-time* (see p. 99), we can conceive our Dr. Temples and Dr. Hornbys being driven to consider whether their occupation were not well-nigh gone, and to take prohibitive measures *ne quid detrimenti respublica (literarum) caperet*. There certainly should be some compromise between the "recreative-exercise" party and the "educational-exercise" party,

and we should be inclined to move, as a parent, that it should be an instruction to any committee on the subject to consider whether the *recreatives* might not allot one or two of their many hours a week to the severer and more rightly-named "athletés." Because if the time is to be subtracted from the school-work, or the intellectual studies of the University, one should be disposed to forego the advantages of Eton, Rugby, and Oxford, and as "Gravida" suggested a long time ago in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, bind one's son apprentice to a water-man.

To be serious, there are difficulties, as Mr. Maclaren admits, in the extending of physical education in our schools. It is not enough to get the village carpenter to put up "gymnastic apparatus;" indeed we cannot thank Mr. Maclaren too warmly for his strong condemnation of "the cluster of perilous machines sometimes erected in a play-ground and called a gymnasium," if used indiscriminately, or if unsuperintended by an efficient teacher (p. 95). Injuries, the effects of which may be life-long, arise from such unregulated gymnastics, and it were better to fall back on the recreative system, which, after all, does not break many bones.

It is in such cautions as that of Mr. Maclaren to which we have referred, that much of the value of his book consists. Another such, in appendix i., p. 506, discriminates manfully (*à propos* of covered and indoor gymnasia) between the rash exposure of the "hardening system" and the due regard for health and safety which is nicknamed "coddling:"—

"It is not," he writes, "by exposure that men are strengthened or rendered hardy; they must be strong and hardy before they are fit to be exposed: they must be seasoned first, and exposed afterwards. If we cannot season a piece of timber by sudden, or extreme, or unregulated exposure, we must not think we can do so with a living man, or a living anything."

The bulk of the volume is made up of the "Practical System of Gymnastic Exercises," of which the principles and rules are clearly stated, while the exercises themselves are illustrated by engravings. It will need no word of ours to persuade those who really "go in" for "cultivation of the body" to test and examine the practicability of these for themselves.

J. D.

Birds from Nature. By Mrs. HUGH BLACKBURN. Glasgow: James Maclehose. London: Longman and Co.

Painting in France after the Decline of Classicism. An Essay. By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. With fourteen Photographic Illustrations. Seeley and Co.

We couple these valuable books together, not on account of any intimate relation they have to each other, but simply because they have both lain for a considerable time on our table. In the case of such works criticism, unless it is very careful and exhaustive, is not of much value; and as we have looked forward in vain for an opportunity to do them full justice in this respect, we have resolved to give a brief acknowledgment now, with the hope of returning to them, with some others of a like character, at some not far distant date.

Mrs. Blackburn's *Birds* are studies in the noblest sense of the term. Goethe remarked regarding Roos, the celebrated painter of sheep, how wonderful it was that he could so think and feel himself into the very soul of these creatures. Mrs. Blackburn's association with our feathered friends has been one of close, patient, and loving fellowship and communion. She combines with the careful reserve of the scientific mind the instinctive sympathy and quick eye and fine imagination for the ready interpretation of evanescent signs, which make the true artist. Intensely real with regard to material and mode of working, she is yet, perhaps in some degree unconsciously, artistic as regards results, and that too in the very best sense. Every portion of the subject has been studied with a careful minuteness, amounting almost to devotion, and yet there is not a single drawing in this beautiful book but has some touch, some hint, some suggestion, which gives to it all the charm, the strange attractiveness of art. Occasionally, in the mere black and white, we get all the effect of tone and colour. Even the one defect which is sometimes noticeable in these engravings, a kind of pre-Raphaelite drawing together of accessories and chief figure in a confusing mist of grey, is

itself indirect proof of an unwavering and constant association with the objects of study—the artist allowing herself to be too powerfully influenced by near and immediate conditions and impressions. But Mrs. Blackburn follows worthily in the footsteps of Bewick and Wilson, and is in some respects superior to both. She has perhaps more dramatic strength than the one, more power of isolating and doing justice to marked and separated features than the other. It is doubtful whether either could have drawn the goshawk's head with that keen cruel eye, in which implacable thirst for blood, and fierce, unwavering energy are so mirrored and so mingled, or those exquisite heads of the solar geese. One conclusive proof of Mrs. Blackburn's power lies in this, that she does not limit her representations to what might in itself be regarded as pleasing. Her young of birds are done with great felicity, especially the fluffy, little ducklings, and she has been happy in catching the beautiful poise and sweep of the kestrel; whilst her robins and seagulls directly "take the eye," precisely like bits of nature; but she also deals freely with the ugly and partly repellent members of the feathered family, and transforms them, too, into something of the beautiful. This is a great merit. One of our finest art-critics has significantly written:—

"The amount of knowledge, and of gentle, condescending sympathy—a condensation of which only fine minds are capable—which is necessary even to the painting of a calf, is little dreamed of by persons of exclusive literary culture, who too often conclude that because the calf himself has not much intellect or information, it does not require much of either to paint him. . . . They do not consider that, by the mere fact of our human nature, we have easy access to all human nature that resembles our own; whereas, to go out of our humanity so as to enter fully into the existence of the inferior animals, requires either great effort of imagination, or the most comprehensive sympathy. Children or childish painters solve the difficulty in a very simple way, by attributing human sentiments to animals; and as the public easily enter into such human sentiment, it applauds them without too nicely considering how far they have studied the true character of brutes."—*"Contemporary French Painters,"* p. 50.

These are Mr. Hamerton's words, and they remind us of our debt to him—a debt not easily discharged in words. He combines with the skill of the art-critic a certain open-air cosmopolitanism of taste and culture, but without any trace of rude Bohemianism; and along with this he carries the Attic salt of a genuine individuality—which, it is true, has an occasional dissolving pungency, though it is every way healthy, like the breath of a sound nor'-easter. No one who remembers his exquisite passages on Durer, on Jacques Callot, or on Rembrandt, in the "Etching and Etchers," in which there is so much faithful criticism, deep insight, and disinterested play of the sympathetic and creative imagination, or the exquisite morsels of meditative thought scattered over the "Contemporary French Painters," could for a moment doubt Mr. Hamerton's supreme power in his own peculiar walk. He has his crotchets; but he always sets them forward in a manner so open, vigorous, and manly, that they are robbed of the least overbearingness or offensiveness. We think he has done a slight injustice to Meissonier, and has scarcely appreciated the highest qualities of Rosa Bonheur. And we have some traces of the same tendency in this companion volume. But it is sprinkled over with fine, fresh, original thinking, with acute sayings, with delicate distinctions. The remarks on later realism and Henriette Browne at page 40 are exceedingly calm, wise, and measured; and the "Sisters of Charity" (in art) are very happily dealt with, both directly and by illustrative argument. Certainly the sisters do not labour for humanity, but "for the Church, which, after all, extensive as it is, does not include more than a fraction of the human race;" and this, too, has its own bearing on certain important though side questions in art-philosophy. The remarks on Doré in this volume are most discriminating. Mr. Hamerton's style is lithe, and yet clear and sharp, like a bit of polished sword steel. "Painting in France" is a chaste and beautiful book, the photographs being at once clear and delicate, worthy accompaniments to the thoughtful, scholarly prose.

The Education of the People; Our Weak Points and Our Strength. Occasional Essays.
By J. P. NORRIS, M.A., Canon of Bristol; late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and formerly one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. Edinburgh: Thomas Laurie. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., and Hamilton, Adam, & Co.

FOURTEEN years' experience as an inspector of schools, ending in 1864, no less than his long-trying zeal in the cause of education, must always give great weight to the expression of Canon Norris's views on this subject. His present volume is for the most part not absolutely new, but contains "the substance of papers written from time to time for special purposes on subjects connected with education." Conveying, he tells us, "the fresh impressions of one who was daily occupied in the examination of school children," his essays possess the further value of being now offered to the public as the approved conclusions of "five years of comparative leisure" in the direction of a country parish. Pretending "to no completeness," Canon Norris, besides an introductory essay, treats of the question "how far national education should be compulsory," of the "need of some simple law for the regulation of children's labour," of "the revised code of education minutes," &c., of the "educational condition of Staffordshire in 1858," of "adult education and evening schools," "prize schemes," "technical instruction," "girls' industrial training," "the national school system in Ireland," "middle-class education," "the education of girls of the professional and middle classes," "the teachers' difficulties," and "the most effective mode of promoting Christianity through our parish schools." A wide range of inquiry, it will be seen, and yet one on every department of which the writer has something valuable or suggestive to say, even to those who would differ from some of his conclusions.

On the whole, Canon Norris's views as to the present state of our education are likely to appear somewhat "rose-pink" to many at least of those who have practically considered the subject. He declares that at the present day, "schools of some sort"—and he appears to be speaking of day-schools only—"are within the reach of all," and that one half of them "have been raised to a fairly satisfactory condition, both as to buildings and as to efficiency." He considers that "England has now a better and more abundant supply of trained teachers than any country in Europe." As to girls, "neither the continent of Europe nor the United States of America can show schools for girls at all comparable to the better sort of English girls' schools." And generally, he believes "that in the matter of education," which, indeed, he carefully distinguishes from a mere "system of public instruction," "England, all too backward though she be, is far in advance of any other nation." He has thus "a strong opinion" that *direct* compulsion, both in the way of local rating and enforced attendance, is impracticable amongst us. But he strongly advocates a general system of *indirect* compulsion, by "making a certain amount of schooling a condition of employment for hire up to a certain age;" admitting, however, that the children of the vagrant class, whom indirect compulsion would not reach, must be made subject to direct compulsion at the cost of the rates, whilst in reference to technical instruction he goes so far as to say that he does "not see why our town councils should not be empowered to levy a rate" for the establishment of "schools of applied science in all our centres of manufacturing industry." And he wishes to "reinvigorate the voluntary system, on the one hand, by giving the parents a more direct personal interest in the affairs of the school of their parish," and "admitting them into our school constitutions," (an alteration, he tells us, which might be effected "without any new law, by a simple instruction from the Charity Commissioners"); on the other, by a judicious prize scheme, the leading element in which should be "an exhibition to some school of higher instruction;" a principle, it will be observed, sought to be embodied in the proposed educational reforms of the present session. It will be seen, on the whole, that the worthy Canon, whilst protesting against a directly compulsory system generally, has no scruple in resorting to it whenever he feels indirect compulsion likely to prove weak.

Perhaps the most interesting essays in the volume are the two last, on "the teacher's difficulties" and on "the most effective mode of promoting practical Christianity through our parish schools." Among some three or four hundred schools which Mr. Norris used to inspect—Church schools all, of course—some stand out in his memory "in clear and strong relief, as emphatically *Christian*

schools . . . animated by a religious spirit so strikingly, that one ———
 only glad at heart, and only wishing that more children could breathe such
 holy influences." In attempting to analyze such a result he summarizes, as
 the cause, first and foremost the character of the teacher:—

"In all these schools, not in the religious lessons only, not in school hours only, the
 children saw that their teachers had the fear of God before their eyes. The children
 saw in them no change of manner, no increased anxiety, when visitors or school in-
 spectors entered the room. During the morning and evening prayers, whether the
 children were praying or not, one thing was clear—the teacher was praying for them."

Next in importance the writer places the friendly relation of the teacher to the
 children's parents; third, discipline, in which he includes the whole moral
 government of the school:—

"All those teachers whom I have in my eye just now were strict disciplinarians. I
 never heard them talking sentimentally about 'ruling by love.' That many of the
 children did love them was evident, but they *feared* them too. There was an uncomprom-
 ising steadiness in their administration which made the children fear them."

Only fourth in the list does Canon Norris place the religious lessons. He
 cannot say, he tells us, that in these emphatically Christian schools, "what we
 call the religious knowledge of the children—that is, their knowledge of
 Scripture, the Catechism, and the Liturgy—was beyond that of all other
 schools;" whilst, on the other hand, he has been "sometimes pained and
 shocked to find a school passing a really admirable examination in what we
 call religious knowledge, when morally and religiously the school was in an
 unsatisfactory state." Lastly, he places the co-operation of the clergyman
 with the teacher, observing expressly that "in none of these schools which I
 have in my mind's eye did the clergyman take the religious instruction entirely
 out of the hands of the teacher."

Mr. Norris's English educational experience has been enlarged by the
 observation of continental systems. At the same time, his continental inquiries
 must have been carried on exclusively under official tutelage, or he would not
 commit the mistake of seeking to recommend his proposed certificates of school
 instruction by assimilating them to the French *livret*—so odious to the great
 bulk of the working class, that the suppression of it is, whilst I write, the
 great boon held out to that class by the Emperor, obviously to secure its votes
 at the forthcoming elections. J. M. L.

Will She Stand? or, The Church and Democracy. By F. GEORGE WRENCH, M.A.,
 of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and
 Dyer.

THIS pamphlet on the prospects of the National Church in England deserves
 a brief analysis at our hands. We may differ from Mr. Wrench, but we must
 admit that his suggestions are thoughtful, and are expressed with singular
 clearness and breadth.

After observing that the Church of the future, if it is to be national, must
 represent the various sections of society—must be the Church of the whole
 people—he asks whether, in its present condition, our Church can be said to be
 appropriated by the *people*, in the wide sense of the term. The one test should
 be, "Do they go to church?" It is not sufficient to be an almoner or an
 educator; the leading function of a Church is to provide public worship for the
 people. Thus boldly stated, the position is boldly met by a brief counter-state-
 ment—The Church is the Church of the upper and middle classes, not that of
 the poor and the artisan classes; its public worship is not acceptable to the
 great bulk of the people.

The late Bishop of London, Charles James Blomfield, raised and sunk
 £100,000 in the erection of twelve churches in the wilds of Bethnal Green.

"Public attention being drawn to the vast material destitution there existing, but
 not being instructed to see that the real remedy lay in migration elsewhere, a stream of
 relief poured in, just sufficient to fix down in hopeless inaction a contented crowd of
 men who saw that alms drawn in through the organized channels pertaining to twelve
 new churches might be relied upon to remain a considerable resource for them in all time
 to come."

So much for the evil of the bishop's scheme from a material point of view, and
 the writer can apply testify from his own experience of Bethnal Green to the

truth of Mr. Wrench's remarks. But what were the spiritual benefits conferred? Do the people go to the churches that feed and clothe them? They do not, and, to quote Mr. Wrench's pregnant words—

“The reason is, that the people do not care, and will not care, to join services in the institution and conduct of which they have no voice, and that, as they become yearly more accustomed to be consulted on all points of social administration, they will be less open to entertain feelings of sympathy with a Church that ignores them in any capacity other than of mere listeners or worshippers.”

The poor and the artisans, then, express their feelings about our services by not attending them, and Mr. Wrench contends that they do not care for them because they do not pay for them. If they paid for them, of course the services would have to be adapted to their wants and capacities; but this, it is thought, would not be a great evil. What then does Mr. Wrench propose? How is the Church to win over the poor and the working classes?

Not by giving them churches for nothing, nor by offering them services which are not suited to their wants, and which they have not asked for; but by making them build their own churches, and adapting services to their special needs. But what if they cannot build churches? may they not be helped from without? Help from without should come in the form of missionaries, not churches. Let a man be sent by the rich and paid by the rich for the poor, let him awaken a desire in benighted neighbourhoods for a church, then let the people build as best they may—a poor church, if they cannot afford a rich one; though poor, it will be theirs; at any rate, whether they be helped from without or not, whether the church be plain or magnificent, let it be the outcome and crown of missionary labour; let it follow, not precede, the Gospel preaching. But would not churches, which owe so much to their congregations, be open to all the objections urged against the Dissenting system? Would not the pastor be domineered over by the flock? Would he not follow instead of lead? Would not the high standard of the national ministry be lowered if the clergy and the services were to become mere reflections of the people and their thoughts and feelings?

Mr. Wrench is, indeed, for giving the congregation a greater share in the services and general voice in the arrangements of Divine worship.

“But,” he exclaims, “I have yet to learn that anything other than good can arise out of such a change in the traditions of our Church. We are accustomed to hear popular ecclesiastical government spoken of by clergymen with a kind of holy horror. The thing has never existed except among Dissenters! and what a vulgar religion is English Dissent! I reply, If English Nonconformist preaching is vulgar, and if the minister falls in with the unchastened tastes of his audience, it is not because the popular voice is his master, but because the class preached to is vulgar, and because to gain the confidence of any class of men, vulgar or refined, we must address them in their own language. We Church people have succeeded in one thing at least in regard to Dissent—we have isolated it. We have brought it to pass that refined people, educated people, the thought and intelligence of the age, stand aloof from it.”

As long as there is such a large Dissenting class which the National Church cannot reclaim, so long will there be danger to the National Church, and Mr. Wrench's answer to the question, “Will she stand?” is, She will stand if she can enlarge her boundaries, and if she can discover how to offer each and every class of Englishmen services adapted to its wants, and ministers whom it will consent to accept as its religious teachers.

H. R. H.

NOTE TO THE ARTICLE ON THE “DOCTRINE OF THE EUCHARIST IN THE CATECHISM”
(*Contemporary Review*, March, 1869).

Since this article was published, I have been favoured with a communication from Mr. H. R. Droop, of Lincoln's Inn, calling my attention to a passage in Bishop Jacobson's preface to his edition of Nowell's Catechism (1844), where a small Catechism by Nowell is mentioned as agreeing still more nearly with the Church Catechism. This “little Catechism,” as the author himself calls it, appeared in three languages, English, Latin, and Greek, the last being a translation by Nowell's nephew, Whitaker. Of the English edition apparently only a very imperfect copy exists (dated at the end 1682), now in the Bodleian Library; the others are somewhat less rare, there being two copies in the Bodleian of different dates, each containing both. Fortunately the part of the English Catechism which remains entire is precisely that which is to my present purpose, the part about the Lord's Supper; so that I may as well extract the questions and answers

on that subject, as adding something, though not much, to the parallels already adduced:—

“To what use [was the Sacrament ordained]?”

“For a continuall thankfull remembrance of his death, and the benefits that we receiue thereby.

[Then follows a question, “What are the parts and matter of this sacrament?” and its answer.]

“What is the earthlie, and sensible part?”

“Bread and wine, both which matters the Lord hath expreslie commanded all to receiue.

“What is the Heauenlie part and matter, remooved from all outward senses?”

“The bodie and blood of Christ, which are giuen, taken, eaten, and drunken of the faithfull in the Lord’s Supper, onlie after a Heauenlie and spirituall manner, but yet verilie and in deed.

[Then follow two questions asking whether there is a change of substance, and whether the Supper was ordained of Christ to be a sacrifice for the remission of sins, each with its answer.]

“What is our dutie to doo, that we may come rightly to the Lord’s Supper?”

“To examine our selues whether wee be true members of Christ.

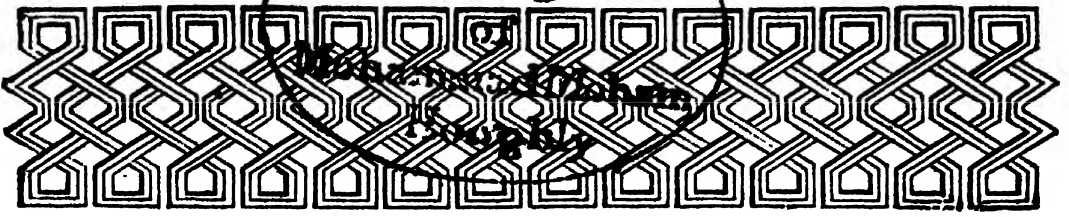
“By what token shall we know this?”

[Answer as in large Catechism, except that the words “which drove Christ to death, whose mysteries are now delivered us,” are omitted.]

These extracts certainly show, what I trust was made tolerably plain before, that the Catechism as we now have it differs but little from earlier and decidedly Protestant documents in its Eucharistic teaching. In particular they show that very nearly the whole of the answer in the present Church Catechism which is especially relied on by Mr. Cobb as teaching the objective doctrine, ‘The Body and Blood of Christ,’ &c., existed already in Nowell, the few words not included in the present answer being moreover not a Protestant gloss of Nowell’s, but the language of Bishop Goste in the Article to which appeal has so often been made. It is curious indeed that the words “given, taken, eaten, and drunken,” to which Bishop Forbes and others attach so much importance in interpreting Article XXVIII., should have been exchanged for others which if anything are less express. While on this subject, I must apologize for an unfortunate error in the paper to which these remarks are a supplement, the omission of the words “the sacrifice of” before “the death of Christ,” in the answer from the Church Catechism in the parallel columns. It could mislead no one, as I expressly drew attention afterwards to the omitted words and to the argument founded on them by Mr. Cobb: but it ought not to have occurred.

Nowell wrote three Catechisms: the large, from which the extracts in my paper were taken, the small, from which the passages just given are copied, and an intermediate one, which seems to have been more generally in use than either of the other two. The questions and answers about the Lord’s Supper in the intermediate one coincide with those in the small, though there are others which the small does not contain. There are various difficulties about the relation between the small Catechism and the other two. Churton, in his *Life of Nowell*, doubts whether the copy in the Bodleian is a translation from the Latin original, or a prior Catechism (whether by Nowell or some one else) from which the Latin is a translation. Bishop Jacobson quotes a passage from Whitaker asserting his uncle’s authorship of all three Catechisms. The question is complicated by Nowell’s own language. In the dedication to the Middle Catechism he speaks of all three as “purely translated into the Latin tongue,” though it appears from other sources that in the case of the larger at least the Latin was the original, the English version being made by another person, Thomas Norton, so that Nowell would seem to use the word translation in a loose sense. Further, in the same dedication he talks of the Little Catechism in language which would naturally identify it with the Church Catechism, the title of the Middle Catechism moreover being “A Catechism or Institution of Christian Religion, to be learned of all Youth next after the Little Catechism; appointed in the Booke of Common Prayer.” Yet though the earlier part of the Little Catechism, so far as can be judged from its Latin representation, may have coincided almost verbally with the Church Catechism, it contains other questions and answers following on those about our duty to our neighbour, beside those on the sacraments. This dedication is dated Nov., 1572; that to the Greek and Latin forms of the Little Catechism has no date. Altogether the probability seems to be that the Little Catechism spoken of by Nowell was by himself; but whether he means to speak of the Church Catechism as his own as well as of the Little Catechism technically so called, and whether the so-called Little Catechism originally existed in Latin or in English, are points on which the data, so far as I see, are too contradictory to admit of our forming a definite conclusion.

J. CONINGTON.



PRIMEVAL MAN.

1. *On the Origin of Civilization.* A Lecture by His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN to the Young Men's Christian Association. 1854. (Reprinted in *Whately's Miscellaneous Lectures and Reviews*, 1861, pp. 26—59.)
2. *On the Origin of Civilization and the Early Condition of Man.* By SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S., Pres. Ent. Soc., &c. Report of British Association, 1867; Transactions of the Sections, pp. 118—125.
3. *Primeval Man, an Examination of some Recent Speculations.* By the DUKE OF ARGYLL. Strahan & Co. 1869.

THE extent to which we all depend on others, to kindle the first sparks of moral and intellectual life, is some justification for those who have doubted, on purely scientific grounds, whether civilization could originate without the aid of a Divine instructor, at a time when the nature of the case precluded the possibility of any external help from man. A very small impulse will suffice to set the faculties in motion, and will often awaken powers which enable the pupil to outstrip the human guide. But it is difficult to imagine how mental movement could commence at all, in the absence of any impulse of the ordinary kind; how men could learn without a teacher the first principles of moral and religious truth; how they could invent the simplest arts and contrivances, till some Prometheus had brought down fire from heaven. Or even were it granted that man, as a higher kind of animal, possesses instincts which might enable him to discover a few rudimentary arts without assistance, it is not so easy to see how those instincts could germinate into intellectual life, or lead him to the knowledge of God. These difficulties, though perhaps not insuperable, should at all events be fairly weighed

against the unconfirmed conjectures, by which theorists have sometimes tried to show how man could work out his own civilization.

In the lecture which I have named first at the head of this article, Archbishop Whately argued out the question with his usual strong common sense and vigorous explicitness; declaring that, as a matter of fact and experience, no savage nation had ever been known to raise itself without external assistance; and inferring that the origin of civilization at a time when there was no human teacher to implant it—*i.e.* the existence of an effect without its ordinary cause—proves that the germ must have been introduced by a supernatural agent; or, in other words, that the birth of civilization was due, not to man, but to God. The argument being rested on an alleged basis of fact, it was open for any one to contradict it, if he could, by denying the facts and bringing plausible evidence of a contrary tendency: a course adopted by Sir J. Lubbock, in a paper which he read in 1867 before the Geographical and Ethnological Section of the British Association at Dundee. Against Whately's repeated assertion that "for savages properly so styled—that is, people sunk as low, or anything near as low, as many tribes that our voyagers have made us acquainted with—there is no one instance recorded of any of them rising into a civilized condition, or indeed rising at all, without instruction and assistance from people already civilized" (p. 11), he undertakes to show, "first, that there are indications of progress even among savages; secondly, that among the most civilized nations there are traces of original barbarism" (p. 120). And he concludes, "that existing savages are not descendants of civilized ancestors; that the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism; that from this condition several races have independently raised themselves" (p. 125). He also connects these views of the origin of man with Mr. Darwin's theory, by implying that our race has been developed out of some inferior type into "the first men, or first beings worthy to be so called" (p. 118).

When two writers of acknowledged ability and honesty profess to rest two directly contrary conclusions on a series of facts within the reach of all, we are tempted to suppose that, through the fault of one or both, they have lighted on a confusion for want of proper definitions to begin with. It is apparently under this impression that the Duke of Argyll has intervened between the disputants, and endeavoured to correct and complete the arguments which both have left imperfect. I may be allowed to express my conviction that in accomplishing this task, the duke has lifted the entire subject into a much higher range of thought; and by the help of a few skilful definitions and distinctions, has brought it under a clearer and more searching light.

One great service which he renders is that of detaching the two questions of the Origin of man and his Antiquity from that of "his mental, moral, and intellectual condition when first created" (p. 25). On "the Origin of man, considered simply as a species," he points out that the difficulties of the Development Theory, to which Sir J. Lubbock seems to adhere, are due, not so much to theological, as to scientific considerations, "so far," at least, "as belief in a Personal Creator is concerned" (p. 44). It must be as easy for God to cause one *species* to give birth to another, as to cause one *individual* to give birth to another, if only the slightest proof of such a process could be found. The real difficulty arises from the entire absence of any one such instance; so that while a progenitor is a *known cause*, the new birth of a species is an utterly *unknown effect*. It is again inadmissible for physiologists to make little of the physical distinctions between man and ape, while admitting to the full the mental difference, inasmuch as the two things go together and are correlated by nature. Organization and intelligence, structure and functions, functions and mental character, all stand and fall together (p. 51). The anatomical difference, however slight, is Nature's own measure and equivalent for the mental difference (p. 52). However similar the hand of man and monkey, the distinction, small as it is, marks the whole gulf between the power of climbing a tree or plucking fruit, and that of weighing the earth, and measuring its distance from the sun (p. 56). If the brain of a Hindu is nearer to that of a gorilla on the one side than to that of Newton on the other, Nature has nevertheless assigned to that smaller distance a greatness of significance which he has denied to the larger (pp. 57, 64). As Professor Owen says, the "consequences" of any such distinction "must be considered in estimating its systematic value" (p. 61).

In the next chapter, the antiquity of man is considered with the same ability, and the same discriminating skill. The way is thus cleared for the careful discussion in the last chapter of the proper subject of the origin of civilization, to which we shall presently return and confine ourselves. To these three papers the duke prefixes an introduction which, on general grounds, is by no means the least interesting part of the volume. With the following remarks, in particular, I am anxious to express my entire agreement:—

"The result is, that we should never be jealous of research, but always jealous of presumption; that on all subjects reason should be warned to keep within the limit of her powers, but from none should reason be warned away. Men who denounce any particular field of thought are always to be suspected. The presumption is, that valuable things which these men do not like are to be found there. There are many forms of priestcraft. The same arts, and the same delusions, have been practised in many causes. Sometimes, though perhaps not so often as is popularly

supposed, men have been warned off particular branches of physical enquiry in the supposed interests of religion. But constantly and habitually, men are now warned from many branches of enquiry, both, physical and psychological, in the interests—real enough—of the positive philosophy! ‘Whatever,’ says Mr. Lewes, ‘is inaccessible to reason, should be strictly interdicted to research.’ Here we have the true ring of the old sacerdotal interdicts. Who is to define beforehand what is, and what is not, ‘inaccessible to reason?’ Are we to take such a definition on trust from the priests of this new philosophy? They tell us that all proofs of mind in the order of the universe, all evidences of purpose, all conceptions of plan or of design, in the history of creation, are the mere product of special ‘infirmities’ of the human intellect. In opposition to these attempts—come from what quarter they may—to limit arbitrarily the boundaries of knowledge, let us maintain the principle that we never can certainly know what is ‘inaccessible to reason’ until the way of access has been tried. In the highest interests of truth, we must resist any and every interdict against research. The strong presumption is that every philosophy which assumes to issue such an interdict must have reason to fear enquiry” (pp. 21—23).

The growing disposition of some scientific enquirers to put a ban at the outset on the reasonings of their opponents was curiously illustrated by the discussion which followed the reading of Sir J. Lubbock’s paper at Dundee. One leading ethnographer, Mr. Crawford, repeatedly called the Archbishop of Dublin’s view an “abominable,” nay, a “most abominable, paradox;” but congratulated Sir J. Lubbock on having “laid the poor bishop on his back in very much the same manner as one would turn a turtle; and as some people were inclined to think that some other bishops would be none the worse of being treated.” Another, Dr. Hunt, declared himself “very much surprised when” a clergyman present, a well-known traveller and naturalist, “told them that after this *conclusive and exhaustive, satisfactory and final*, answer to the question, and the facts there brought forward, there was any member of the Association who would still advance” a contrary opinion. “The facts brought forward by Sir John Lubbock appeared to his mind to be *so conclusive*, that it would be *utterly useless* to attempt to argue or say anything more on the subject.”* Against this boastful announcement of the end of the controversy, the Duke of Argyll’s book may be taken as a protest, conveying, also, a sufficient answer. His judgment is, that while both arguments are imperfect, “the argument in favour of what may be called the Savage-theory is very much the weaker of the two, and rests upon a method of treatment much more inadequate and incomplete” (p. 5; cf. p. 133).

upon the facts of barbarism; the state of those tribes in which the human faculties exist on their lowest, rudest, and most brutish level. We naturally ask whether the odious debasement of the Papuan, the Fuegian, and the Bushman, represents the infancy of humanity, or the decrepitude of its extremest degradation; whether it illustrates the dawn of the creation morning, or the darkness of its deepest midnight; whether it is the starting-point from which all mankind set forward on the journey of progress, or simply the bottom of an abyss, which has engulfed the ruins of a once comparatively enlightened race. While Whately and Sir J. Lubbock adopt the opposite sides of this alternative, it is remarkable, as the Duke of Argyll points out (pp. 29, 131), that they both neglect to define either barbarism or civilization; and this want of precision on the two most important terms of the reasoning introduces vagueness at every stage, as the discussion fluctuates between the consideration of moral, intellectual, and what we may call industrial barbarism, and the civilizations which are the contrary of each of the three. But there is another defect which vitiates the argument at its very outset. Is it possible for either reasoner to maintain, on his own principles, that those who are now confessedly the most unimprovable races, can throw any light whatever on the original condition of improvable man? In Whately's eyes, these savages are even worse than brutalized; that is, they have reached the very lowest point of moral as well as physical degradation. How then can he use the incapacities which they probably owe to their degradation to prove the existence of similar deficiencies in the undegraded fathers of the human race? On Sir J. Lubbock's view, they are merely the disreputable members of the family—the outcasts, the reprobates, of the great human society. But in this case also we may ask the same question; how can they represent that necessarily superior kind of barbarism which must have marked the outset of the nobler races?

Here Whately's theory has one advantage, that, if granted, it would at all events account for the present facts of savage life, which is more than can be said for his opponent's. But it accounts for them by an hypothesis which destroys the very reasoning it is meant to support. It may be true that savages could never raise themselves without assistance; but with what consistency can he assume, like his opponent, that those savages can represent the earliest condition of man? The fallen can be no illustration of the comparatively unfallen; yet while maintaining that the savage level is in the sense unnatural, the widest possible divergence from the humanity (pp. 7—9), he still appeals to it for the supposed to furnish of man's incapacity to rise

without assistance from his original state by nature (pp. 17, 19). Clearly the very fulness of his admission that the degradation is complete, makes it useless for the purpose to which he would apply it.

Should it be replied that he is only showing what would follow from an hypothesis which he repudiates—arguing that *if* men were originally savages, which he denies, they could not in that case have raised themselves without assistance—I answer, as before, that this rejoinder would destroy his own proof of the necessity of a Divine instructor for the earliest man, because that proof is rested on the alleged incapacity of savages to civilize themselves. If the first men were *not* savages, then, so far as he gives any reason to the contrary, they may have been competent to begin the work of their own civilization. But on this point his language is perfectly explicit:—

“How comes it that the whole world is not peopled exclusively with savages? *Such would evidently have been the case* if the human race had always from the first been left without any instruction from some superior being, and yet had been able to subsist at all. . . . According to the present course of things, the first introducer of civilization *among savages* is, and must be, man in a more improved state; in the *beginning*, therefore, of the human race, this, since there was no *man* to effect it, must have been the work of another Being. . . . That Man could not have *made* himself, is often appealed to as a proof of the agency of a divine *Creator*; and that mankind could not, in the first instance, have *civilized* themselves, is a proof of the same kind, and of precisely equal strength, of the agency of a divine *Instructor*” (pp. 17—19).

Such a defence, in fact, would simply sacrifice one half of his argument to save the other. He is himself quite as certain that he has discovered a conclusive proof of original revelation, as that he has disproved the theory of the savage origin of man. Nor does he mend his reasoning by beginning at the other end, and saying that man *would* have been a savage from the first, and nothing more, if he had not enjoyed the aid of a divine Instructor; for this also is borrowing a leaf from the book of his opponents, as though God could not have placed man on a higher level than the savage by the very act of creation. We may be allowed, then, to acknowledge most cordially the truth of his conclusion, that God never left His rational creatures without some light of sacred knowledge, while we yet believe that this truth can be established more effectively by other methods, than by appealing to the present state of savage races.

Sir J. Lubbock's reasoning seems open to the same objection in a slightly different form. If we accepted his statement, that “the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism” (p. 125), we should have to believe *that savages of the present day have simply*

stood still, while the civilized races have been busily improving themselves; and that thus the former, by their sheer stagnation, remain as a living record of the low condition which formed the common starting-point of all. But does not the very fact that they have thus continued to stand still prove the absence of some good quality, or the presence of some bad quality, which destroys their value as supposed specimens of the infant races of mankind? The most conspicuous mark about these savages is, as Mr. Darwin says of the Fuegians, that they "make no improvements" (Whately, p. 12). Now, here is a clear and unmistakable characteristic, distinguishing them broadly from the ancestors of races which have made vast and continuous advances. To account for this difference, Sir J. Lubbock can supply no better answer than a faint reference to some local disadvantages, and a vague and indefinite analogy; saying that "we find, even in the same family, among children of the same parents, the most opposite dispositions: in the same nation there are families of high character, and others in which every member is more or less criminal" (p. 120). Be it so: but who would admit that the most untoward children represent the original stock of the family—that the most criminal classes are a measure of the original moral standard of a nation? He has thus unconsciously repeated Whately's error, by proposing these savages as illustrations of a state which they never could by any possibility represent at all; and by offering those who seem to be almost beneath improvement as specimens of the first stage of a long career of progress. He even goes so far as to argue that the fact of their remaining stationary is evidence against the theory of their degradation, because degradation is a kind of motion (p. 119). On this point Whately clearly has the advantage, for he can reply that they are stationary simply because they have reached the bottom, and are crippled and stunned by their fall.

If there is any one position on this subject which seems to be established with some degree of certainty, it is that there are "savages and savages;" or, as some would prefer to say, that "savages" mean one thing, and "barbarians" another, and that these two things are on no account to be confounded. There are but two stocks out of eleven of which Professor Huxley says, that "with them has originated everything that is highest in science, in art, in law, in politics, and in mechanical inventions. In their hands at the present moment lies the order of the social world, and to them its progress is committed."* The other nine stocks range from the neighbourhood of the highest to the depths of the lowest, yet with broad distinctions which history does not permit us to neglect, or enable us

* *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1865, p. 268.

to overpass. No historian of the barbarian inroads on the Roman Empire would dream of placing on the same level the Huns and the Goths. Observe how Gibbon, for instance, though himself disposed to advocate the same theory as Sir J. Lubbock (see R. E., iv. 409, ed. 1854), yet marks off at every stage the hordes of barbarians, as they reach a lower and lower degradation, till in some cases they cease to retain even the elements of terror, or to be worthy of estimation in calculating the forces of the world. The ancient Germans might be destitute of "cities, letters, arts, and money," prizing "their rude earthen vessels as of equal value with the silver vases" of Rome, "by turns the most indolent and the most restless of mankind;" but they were rich in cattle, growers of corn, passionately fond of war and danger, punctilious in discharging debts of honour, and in their "rude institutions" "we may still distinguish the original principles of our present laws and manners" (i. 349—359). Far lower in the scale of human nature were the Hunnish invaders, with their "strange deformity" of flattened noses, deeply sunk eyes, gashed cheeks, and beardless faces—reputed the offspring of an "execrable conjunction" between Scythian witches and infernal spirits, yet connected with a race which has "in every age" "been renowned for invincible courage and rapid conquests," though deficient in the nobler qualities which could retain the spoils its bravery had won (iii. 295—317). Turn from the north to the south, and we reach a weaker form of debasement. The subjects of the Roman Empire, we are told, need never have feared lest the northern invaders should have been matched by equal swarms from the deserts of the south, if they had reflected on the real nature of the negro character; "their rude ignorance," their want of invention, their apparent incapacity to form "any extensive plans of government or conquest, and the obvious inferiority of their mental faculties" (iii. 277). Or turn to the Arabian peninsula, with its older traces of a degraded people, of whom he says, that "in this primitive and abject state, which ill deserves the name of society, the human brute, without arts or laws, almost without sense or language, is poorly distinguished from the rest of the animal creation" (vi. 198). Yet once again he says, that the labour which the historian has spent on the higher races issuing from Arabia "would be unworthily bestowed on the swarms of savages who, between the seventh and the twelfth centuries, descended from the plains of Scythia, in transient inroad or perpetual emigration. Their names are uncouth, their origins doubtful, their actions obscure, their superstition was blind, their valour brutal, and the uniformity of their public and private lives was neither softened by innocence nor refined by policy" (vii. 63). The researches of recent travellers have greatly increased our familiarity with types which appear still more invincibly unimprovable.

“Do we know of any nation or kindred,” asks Mr. Merivale, “Greek or German or Indian, of which it can be asserted:—There was once a time when this people was as low in the scale of humanity as are now the bushmen of Papua or New Holland; but see how, step by step, from school to school, from intuition to intuition, they evolved a Homer or a Menu, a Paul or a Luther? Were the Greeks, the Germans, the Indians, for instance, as far back as we can trace them, ever destitute of a spiritual culture, the same in kind at least, not of course in degree, as at the highest culmination of their history? Is not the evidence as strong, nay stronger, that the savages now existing around us are the degenerate offshoots of civilized races, as that the civilized are the cream and efflorescence of the savage?” (“Conversion of the Northern Nations,” pp. 87, 88).

There are races, then, which certainly were never savages; races like the Jews, for instance, of whom we may affirm with confidence that they never rose from so debased a state to the moral and spiritual civilization which brightens the whole course of their chequered history. Other tribes, which may be called in some respects barbarians, yet combine ignorance of industrial arts and want of mental culture with a respect for moral and religious obligation, and in some cases with a vigorous aptitude for war and conquest, which lift them far above the level of the dull and stagnant savage life. Such were the ancient Germans whom Tacitus described; the forefathers of the leading races of the modern world. Others, again, may have been more or less depressed and disorganized, through causes which are not beyond the reach of conjecture; but they retain amidst their disunion that strong characteristic of a living nation, the power of answering to the summons of a gifted leader, whose war-cry rouses them like the trumpet of God. Such nations, in Whately's words, resemble “some combustible substances which will never take fire spontaneously, but when once set on fire, will burn with continually increasing strength” (p. 21). Thus Gibbon speaks of the Arabians, who “had languished in poverty and contempt till Mahomet breathed into those savage bodies the soul of enthusiasm” (iv. 406). Thus Herodotus thought of the Thracians, “the greatest of all races after the Indians,” that “if they could only learn to submit to a single leader, and combine for a common purpose, they would prove invincible, and become the strongest of all nations” (v. 3). “Neither in Europe nor in Asia,” says Thucydides, “is there any nation which could singly withstand the Scythians, if only they were all of one mind” (ii. 97); a prevision which was amply justified by the mighty movements under Attila, Zingis Khan, and Timour. These last races approach nearest to the level of the savage proper; which they showed, either by disappearing as they came, with the swiftness of the whirlwind, as after the death of Attila, or by basing a more durable empire on union with tribes of a finer organization, combined perhaps with the inspiration of a loftier faith. But all these are

clearly distinguishable from the outer margin of inert humanity, by which the energetic and improvable races are surrounded—tribes only conspicuous for their sluggish and benumbed condition, from which they seem unable to raise themselves without external assistance, while they rise slowly and unwillingly even when assistance is supplied.

Now the mere position of this outer ring of savages suggests that they have been thrust away into remote groups of islands, or to the extreme corners and the least inviting parts of continents, by the lateral pressure of expanding and more powerful races. The very localities are an index to the direction of the current. It cannot have set inwards, from the circumference towards the centre, but must have spread outwards, from the centre towards the circumference. And it would naturally follow that civilization would die out by degrees, as the weaker tribes were forced to dwell beneath ungenial skies; till these less-favoured remnants of humanity were left in the position of the dry, dead sea-weed which the waves have flung farthest up the shore. The testimony of scientific men coincides widely, though not universally, with the old belief on which so much depends, that all mankind sprang from a single source. By what other means, then, could so many members of the human family have been *sluiced off*, as it were, into those stagnant pools, where they are no longer stirred or influenced either by streams of earth or winds of heaven? The Duke of Argyll points out two fixed principles, which supply the basis for a satisfactory explanation: the first is "the indisputable fact that man is capable of degradation" (p. 155); the second is "the law of increase," in consequence of which "population is always pressing upon the limits of subsistence" (p. 161).

The movements of wild tribes are by no means altogether unaccountable. In the main they obey the intelligible laws of attraction and repulsion: attraction, as when the Northern hordes were tempted again and again by the sunny climate, the fair fruits, the rich wines of the South; repulsion, as when a weak tribe is driven forth into barren and inhospitable regions, by the aggressions of a stronger race. Migrations of the former kind tend to raise the civilization of the invaders, who are thus brought into contact with more cultivated nations, and who often admire and imitate their superior intelligence, while they triumph over their physical inferiority. But migrations of the latter kind are likely to produce the very opposite consequences. Arts are soon forgotten if there is no longer any opportunity to use them; and the graces of life must quickly disappear when life is reduced to a bare struggle for existence. The loss of culture, which is often seen to accompany the loss of fortune in the cases of indi-

viduals or families, may then be illustrated on the larger scale of the debasement of degenerate nations.

But though migrations supply so important an element in the history of civilization, I cannot see that Sir J. Lubbock allows it any weight at all. He admits that some localities labour under great disadvantages; he never raises the question how the original inhabitants came there, or whether they may not have suffered loss upon the road. Thus, when arguing against the opinion that the present barbarians may be the descendants of superior ancestors, he urges (p. 120) that if the Australians, or Tasmanians, for instance, had fallen from the higher state of agriculturists and herdsmen, some proofs of their old pursuits would certainly remain. If they had lost the use of domestic animals, we should at all events find the bones of their former stock, or wild herds would exist, to bear witness to their tame progenitors. If they had ceased to cultivate cereals, some wild plants would probably remain to prove it. If they had abandoned the use of iron or pottery, the traces of their former utensils would be found. All very true, if it were certain that they retain in their degradation the same lands in which they once enjoyed a higher form of life. But the whole argument is cut away immediately if, as is far more probable, they have *changed* their locality; if they simply left their herds, their corn-fields, their iron-ware, and pottery behind them, when they were hurried across the seas by the pressure of more vigorous supplanters. Nor can this flaw in the argument be mended by the assumption that recollection would enable them to reproduce such arts as they had practised. It is only too completely proved by all experience that the faculty of learning is closely accompanied by the tendency to forget; and whenever use and practice have been brought to an end, the recollections of the former state would vanish, or survive only in the vague tradition of some long departed, brighter age.

This line of proof, then, seems to fail for want of a more rigorous exclusion of disturbing elements. The same remark will apply to many of the proofs which he brings forward to show that savages can rise. There is no doubt of the fact; the controversy turns entirely on the conditions under which that improvement can be made. God never so utterly forsakes "His banished," but that some means remain, or can be furnished, through the help of which they may return. That great human characteristic of "improvable reason," though it may be reduced to a minimum and deadened to stagnation, and may thus absolutely cease to act spontaneously, can never, as we believe, be irrevocably cancelled. In stating his thesis, which he does repeatedly, Whately never once omits the word "unaided," or its equivalent, which is, in fact, the very keystone of his argument.

But Sir J. Lubbock overlooks it even in his first quotation, where it occurs twice over* :—

“Dr. Whately enunciates his opinions in the following words :—‘That we have no reason to believe that any community ever did, or ever can emerge, *unassisted by external helps*, from a state of utter barbarism, into anything that can be called civilization. . . . Man has not emerged from the savage state: the progress of any community in civilization, *by its own internal means*, must always have begun from a condition removed from that of complete barbarism, out of which it does not appear that men ever did or can raise themselves.’ One might at first feel disposed to answer that fifty cases could be cited which altogether discredit this assertion; and without going beyond the limits of our own island, we might regard the history of England itself as a sufficient answer to such a statement. Archbishop Whately, however, was far too skilful a debater not to have foreseen such an argument. ‘The ancient Germans,’ he says, ‘who cultivated corn, though their agriculture was probably in a very rude state, who not only had numerous herds of cattle, but employed the labour of brutes, and even made use of cavalry in their wars . . . these cannot with propriety be reckoned savages, or if they are to be so called (for it is not worth while to dispute about a word), then I would admit that in this sense men may advance, and in fact have advanced, by their own unassisted efforts, from the savage to the civilized state’” (p. 118).

Whately was indeed, as I think, “far too skilful a debater” to have met that objection by any answer of the kind. If he had been told vaguely of “fifty cases” to “discredit his assertion,” one of which could be found “without going beyond the limits of our own island,” he would have recalled his critic’s attention to the words I have italicized, “unassisted by external helps,” and “by its own internal means;” and fastening on the one exception specified, he would have remarked, that the very earliest Britons must have enjoyed the advantage of frequent intercourse with their continental brethren, even before the invading legions brought them under the direct influence of the energetic civilization of Rome. Let us consider also such a passage as the following :—

“I will now proceed to mention a few cases in which some improvement does appear to have taken place. According to M’Gillivray, the Australians of Port Essington, who, like all their fellow-countrymen, had formerly bark canoes only, have now completely abandoned them for others hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, which they buy from the Malays. It is said that the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands have recently introduced outriggers. The Bachapins, when visited by Burchell, had just commenced working iron. According to Burton, the Wajiji negroes have recently learned to make brass,” &c., &c. (p. 121).

I am not disposed to go so far as Whately, by denying that savages

* I should mention that Sir J. Lubbock’s quotations from Whately, which I have of course repeated as he gives them, agree only in substance, but not verbally, with the two editions of his lecture which I have before me. As Sir J. Lubbock gives no references, I can only infer that the archbishop, as was not unusual with him, has elsewhere recast his materials without altering their substance. The Duke of Argyll’s quotations appear to be taken, like my own, from the edition of 1854.

can exercise any kind of ingenuity, or affirming that no savage "can be proved to have ever invented anything" (p. 23), and that even necessity "to, the mere savage rarely, if ever, teaches anything" (p. 28). But clearly his argument cannot be properly refuted except under the conditions which he has himself laid down. Now the above instances may or may not be in point. It would require a separate examination of each case to decide it. But it is plain upon the face of the passage that in not one of those which I have quoted has Sir J. Lubbock taken pains to assure us that he has complied with the condition on which Whately so rigorously insisted, by specifying no improvements but such as were in all respects indigenous, and in no degree suggested by intercourse with external races.

On the whole, then, I do not see how we can avoid the conclusion, that the degraded tribes, on which so much of the argument has turned, really throw no light whatever on the origin of the civilization of man. Without attempting to forecast the future which Providence may have in store for these fallen races, I cannot discover that they yield us any instruction for reconstructing the history of the past. It was indeed an attractive thought to convert a survey of contemporary races into a chronological history of their successive stages. "There is still," says Mr. Lecky, "so great a diversity of civilization in existing nations, that traversing tracts of space is almost like traversing tracts of time, for it brings us in contact with living representatives of nearly every phase of past civilization."* So the Duke of Argyll remarks, that "as regards the Eskimo and the South-Sea Islanders, we are now, or were very recently, living in a Stone Age" (p. 183). And Mr. McLennan asserts that "none of the usual methods of historical inquiry conduct us back to forms of life so nearly primitive as many that have come down into our own times;" and that certain "facts of to-day are, in a sense, the most ancient history."† But this proposal fails to serve any historical purpose, if we find grounds for believing that the real origin of civilization is represented by the centre of the series, rather than by either of the two extremes. And this is the conclusion towards which, as it appears to me, all branches of the evidence converge. If so, we may now dismiss the Papuan and Fuegian as simply a proof and a warning of the depth that man may fall into, but as possessing no further significance for the purposes of the present argument.

We seem thus to be, after all, compelled to rely chiefly on the old authorities of history and tradition; with this great advantage, indeed, that they have been verified by a wider range of comparison, and

* "History of European Morals," 1869, i. 155.

† "Primitive Marriage," 1865, pp. 5, 8.

sifted by the scrutiny of a more accurate criticism. The researches of philological and physical ethnography are profoundly attractive for the light they throw on the affinities and growth of nations; but they seem to have hitherto contributed very little aid towards discovering any fresh traces of the earliest civilization. The same remark applies to the comparison of mythologies and customs; besides that we cannot be sure in every case that the practices alleged are really primitive. It is quite possible that with regard to some of the "savage or immoral customs" (Duke of Argyll, p. 133), adduced "to show that even the most civilized races were once in a state of barbarism" (Lubbock, p. 123), those nations may have simply adopted them during a period of intermediate retrogression; just as an iceberg picks up boulders where it freezes, and drops them when it melts again, to be turned up, after many geological changes, on the fields of more recent cultivation. The resources of archæology come nearest to history, because that science deals with the actual handiwork of man; but its usefulness is limited by at least two inevitable drawbacks, the migrations of nations and the changes of climate. It is impossible, for example, to be certain that the present inhabitants of neighbouring districts are the descendants of the builders of those ancient cities, which have been buried for so many ages that great forests have had time to grow old over their ruins. And if Northern Europe once passed, as we are assured, through a glacial period, it follows that we are no more justified in arguing from the implements which have been discovered in its drifts and caves to "the condition of man at that time in the countries of his primeval home," than in arguing at the present day "from the habits and arts of the Eskimo as to the state of civilization in London or in Paris" (Duke of Argyll, p. 180). Thus the facts of archæology may be clear enough, but their pedigree is lost. We cannot connect them with existing races, unless they take the higher form of monuments, engraved with figures by which physical characteristics can be identified, or with symbols which can be deciphered into history by patient and successful interpretation.

When we turn to the records of history proper, we are met by the difficulty that the three classes under which civilization may be distributed, which we may call the moral or religious, the intellectual, and the industrial, appear to differ in their origin, almost as widely as they differ in their course and their decay. It is quite conceivable, as the Duke of Argyll argues with much force (pp. 144—154), that man was endowed by his Creator with instincts as much higher than those of animals, as his organization and inheritance are more excellent than theirs; and that these instincts might furnish him with at least a starting-point for the construction of tools, and the invention of a few useful or even ornamental arts. Again, the

gift of thought and language, in connection with his higher organization, would furnish him with faculties for gaining knowledge, and would be called into play by the exigencies of even the simplest forms of the social state. But it is more difficult to believe that moral and religious sentiments could originate without the help of a more or less direct revelation from God. In regard to conscience, faith, and devotion, with all their train of important consequences, there are better reasons for accepting Whately's conclusion of "the agency of a divine Instructor," than any which he has drawn from the degraded incapacities of savage life.

But again these three classes differ also in their course and their decay. It is possible for one kind to be rising in the very same sphere where another is falling. The clearest intuitions of the intellect, and the keenest perceptions of artistic beauty, are unhappily compatible, as was seen in ancient Greece, with insensibility to the degradation of the vilest forms of moral sin. A vigorous practical intolligence, the highest warlike and administrative power, and a constructive skill of consummate excellence, may be combined, as in imperial Rome, with social rottenness, and the lowest degrees of personal depravity. Everywhere the difficulty of defining the rise and fall of civilization is complicated by the counterplay of these opposing or diverging currents. The course of morality and religion is often darkened by the deepest shadows, where the outward grace of culture seems to shine most brightly, and men seem quite unconscious at the time that a decaying empire is hastening to its end. A superficial view, then, will not always judge truly whether the tide is advancing or receding, because the eye is perplexed amidst the eddies of these contrary movements. There have often been days which a Christian would describe as times of gifts without graces; days of "light without love," when the world was like

"A desert where iniquity and knowledge *both* abound."

We thus learn to look back on history as a mingled web of varying colours, which are always crossing and interchanging with each other; and while convinced that all things are controlled according to the unseen plans of Providence, we shun the ambition of attempting to map out a consistent stream of progress, or embrace under one formula the whole family of nations. Time after time the light of civilization has left one land to shine upon another,—

" — With a power
Like that of shifting sunlight after shower,
Kindling the cones of hills and journeying on."

And as we watch "the giant forms of empires on their way to ruin," or dwell on the memorials of "the rich proud cost of out-worn

buried age," we learn not to confound in one the multitudinous streams of history, nor to speak as though they could all be blended into the record of a single, mighty world-wide life.

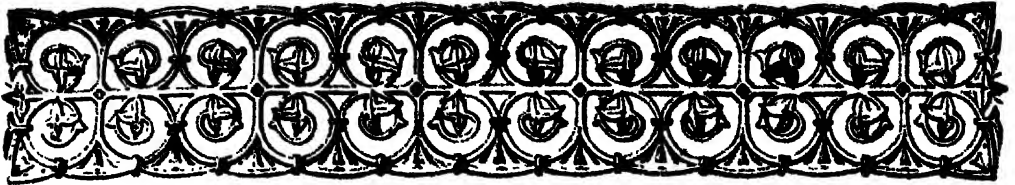
But these considerations lead us to reflections of a higher order, and teach us to seek for the origin of civilization in a loftier region of enquiry, than by studying the habits of the most degraded of mankind. Not that we may speak lightly of the sympathising care which has gathered up all the information that can throw light on the forgotten history of those least favoured members of our race. But we are surely bound to strike a higher note, when we are trying to find out the true position of Primeval Man.

The Duke of Argyll closes his volume with an exact and admirable summary of the defects which he has detected in "the arguments which have been put forth by both sides in this controversy." That paragraph, together with his brief preface, marks out with great precision the chief questions at issue, and the direction in which it is desirable to pursue the enquiry. My own attention has been chiefly confined to the following particulars:—That both Whately and Sir J. Lubbock start without defining their terms, and do not distinguish between one kind of civilization and another, even when that distinction is of vital importance to the argument; that both in different ways put a questionable interpretation on the facts of barbarism, and both, though in a different degree, mistake the true position of savage races; that while Whately denies primeval man to have been a savage, his main argument proceeds on the assumption that he was really nothing better; that when Sir J. Lubbock is quoting "indications of progress even among savages," he often leaves out the chief condition by which the argument was to be governed; that while he maintains "the primitive condition of man" to have been "one of utter barbarism," he overlooks the proofs of the continuous civilization of many of the nobler races; that he omits elements, like migrations, which have exerted the most enormous influence; and that in his views of past and future progress, he seems prone to read history by the light of theory, instead of fact, so as to forget the witness which it bears on every page to the sad possibility of man's deterioration.

There are now, I believe, some points in the controversy which we may consider to have been established, by the correction of these deficiencies, as conclusively as the nature of the subject will permit. We must clearly draw a very careful distinction between the origin of industrial arts and the origin of moral culture. It is one thing to find out, if we can, the methods by which man learnt to subdue the earth; it is another to discover the influences through which he learnt to subdue his spirit. We must bear in mind that spiritual

progress is a very different thing from material, and can only be comprehended by the light of very different laws, which lie beyond the jurisdiction of science. In discussing the starting-point of arts and sciences, we must distinguish between the human faculties and their effects or products, thinking it possible that all the results which need accounting for could have originated, if God only gave the powers, and left His creatures free to use them. But the facts of the spiritual life belong to an altogether different order; they are sustained by influences on which science has no bearing; they are liable to disturbances which science can neither detect nor rectify; and we have reasons which science has no right to challenge for resting satisfied that they are traceable to a direct divine communion as their source. It seems further probable that physical and archæological researches can neither rival nor supplement, to any important extent, the records of history, because they so frequently fail to connect the present with the past, through the changes of climate on the part of nature, and through migrations and confusions on the part of man. Finally, I may repeat my own conviction, that the natural type of man must be sought for, as a scientific question, neither in his highest cultivation nor in his lowest debasement; but that the primeval stock would certainly contain the double tendency to rise and fall, which has formed the movement-spring of history,—a tendency illustrated, on one side, by every advance in religion or civilization which God's help and favouring circumstances have enabled men to accomplish; and on the other side, by every instance in which they have been depressed, through compulsory migrations or other misfortunes, towards the dull stagnation of the savage life.

J. HANNAH.



THE REVISION OF THE LECTIONARY.

‘ΠΑΝΤΑ ΔΟΚΙΜΑΖΕΤΕ· ΤΟ ΚΑΛΟΝ ΚΑΤΕΧΕΤΕ.’—1 THISS. v. 21.

I SHALL not delay entering upon my subject by any setting forth of the archæology of the practice of reading Holy Scripture in the assemblies either of the Jewish or of the Christian Church. I will merely make these remarks:—A custom which our Lord found established in his day, that of reading publicly the Law and the Prophets—a custom to which He Himself conformed—cannot be considered an unimportant one as to its influence on the life of believers. The facts that the Apostles employed the Psalms of David in their united devotions, and that Justin Martyr mentions as an element in the Sunday services of his time the rehearsal of the ἀπομνημονεύματα of the Apostles and of the writings of the Prophets, exhibit a very early employment of regulations which have descended to ourselves. For the growth and systematic development of the practice until the public reading of Scripture, at first confined to certain days and seasons, was extended to every day, I refer to such learned writers as Palmer and Freeman, and others whom I need not quote particularly.

It is more to my purpose to observe that by the time of the Reformation, and indeed for a period long anterior to it, the lectionary system which had been arrived at had experienced a considerable degeneration. In fact, there was nothing like systematic

reading. Very short *capitula*, consisting of a few verses of Scripture, and interspersed with prayers and thanksgivings, responses, invitatories, &c., and alternating with passages from uninspired writers, and exhortations, had taken the place of full and continuous reading of the Holy Volume. "These many years past [this] the godly and decent order of the ancient Fathers hath been so altered, broken, and neglected, by a planting in uncertain stories and legends, with multitude of responds, verses, vain repetitions, commemorations, and synodals, that commonly when any book of the Bible was begun, after three or four chapters were read out, all the rest were unread. And in this sort the Book of Isaiah was begun in Advent, and the Book of Genesis in Septuagesima; but they were only begun, and never read through." So speak the original compilers* of our Book of Common Prayer, in 1548. One or two attempts had been made towards a revision of this vicious method, but to little purpose. And accordingly, our Reformers found it convenient, and indeed absolutely necessary, so to re-arrange matters that, after the more ancient model, "the whole Bible (or the greatest part thereof) should be read over once every year." From this proceeded the Daily Lesson Calendar, which, with a few alterations, is still in use amongst us; the appointment of Special Second Lessons for Easter Day and Whitsunday, and of a Special First Lesson for Trinity Sunday. Afterwards, at some interval, and with progressive amendments, came our Table of Selected Lessons, together with the Order for reading the Psalms, and certain other matters of which we shall speak presently.

This, however, brings us to a question which, for distinctness' sake, it is most important to consider before proceeding any further. What is the extent of *signification* to be attached to the term **LECTIONARY**? Or, in other words, what are the parts of our offices to all of which Revision, if demanded at all, and for any of them, must, in order to make such a work complete and consistent, be applied?

I believe that I have a right to include under it—

1. The Daily Lectionary, properly so called.
2. The Special Lectionary for Sundays and Holy-days.
3. The monthly course of the Psalms.
4. Such Canticles as are taken directly from Holy Scripture.
5. The Ten Commandments—which, as Palmer observes, are of the nature of an invariable lesson from the Old Testament—and the

* "Concerning the Service of the Church." This was composed by the original compilers of the Book of Common Prayer. Only the last two paragraphs are not in the First Book of Edward VI. The "Preface" proper, which precedes it, was written in 1661, and is attributed to Bishop Sanderson.

two variable lessons in the Eucharistic Service called the *Epistles* and *Gospels*, though passages from the Prophets, the Acts, and the Revelation are sometimes substituted for the former. •

6. Certain occasional Versicles, as in the Introduction to Matins and Evensong, in the Offertory and Invitatory in the Eucharistic Service; the Lord's Prayer; and the Apostolical Benediction.

I do not, of course, overlook the fact that these are used in various ways, nor do I confound their employment for instruction, for exhortation, for thanksgiving, for prayer, for blessing. But still I take the liberty of considering them for the present under the one and simple category of passages from Holy Scripture, *read*—including said, sung, pronounced, or uttered precatively or authoritatively—in the public service of the Church.

This Lectionary it is proposed to revise. The pleas on which a Revision is called for, all of which I shall suppose to be made in good faith, are the following:—

It is urged that as the reading of Scripture is intended for edification, everything should be done by which edification may be promoted; and further, that as a large portion of the public service to Almighty God consists of direct use of his Holy Word, every obstacle should be removed which prevents that Holy Word from being a meet accompaniment to the impetration of grace from God by prayer.

And it is urged further—although it is not denied that the length of our offices in other respects, and the slovenly blending together of various distinct offices, have had their weight in this matter, that—

First, since the Reformation, the Daily Service has been, on the whole, a *failure*.

Secondly, the Sunday and Holy-day Service has not been so available for good as it might have been.

And that, *thirdly*, these results have been owing to faults in the Lectionary, which may be eliminated without at all impairing the general structure or character of the Prayer-book.

The *faults* must be stated, in order that the *difficulties* which lie in the way of their amendment may be adequately set forth.

First, as to the Daily Lectionary—sometimes it is framed too much in the rough.

A Book is a book, and so must be read through, whatever occurs in it, even such a portion as Genesis xxxviii. (Er and Onan), and Genesis xxxiv. (the story of Dinah). One cannot help thinking of the "*Dum vitant vitia, in contraria currunt.*" A grand objection to the old state of things was, that Books were not read through.

A Chapter is a chapter, and so must be exhausted at one lection. Though in the midst of a chapter occur verses, or a narrative, not altogether desirable for public recitation—or a longer passage, such as a genealogy, which is neither profitable nor interesting—there is no direction or discretionary authority for omitting these. See, for the former case, Genesis xi. (an episode in Noah's life), and Genesis xix. (an episode in Lot's life), which, though they are to be broken off at verses 19 and 29, respectively, when read in the Sunday course, must be read through to the end in the Daily course. Or, again, see expressions in Isaiah xxxvi. 12, and 2 Kings xviii. 27, and elsewhere. For the latter case see the genealogies in St. Matthew and St. Luke. Exceptions indeed occur in reference to one or two genealogies, as, for instance, the 6th chapter of Exodus is only to be read to verse 13, the pedigree of Levi's family being thus omitted. Exceptions also occur (of which, with the other exceptions, we shall avail ourselves by-and-by) to the statement that a Book, once taken in hand, must be read through. The 36th chapter of Genesis, containing the descendants of Esau and the dukes of Edom, is to be passed over—so are the 10th and 11th chapters of Genesis, containing the patriarchal genealogies. But even here an error has been committed. Rather than use less than a chapter, the account of the building of Babel in Genesis xi. 1—9 has been passed over. Important as this record is as an elucidation of the early unity of the human race, it would not be heard in the Church at all, were it not appointed as a special First Lesson for Monday in Whitsun week. What has been said, *exempli gratiâ*, of the Book of Genesis, will apply yet more forcibly to the Book of Judges and to the Book of Job. It is at least open to doubt whether the last three chapters of the former Book, containing the story of the Levite of Mount Ephraim, should not be omitted entirely; and whether it is for the benefit of mixed congregations that the arraignment of the Almighty's dealings by three of the friends of Job should be read as separate distinct lessons, just as if they were words of inspiration, though they were condemned by the Almighty Himself. Other instances will readily occur.

Secondly, with the same rough method of handling which includes whole Books, and reads them through with no or scarcely any exception, other Books, part of which are singularly graphic in style, and well adapted to carry on the history of God's dealings with His chosen people, are arbitrarily excluded. Throughout the year, not one word is read from the two Books of Chronicles. It may be that they were supposed to be but repetitions of what has been already recorded in the Books of Samuel and of Kings; but this is by no

means the case, and it is certainly a matter of regret that many circumstances of deep interest, which would supplement what occurs elsewhere—the captivity, repentance, and restoration of Manasseh, for instance, of which no mention is made in the Book of Kings—should be almost unknown in the Church. There may be cases in which it is desirable to omit a whole Book, as the Song of Solomon, from the Public Lectionary. But no such consideration will apply to the Books of Chronicles. A large portion of these, especially of the Second, might be judiciously employed for instruction.

Thirdly, another exemplification of the rough way in which the Lectionary has been constructed is this. After exhausting, with the exception of the Book of Isaiah, which they very appropriately reserved for Advent season, the Canonical Scriptures of the Old Testament, the Reformers came to the Apocrypha. We will consider by-and-by whether they might not have spread the Old Testament over the whole year by a different arrangement; but at any rate they did not—and First Lessons had to be provided from the Evening of September 27 to the Morning of November 23, both inclusive. Accordingly, they so arranged matters that for more than two months of the year, with the exception of St. Michael's Day and St. Simon and St. Jude's Day, not one word of the Canonical Scriptures of the Old Testament is heard in the public reading of the Church—Sundays, of course, not being taken into account. On the only other Holy-day occurring in this period, that of All Saints, the First Lessons, Morning and Evening, are taken from the Book of Wisdom. Now, without disputing the dictum of St. Jerome, which our Church quotes with approbation, that “the Church doth read such books for example of life and instruction of manners,” yet, as this same dictum goes on to state, that “it doth not apply them to establish any doctrine,” this does seem rather a long time for public teaching from the Old Testament, and consequently comparison of it with the New Testament, to be all but suspended. And again, without denying that many of the morals contained in the Books of Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom are good and sound, it is competent for us to observe that those works are more or less paraphrases of the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes. And one feels greatly inclined to doubt the profitableness of the Book of Baruch, which seems to be a sort of imitational exercise in prophetic composition; or of such romances of war and peace—I can call them nothing else—as Judith and Tobit; or of such obvious myths—they do not rise to the dignity of legends—as Bel and the Dragon, and the Story of Susannah. It is all very well to talk of the beauty of the domestic pictures represented in the Book of Tobit, or to quote it, as Milton does, as an

illustration of the intercourse of angels with mankind—you will remember his words in "Paradise Lost," Book v., line 221,

• "Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deigned
To travel with Tobias, and secured
His marriage with the seven-times wedded maid,"

—God's sanctuary, the shrine of truth, is not the place for fiction. And it will scarcely make against this position that even such a man as Bishop Wilson could write, in his "Sacra Privata," p. 196, where he mentions having come to knowledge of a vile slander which had been propagated concerning him, the following memorandum:—"We immediately went to Evening Prayers, when, to my great comfort, the history of Susannah was the Lesson appointed to be read." He might have obtained this comfort from many passages of Canonical Scripture; οὐδὲν ἐμαντῶ σύνουδα . . . ὁ δὲ ἀνακρίνων με, Κύριός ἐστιν of 1 Cor. iv. 4, and "Until the time that his cause was known, the word of the Lord tried Joseph," of Ps. cv. 19, might have supplied all that he could need, without the alloying accompaniments of the myth of which we are speaking. And a similar remark may be made as to his statement on March 25, when he specifies the Lesson for the day, Ecclesiasticus ii., as having helped him when he was "much perplexed about the attempts made upon the episcopal jurisdiction." Besides, if Apocryphal Books are to be used at all, why should the two Books of Esdras and the two Books of Maccabees (the claim of which latter, indeed, has been recently urged by Dr. Littledale) be totally and unceremoniously rejected?

But it has been urged further, that when the Lectionary merely selects chapters, and does not take a whole Book, such selection is made with very little discrimination. For instance, four chapters are at present read from Leviticus, the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 26th, portions of some of which it might be expedient to omit, while some might be omitted altogether. Such chapters, however, as Leviticus xxiii., xxiv., and xxv. are passed over in silence, though they seem to be almost necessary, as bringing before our congregations those ceremonies and sacrifices of the Jewish law which are especially typical of great Christian truths and institutions. In the same manner, and for similar reasons, the selections from Numbers might admit of considerable alteration. So might the selections from the Book of Ezekiel. It is a fact that the magnificent and deeply-touching chapter of the Dry Bones is passed over both for general and for special reading.

The inordinate length of many of the chapters is another very serious allegation. The reading of the Lessons is always the most trying point in the public service to the clergyman, from the necessity of sustaining his voice throughout. It is also very difficult for

the congregation to maintain their attention for so long a time as many of the Lessons require. Instances of the inconvenience are so numerous, especially in Deuteronomy, in the Kings, in the Prophets, and in the New Testament generally, that it is not worth while to cite any here.

But not merely are the Lessons too long, but so great a variety of topics is found in many of them, that their contents are more heterogeneous than can be profitably digested at one time. For instance, a chapter from the Book of Moses contains, perhaps, six or eight enactments relating to different ordinances, and with no necessary or obvious connection; a chapter from one of the Prophets, a series of predictions belonging to different nations; a chapter from the Gospels, a number of miracles and parables, one or two of which would furnish sufficient matter for profitable meditation, whilst, taken together, they produce a confusing effect on the mind; or a chapter from one of the Epistles ranges over a very large area of Christian duties and Christian doctrines. It is urged that this could be amended with advantage; and that the effect of shorter Lessons, selected on the principle of inculcating some one event or some one principle completely, would be infinitely more striking and more lasting. And it is suggested that this method has at once added to the popularity of, and enhanced the benefit produced by, the Epistles and Gospels, technically so called, in the Communion Service.

Connected with this, too, is the assertion that the division of chapters, which is purely arbitrary, has not unfrequently separated things in close connection, or united things which belong to a totally distinct discussion or a totally distinct history. Surely, it is said, this might allow of alteration. We have already some instances of the combination in one reading of different chapters on special occasions. There is the Gospel for the Sunday after Ascension (St. John xv. 26, and part of chapter xvi.). There is the Second Morning Lesson for All Saints' Day (Heb. xi. verse 33, and xii. to verse 7). There is the Second Morning Lesson for St. Stephen's Day (Acts vi. verse 8, and vii. to verse 10). Why not, then, in the Daily Lectionary? Besides, there are instances in point in the Daily Lectionary itself. The Second and Third Epistles of St. John are read in combination twice in the year, though once they are read separately, and so are Job xxiv. xxv., Job xxvi. xxvii., Hosea ii. iii., Hosea v. vi., Zechariah ii. iii., Zechariah iv. v., Jonah ii. iii., and Titus ii. iii., on three occasions. In the daily course, Numbers xxiii. and xxiv. are separated—united in the Sunday course. On the other hand, Luke i. has been divided into two lessons on two occasions, though it is read throughout on one occasion.

The above objections apply mostly to the First Lessons in the Daily

Service. But it has been urged, and with some reason, that few persons can attend both Morning and Evening service, and that though the New Testament is read over three times in the year, he who attends Matins would never hear a word of the Epistles, he who attends Evensong would never hear a word of the Gospels.

Other objections have been raised to the condition of the Daily Lectionary which need not be noticed at this moment, for they apply to the Sunday and Holy-day Lectionary as well. Indeed, whatever has been said as to the length of chapters selected, as to the comprehension in one reading of too many matters or of matters not necessarily connected with each other, as to incompleteness of subject, and as to the inexpediency of some of them being read in the congregation, will apply to the Sunday or Holy-day Lessons. Witness the enormous length of Isaiah xxx. (First Lesson for the Morning, Fourth Sunday in Advent); and of Isaiah xxxvii. (First Lesson for the Morning, First Sunday after Christmas); of Exod. xii. (First Lesson for the Morning, Easter Day); of Deut. iv. (First Lesson for the Morning, Third Sunday after Easter); of Joshua x. (First Lesson for the Morning, First Sunday after Trinity); of 1 Sam. xvii. (First Lesson for the Evening, Fifth Sunday after Trinity); of 2 Kings xxiii. (First Lesson for the Evening, Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity); and many others. And not to dwell upon such a subject, there is no doubt that for the Evening of the Second Sunday in Lent, and for the Morning of the Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, Lessons more suitable for the congregation, and less painful for the clergyman than Genesis xxxiv. and Habakkuk ii., might easily have been chosen. It has been urged, too, that the principle, whatever it is, on which the First Sunday Lessons have been selected, has not been so thoroughly carried out as it might have been—that the First Lessons for Holy-days are unnecessarily taken from the Apocrypha, and that whatever has been said of the Second Lessons, and their length, when occurring in the Daily Service, applies yet more strongly to them when they occur in the Sunday and Holy-day Services. It should be added also that, as a rule, not merely the Daily but the Sunday Morning and Sunday Evening Services are attended by a different class of persons, and that hence, to their great respective disadvantage, those who attend in the morning know nothing about the Epistles, except what they gather from the Eucharistic Office; those who attend in the evening know nothing about the Gospels. When it is recollected how much, in spite of the diffusion of copies of the Bible, the knowledge which the majority of people possess of its contents depends upon what they hear at church, this point is surely a matter for serious consideration.

Next as to the Epistles and Gospels, technically so called. These cannot generally be objected to on the score of undue length. Yet there are instances in which such an objection will lie, especially in the case of those appointed for Holy Week. It is urged, too, that there is one Epistle, that for the First Sunday after Easter (1 John v. 4), which contains (v. 7) a passage, that of the Three Heavenly Witnesses, which is all but universally allowed to be spurious. And, moreover, not to mention a more serious allegation still, which I reserve for the present, it is complained that several of the Epistles are so injudiciously separated from their context as to convey either a false meaning, or no meaning at all, to the peruser.

As to the Canticles, Versicles, and Prayer-book Psalms generally, it is inquired, why are they not taken from the Version of the Bible of 1611, when that Version was adopted at the last Review for the Epistles and Gospels? Why do even the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments differ from that Version, and follow the Version of the Great Bible? It may be that in some cases—namely, in the Canticles and Versicles—the variation is not considerable; but, if not considerable, why should it be retained? In the case of the Psalms, not to insist upon a still weightier objection, the Version in the Prayer-book (that of the Great Bible), and that of 1611, are frequently so diverse that they cannot both of them be correct.* And in reference to the Fourth Commandment, this circumstance at least deserves notice. The Hebrew, the Vulgate, and our Authorized Version have in the concluding clause, "Therefore the Lord blessed the *Sabbath day*, and hallowed it." Our Prayer-Book has (following the LXX. τὴν ἑβδόμην) "the Lord blessed the *seventh day*, and hallowed it." The Presbyterians, at the Savoy Conference, noticed this discrepancy, and observed very pertinently, that "King James had caused the Bible to be new translated to little purpose, if the word Sabbath were not restored." They had evidently reason in what they said; and it is difficult to see why the concession demanded was not made. Nothing, except accuracy, is gained on either side by one word or the other, for the Sabbath and the Seventh are so identified throughout the Commandment that it is impossible to distinguish them.†

To return, however, to the Lessons proper. Certain wants require to be supplied, if our Lectionary is to be revised. It is a leading principle of our Reformed Church that Scripture should form a

* I wish the Psalms were translated afresh; or rather, that the present version were revised. Scores of passages are utterly incoherent as they now stand. If the primary visual images had been oftener preserved, the connection and force of the sentences would have been better perceived."—COLERIDGE, *Table Talk*.

† We object, and justly, to Rome for following the Vulgate and for reading "*ipsa conteret*"—yet refuse to correct a small error like that above stated.

part of each devotional exercise. Three times in each week the Litany is directed to be used. We need Lessons to accompany the Litany. For it is possible that in consequence of this defect, on the one hand, the habit has crept in of superadding the Litany to the Morning Service, with which it has no necessary connection, and of which, indeed, it is in many respects a repetition; and on the other, people are dissatisfied with it when it is taken by itself. We need, again, Lessons for a Short Service, which is urgently wanted for children and the poor. We need a liberty on the part of the clergyman, which formerly existed but has been taken away, to vary the Lessons for special occasions, such as a Harvest Thanksgiving and the like, and to avoid repetitions, such as occur sometimes when the Gospel and the Second Morning Lesson coincide. We need authoritative sanction for an alternative in the use of the *Venite* in penitential seasons, for which it does not seem to be adapted. And as the number of Psalms or length of the Psalter portion of our Service is too great in our Morning and Evening Services (as these Services exist at present), we need, unless some other remedy can be devised, such a re-arrangement of the monthly order as shall provide for a third or Litany Service at least three times in the week, or twelve or thirteen times in the month. Perhaps also we need such a selection of Psalms, independently of that above indicated, as may accompany a short, easy Morning or Evening Service for every day.

It will be evident from the above enumeration of the changes more or less urgently called for, that the Revision of the Lectionary is beset with greater difficulties than are evident on the first raising of the subject. No mere re-arrangement of the Daily and Special Lessons, such as that recommended by the Presbyter of the Diocese of London, or of the Special Lessons, such as that recommended by the Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Vaughan, will be adequate for the purpose. If simplicity, if pointedness of moral, if freedom from mental confusion, if receiving of the Divine Word to the improvement of practice and the benefit of the soul—in a word, if edification is to be effectually promoted, a greater change is demanded than any which would be effected by an improved distribution of Scripture over the year, and for its special seasons. I confess that I should deprecate so partial a proceeding as should go no further than this; it would unsettle men's minds without satisfying them. I have not, however, even thus stated, after all, the main difficulty which lies in the way of a Revision of the Lectionary, if the main object, *edification*, is to be kept in view steadily and compassed effectually. It is a difficulty far surpassing that of subdivision, or redivision, or selection, or adaptation to this or that service, or this or that holy season. It is not a question how much, or how little, or where, or to whom, or

when, something is to be read; it is a question relating to *what* is read itself. In a word, it involves, if not a retranslation, yet at least a revision of the existing translation of the Bible and a reconstruction of the text, at least of the New Testament, and partially of the Old. Let me give my reasons for this conclusion, which I have arrived at with great reluctance, and not until after long and careful comparison of our existing Version with the originals, and long and anxious consideration of the way in which the existing Version conveys the meaning of the original to the multitude. It will not be supposed that I undervalue the mingled majesty* and simplicity of a large portion of our Authorized Version; or that I am unaware how hard it is to surpass it or even to equal it in these respects; or that I speak or even think disparagingly of those great and learned men who produced it, or rather re-fashioned the translation of their predecessors, in 1611; or that I consider it to be the same thing to revise a Version now, when people are more generally acquainted with it, than they were then; or again, that I believe any very grievous or perilous misrepresentation of God's truth to be contained in the Authorized Version. Let me be acquitted of any such indiscriminating, irreverent, inconsiderate, and libellous thoughts. Still, I must lay down certain positions respecting it, which I know weigh very powerfully upon many of my brethren of the clergy and of the laity, and which I think should be appreciated by those who take in hand, or who urge the taking in hand, the work of the Revision of the Lectionary.

The positions are several, but they may be summed up in one sentence.

"The Authorized Version does not, either to the clergy or to the laity, present the edification which an Authorized Version, supposed to be the most learned and most faithful possible, should present."

For, not to mention mere archaisms of language,

Firstly, the translation of the Books of the Epistles generally is such as to require far more amendment than any re-distribution of chapters, or any subdivision of paragraphs, could possibly effect. In many cases terms are inaccurately rendered; in some the meaning of sentences is mistaken; in some the argumentative transition from one clause to another is utterly obscured by improper rendering of particles, illative being confounded with explanatory, and *vice versa*; in some a text of the original has been employed which manuscripts, either more recently discovered or more carefully collated since the date of 1611, and the appliances of more modern criticism, have shown to be incorrect.

* Coleridge has said, "Intense study of the Bible" (meaning thereby our Authorized Version) "will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style."

Secondly, the translation of the Prophets, taken as a whole, is not much more satisfactory; and to the ordinary reader or hearer, these documents, which from their very nature are to a certain extent obscure, are in some parts rendered almost unintelligible.

Thirdly, the translations of the Gospels, the Books of Moses, and the Historical Books of the Old Testament have fewer objections to be urged against them. But here, as well as elsewhere, the delicacy of the Greek inflections, on the one hand, has frequently escaped the Translators; while, on the other, there is no doubt that the improved knowledge of Hebrew which has been attained of late years might be brought to bear with advantage on the rendering of a vast number of passages.

Fourthly, were this work fairly undertaken, a great many desirable objects would be gained.

1. Truth, accuracy, and perspicuity. I need only mention their names.

2. The escape of the reproach that while in England the Bible is perhaps more prized, and more commented on, and more illustrated than in any other country of the world, the benefit of all this labour is confined to a few, the multitude being left to idolize an imperfect Version, which has not been retouched for 250 years, but which it is considered almost disloyal, if not sacrilegious, to impugn.

3. The removal of the snare which an inaccurate Version throws in the way of young scholars. Every instructor knows that it is the hardest thing in the world to make a boy construe his Greek Testament. Instead of using his scholarship as he would on any other book, he throws it aside, and endeavours to force the Greek to the English.

4. The banishment of that confusing practice to which an inaccurate Version too often constrains the clergy. I mean that of correcting the rendering of a text in the course of their sermons. The laity, I know, are very impatient of this. They either accuse the clergyman of pedantry, or say, Why do not these men, who, as individuals, seem so dissatisfied with the present Version, combine and provide something better?

5. The meeting a want which exists indeed at present, but which will, I fear, become every day more urgent—I mean the want of a generally learned clergy. Of course there are many who are able to consult the original of the New Testament, and a few who are able to consult the original of the Old Testament. But there are many also, and as the number of imperfectly educated clergy is increased, there will be many more, utterly unable to do this—men good and earnest, no doubt, but not mighty in the Scriptures, because unable to decipher them in the languages in which they were written. At present it is anything but agreeable to hear a clergyman floundering

through the 16th chapter of Romans: to hear Andronicus pronounced Andronicus; Urbane turned into Urbānē; Aristobūlus, Asyncritus, Patrōbas, and Timōtheūs, travestied into Aristobūlus, Asyncritus, Patrōbas, and Timōtheus. Of course, no improved translation would obviate this: but it is worse to hear a sermon on Christian perfection founded on, "Finally, brethren, farewell: be perfect"* (2 Cor. xiii. 11, *καταρτίζεσθε*: compare *κατάρτισιν* in verse 9, and *καταρτίζοντες τὰ δίκτυα*), when the word really means, "repair the rents in your communion." And worse still, to have the verse of the Three Heavenly Witnesses selected for a motto of a discourse on the Trinity, without a suspicion on the preacher's part, or an indication to the hearers, of the doubtful genuineness of the passage. Such matters might be amended by Revision of Version. I admit that it would be best not to have any unlearned clergy. Meanwhile, however, and until this desirable state of things shall be brought about, it seems to be our duty to provide as good an English representative of the Inspired Volume as the age can possibly supply.

6. The mere attempt at a new Authorized Version would, I am sure, put an end to various unfounded notions that are floating in the mind of the public. It would show (indeed, the essay of the Five Clergymen on the Gospel of St. John, the Romans, and the Two Epistles to the Corinthians, has shown already) that accuracy may be attained without any such change of rhythm, or such violent substitutions of renderings, as would shock the conservative tendencies of the admirers of the present Version. It would show, again, to those who assert that we are afraid to meet the enlightenment of modern scholarship, that Christianity and the Church have nothing to fear from the most minute investigation into the character and meaning of their title-deeds.

7. But the greatest benefit of all would be the bringing home the full and legitimate meaning of the Holy Volume, which, if rightly understood, is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, to the head or heart of the English reader or hearer—in fact, the promotion of his *edification*.

I trust that the difficulties which I have stated are not—I believe they are not—insurmountable. Reconstruction of the Biblical Text, and Revision of the Authorized Version, are no doubt grave undertakings, but I believe that there is a great and an increasing call for their being attempted; and I believe further, that greatly as the mere mention of them increases the difficulties, already great, in the way of a Revision of the Lectionary, no such Revision can be satisfactory

* In Cruden, "be perfect" is under the head *perfect*, as if it were *τελειοι*, and this circumstance misleads those who do not consult the original.

without them. It would be a patchwork performance—a perverse assertion of the doctrine of finality—an acknowledgment that while every other sort of knowledge is susceptible of more practical application to useful purposes as time goes on, scholarship alone cannot be improved in its practical application in a field peculiarly its own.

I feel, however, that I am bound, by the terms of my subject, and by the obligation of summing up what has been adduced, to offer a few hints as to the manner in which these difficulties in the way of the Revision of our Lectionary may be met.

The Ritual Commission, I fear, composed of men intensely occupied in other employments, and, though highly educated, not for the most part scholars or theologians by profession, appointed originally for a purpose totally different, to which this subject has been irregularly tacked on, goaded to haste by an impatient outcry, more annoying than the importunity with which King James urged the Translators of the Bible, in 1611, to complete their task, will be found unable to effect what is required. And indeed it may be doubted whether the terms of their appointment are sufficiently large to authorize their undertaking a Revision of the comprehensive and searching character which I have endeavoured to set before you.

We want, first, well-read theologians and linguists, who shall give themselves up for the time entirely to the work, and who shall be adequately remunerated for it. They should have a well-constructed system of correspondence and co-operation, labouring at first in committees or companies on portions of the text and translation, and then unitedly going through the whole. Men of varied qualifications should find place amongst them—verbal and accurate scholars, scholars of refined acquaintance with the capabilities of the English as well as of the original languages, scholars ripe and good in patristical and modern theological literature, and in every department which may throw light upon the Bible. So much has been done already, so much exists in the books of the learned in a condition for use, that execution of the task would proceed with comparative rapidity under the hands of men who know where to look for information. Indeed, the apparatus necessary seems already to be in a state of forwardness, in the existence of the machinery for what is called “the Speaker’s Commentary.”

The canons of their proceedings might be: Having obtained the best possible Text, without partiality or leaning to any particular school of theology,

1. They should make no change in the Authorized Version for the mere sake of change, but should study, as far as may be, the retention of the words, and turns of expression, rhythmical cadences with

which we are so familiar, and our very familiarity with which makes us regard it with a jealous and almost idolatrous affection.

2. But this being premised, the translation should proceed without regard to the present division into chapters, paragraphs, or even verses, all of which are frequently very misleading. Regard should be paid in the Law, and in the Historical parts of the Old Testament, to the distinct narratives or topics, or to the breaks in the same narrative or topic. In the Prophecies, to the natural divisions presented by the subject, the variations of the supposed speakers, the breaks suggested by the intervention of narrative, to the exhibition (which is now entirely lost) of the parallelisms, and the like. So, *mutatis mutandis*, with the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Job, &c. In the Gospels the same method should be pursued; and in the Epistles, a careful study of the argument, of its transitions, of its parenthetical illustrations, of its interjectional sentences, will suggest divisions and subdivisions, at once most appropriate and most perspicuous. The Revelation should be revised much on the same principle as the Prophetical Books of the Old Testament.

3. This done, a comparison should be instituted between the spontaneous divisions and subdivisions thus obtained, and the Chapter divisions of the present Version. Where it is found possible, an approximation should be made to it; not, indeed, so as to make the new chapters of the same length, but to make the New Version as little different from the Old, as to the beginnings of chapters, as the circumstances will admit.

4. Then a careful re-distribution of the chapters thus obtained should be made into paragraphs, and lastly into verses, in which it will—unless I am greatly mistaken—be found feasible to retain, in very many instances, the verses already in use. But the improvement produced will be marvellous, in perspicuity of style, and in comprehension of the subject in hand. If any one doubts this, let him compare any chapter he likes in the Revised Version, already alluded to, by the Five Clergymen, with the existing Version.

The Revision of the Version being supposed to be completed under the conditions or canons thus stated, the next thing will be to apply it to the purposes of a Daily Lectionary.

I would propose utterly to omit the Apocrypha; I would almost as soon read Memoirs of Bishop Bedell or Bishop Wilson in the church; and out of the Old Testament, consisting, as we will now assume, of chapters greatly shortened, to frame a series of First Lessons for Morning and Evening Prayer throughout the Year. A good deal will have to be omitted, of course: the Song of Solomon entirely. The Psalms will be employed for another part of the Service. Many genealogies, and other less edifying parts, need not be read in public.

A good many of the obscurer prophecies may be omitted partially or altogether; and portions only of the Kings and Chronicles—arranged, however, so as to present, as nearly as possible, a continuous history—will be required. And the Lessons from the Book of Job may be much reduced in number.

The result, I think, will be that the Old Testament, or the greater part thereof, will be read over, in First Lessons of moderate length, of perspicuous style, and comprehensive and clear arrangement, once every year. It may be remarked, in passing, that the American Church has revised her Daily Lectionary somewhat, but only somewhat, on the principle given above. She has omitted the Apocrypha;* but has timidly forbore to introduce the Books of Chronicles into public notice. Hence her revision is by no means a complete one, and there are other marks, upon which we need not dwell here, of its incompleteness. As to the New Testament, which I have supposed to be revised and re-arranged in the same manner as the Old Testament, it will, I think, be found possible—even though the Book of Revelation, or parts of it, are contained in the course—to read it over, in the form of Second Lessons, *twice* every year. Four months are gained by the abandonment of *thrice* in the year. And I believe it would be advisable to read the Gospels and the Acts for the Second Lessons in the Morning, the Epistles and the Revelation for the Second Lessons in the Evening, during the former half of the year, and to invert this method in the latter half. The American Church has adopted the amendment of twice for thrice in the year; but she has not ventured to include the Book of Revelation in her course, or to invert the employment of the Gospels and Acts, and the Epistles, in the manner which I have suggested.

The next subject to be approached is that of the Lessons for Sundays and Holy-days. The Second Lessons for ordinary Sundays are of course provided for by the arrangement proposed for the Daily Lectionary. This, besides remedying immoderate length, will also meet the existing complaint, that Morning worshippers only hear the Gospels and Acts, Evening worshippers only what are called the doctrinal parts of the New Testament.

The First Lessons for the Mornings of Sundays should be gone over with great care and attention. The Revisers will of course have the New Version in hand, but they will keep in mind the general principles on which the existing Lectionary is founded, that of having on certain great days passages peculiarly appropriate, and on ordinary Sundays, first, a historical series illustrative of God's dealings with His chosen people; then an educational series, *i. e.* from the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes; then a prophetic series, *i. e.* selections from the

* Yet the American Church retains the Apocrypha for some Holy-days.

Prophets, culminating in the great Messianic Prophet Isaiah. It seems to be desirable not to use the Apocrypha even for Saints' Days. Lessons for example of life and instruction of manners will readily be found in the Proverbs. Of course, being taken from the revised Versions, the Chapters for Lessons will be shorter; and general edification being kept in view, several substitutions of passages will be made.

As to the Psalms—of which, however, I shall say more presently—Canticles, Occasional Sentences, the Lord's Prayer, the Commandments, the Apostolical Benediction, and every other direct quotation from Holy Scripture, which occurs in the Prayer-book, it seems but reasonable that the new Version should be adopted, as the most recent and the most approved. The managers of the last Review sanctioned this principle when they adopted the translation of 1611 for the selected Epistles and Gospels, and one cannot see any legitimate hindrance to its being carried yet further.

The Epistles and Gospels themselves, with the exception of a few of the latter, which require considerable abbreviation, might, *as to matter*, remain generally as they are. As they stand, indeed, at present, several of the Epistles are somewhat obscure, either from the circumstance of their being separated injudiciously from their context, or from their having been made from an unsatisfactory text, or from their containing archaic phrases or terms. But these blemishes would be remedied by the adoption of the revised Version, and in a few instances by additions or curtailments, in order to produce unity of argument or inculcation of singleness of moral.

The Psalms, which we have supposed hereafter to present only one version, which for the purposes of the Prayer-book would be pointed for chanting, need not, I think, be re-arranged. If the Lessons are reduced in length, and if the Litany is always separated from the Morning Service, there would seem to be little or no reason for interfering with the existing cycle. Another Psalm might indeed be allowed on certain occasions to take the place of the *Venite*, which seems to be singularly inappropriate for penitential days or seasons. In this matter the Rubric of the American Church offers a good suggestion; "Then shall be said or sung the following Anthem (*Venite*), except on those days for which other Anthems are appointed; and except also when it is used in the course of the Psalms on the 19th day of the month." For special solemnities, whether national or local, permission might be given to the clergy to select appropriate Psalms, or at least to use certain authorized selections;* and the liberty which used to exist as to selecting appropriate Lessons, might, *quoad hoc*, be restored to them.

* The American Church, besides selections for Christmas Day, Good Friday, Ascension Day, and Whitsunday, has ten other selections of Psalms to be used instead of the Psalms for the day, at the discretion of the Minister.

Only two more wants require to be noticed ; that of Lessons to accompany the Litany, and that of Lessons and Psalms for a Short Service for the poor and for children.

It would, I think, be very inconvenient to attempt to provide for the twelve or thirteen Litany days in each month, by Lessons for that purpose only, in the Daily Lectionary. In fact, the varying times of the occurrence of the Litany days would render this almost impossible. It would seem to be a simpler expedient to authorize the use by the clergyman, for the Litany—as is done, I know, already in some places without authority—of some one of the Lessons of the day, whether ordinary or special, or of the Epistle or Gospel of the day (if any), on which he might found catechizing or a short lecture. Very few people are likely to attend three services in the day, and a clergyman might be guided by the circumstances of his parish as to which Lesson he would employ.

And the Short Service which has been supposed might be provided for in a similar way. If it took place in the Morning, the Morning Lessons, or portions of them, at the discretion of the clergyman, might be used : if later in the day, the Evening Lessons, or portions of them. The use of a whole or of part of these Lessons would vary according to circumstances, such as the age, condition, or education of the worshippers. So, too, a portion of the Morning or Evening Psalms might be aptly employed. The Prayers, of course, would be selected from those authorized by the Prayer-book.

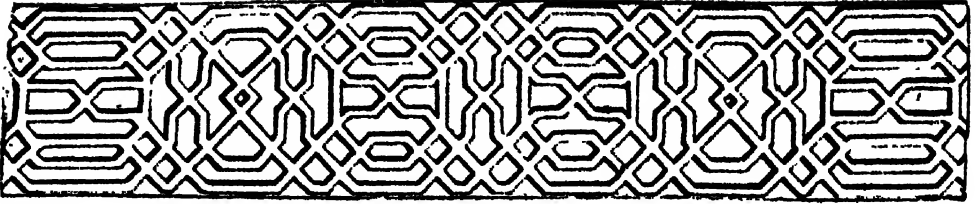
Such are the hints—they are intended for nothing more—which I venture to throw out for the removal of the difficulties which appear to exist in the subject of the Revision of the Lectionary.

If the proposals appear revolutionary, I reply, the evil is great and cannot be remedied by slight measures. Our Version was revised in 1611, and used as improved, for the Lessons immediately, for the Epistles and Gospels in 1662 ; yet no cry of Liturgical revolution was elicited. And, be it remembered, the Prayer-book proper is not touched by anything that has been proposed.

It may be said that the proposals are American. Be it so. This will only prove that the American Church has been less timid than our own.

It may be pleaded that the time for action in this matter, to the extent proposed, has not yet come. I reply, what time can be better for a Revision of the Translation, and for a better adaptation of the Bible to our wants, than the present, when there is a grand movement in favour of Biblical study? Men will not, and ought not to be contented much longer with a representation of their most sacred books which, though creditable in the highest degree to the age in which it was made, is acknowledged on all hands to be unworthy of the more advanced scholarship of the present day.

JAMES AUGUSTUS HESSEY.



THE CRY OF THE WOMEN.

AMONG the many cries which fill the social atmosphere, perhaps there is none which is more persistently repeated from the most various quarters than that which we may call "the woman's cry," of the rights and wrongs of women. It is true that there is, as might be expected, something feminine in the tone in which these wrongs are urged; there is none of the knock-me-down swagger about them which indicates to the practised eye that an Irish Church question or a Reform Bill is now ripe for party uses. Even the masculine champions of the cause seem to speak in shriller and less business-like accents than usual, when they claim for women the right to vote, the right to hold property, the right to practise medicine, in a word to share in all the duties and privileges of the stronger sex. It is true again that the fact of an outcry being raised, cannot by itself be taken as a proof that there is any justification or reason for the outcry. In the present day especially, there are so many motives which lead people to make themselves conspicuous; there is so much love of excitement, so much straining after the appearance of novelty or originality, and this, too, mixed with a kind of pseudo-sentimentalism which lends a special attraction to all that touches on the mutual relations of the sexes, that some may be inclined to seek no further for an explanation of the agitation on this subject. Is there anything, then, to show that it is not a mere factitious excitement but genuine fer-

mentation of opinion springing from deep-felt wants? wants and opinions which ought to be taken notice of by wise reformers, though they may threaten no Fenian outrages, no destruction of park-railings, to give them importance in the eyes of parliamentary politicians. The best proof that we have here such a true *vox populi*, is the wide existence of the feeling which may be generally described as a dissatisfaction or revolt against the position assigned to women by custom, whether fixed in law or floating in opinion, and, again, the variety of forms which this dissatisfaction assumes. From the "Princess" and from the *Saturday Review*, from College Dons and from Belgravian ladies, from novels and from Blue Books, from the pulpit and from the polling booth, comes the many-voiced cry for education, occupation, independence, and, again, the recrimination against emancipated women and the "girls of the period."

In dealing with this mass of subjects we shall perhaps do best to start from a fact which has been often alleged as one main cause of the prevailing desire for change. Our present system, it is said, goes upon the supposition that every woman is to marry and be supported by her husband; whereas the fact is that there are in the British Isles some half million more females than males, while there is, moreover, a growing indisposition to marry among the men of the upper classes. Some people speak as though this superabundance of women were an evil which propagated itself, and men were dying out of the world by a process of natural selection. It is of course perfectly easy to explain. In each year there are about the same number of boys and girls born, with a slight preponderance, as statistics show, in favour of boys. But the boys as they grow up are more exposed to accidents, and go abroad in larger numbers as soldiers, sailors, traders, colonists, and also as professional men or in government employ. On the other side we have colonies crying out for women, and Miss Rye's benevolent agency for supplying the demand.

What is of importance here to notice, and rather more difficult to explain, is that the disproportion of the sexes does not seem to have the same effect in the lower as in the upper classes. Among the country poor it is a rare thing to meet with an old maid. This is to be in part accounted for by the great demand for domestic servants, sempstresses, &c., which drains off the superfluous female population from the cottages to the towns, and partly from the fact that all the men marry, and marry early. In both these respects we find the case different in the higher classes. There is no career open to unmarried ladies such as domestic service affords for their poorer and, in this respect, happier sisters, and servants supply to the well-to-do bachelor many of the comforts which a poor man can only obtain through marriage. There are of course other reasons, some praise-

worthy, some the reverse, for the postponement of marriage in the upper and middle classes ; the chief of these being a greater development of prudent forethought, a higher standard of domestic comfort, a higher ideal of female companionship : for less creditable motives we may refer to the correspondence which crops up periodically in the papers when there is a dearth of news.

We propose, then, in this article to confine our attention to the evidence of dissatisfaction existing among educated women, not merely because the fact of their education makes them the natural spokes-women for their sex, and awakens their minds to possibilities of improvement which are still out of the view of the uneducated, but also because the grievances referred to, *i.e.*, the difficulty of marriage, and the want of a fitting career for the unmarried, do not really exist in any other class. To this we should add, what gives a special sting to these grievances, the straitened means which make it important for many to do something towards maintaining themselves, and the great increase of late years in the number of persons who lay claim to the position of ladies and crowd the few avenues which are open to them.

Now what are the effects which we might expect to follow from the causes here alluded to, namely, that many families belonging to the educated classes are in reality poorer than families below them in the social scale, and find a great difficulty in feeding their useless mouths ; that very often the death of the father leaves the family in absolute want ; that the only alternative before the daughters is then marriage, or the chances of an overstocked and underpaid profession, that of governess—the alternative, that is, between comfort and respectability on the one hand, and poverty and humiliation on the other ; lastly, that a large proportion must in any case remain unmarried, and that, whether rich or poor, they find all existing arrangements adapted, as it might seem, exclusively for those who are married. It will not be denied that this is the general state of the case, though there are of course exceptions ; thus, a certain number of maiden aunts are very convenient institutions, and appreciated in society as such, and unusual wealth or talent makes a position independent of marriage ; but, taking the above account as being generally true, let us examine how far it is calculated to give rise to the discontent of which we have spoken.

The first effect of the state of things described is to give a wrong character to marriage ; it is no longer a contract freely entered into between equal parties, but the one party is driven to it as a refuge, while the other, perhaps, shrinks from it as a burden. The desirableness of marriage, in a social point of view, is continually forcing itself upon the girl, and both she and her parents, if poor, are under strong temptation to take active measures for bringing it about ; yet the

slightest suspicion of such a step is sufficient to bring down on the offenders the censure of society, that very society which insists on giving unfair advantages to marriage, while, on the other hand, it visits with yet fiercer obloquy those who would endeavour to escape altogether from competition for the coveted prize by taking shelter in convents or sisterhoods. Upon this subject it is sufficient to quote the language used by the Lord Chief Justice in his summing up of the Saurin case:—

“You may think that withdrawing women from the sphere for which by nature they were intended, that of being wives and mothers, and thus forming and cementing ties on which, in the main, human happiness must rest,—that this is an attempt to obliterate human instincts, to chill human affections, or, at all events, to repress them within the narrow bounds of an artificial and unnatural life, contrary to the laws of nature and the ordinances of God.”

A dispassionate observer can hardly avoid the conclusion that there is too much truth in the cynical avowal of one of the periodicals, that men would not find it answer their purpose to allow women to do as they pleased about marrying. Yet after all, this male selfishness is as blind as selfishness usually is. It is true that its first effect is to inflict undeserved suffering on others by giving a wrong bias to the education of girls. How many are there who have been brought up only with a view to marriage, and have afterwards found themselves entirely unfitted for battling with the world in that single state which has turned out to be their ultimate destiny! But, in the second place, society at large is the loser to an unknown extent by refusing a sphere to all that portion of its energy and force which happens to be centred in unmarried female bodies. Lastly, both society at large, and each man in particular, suffer still more from the lowering of the feminine ideal, which necessarily ensues when she who “should be wooed and not unsought be won” condescends to be herself the wooer. King Arthur could hardly say of a feeling made up of anxiety for position and livelihood on the one side, and, on the other, gratification at flattery, a little dashed by the suspicion of being taken in, that he

“Knew

Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid ;
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.”

In writing thus we are aware that we lay ourselves open to indignant protest from many of our readers. “What a libel,” it will be said, “upon the young men and young women of England to speak of their

feelings about marriage in such terms!" We most gladly admit that it would be an utterly groundless libel if we were to speak of this as universally the case. We fully believe that there are thousands upon thousands of English girls, now growing up, who are worthy of the best of their ancestresses, who carry about them an infection of sweetness and happiness which nothing can resist, a gracious dignity which has never been tarnished by a selfish thought, and would never stoop to gain any selfish advantage. We will grant also that there are thousands of men who are worthy to have the treasure of such a life committed to their keeping, worthy with that worthiness which comes from a deep sense of unworthiness, joined with a boundless devotion, and the felt impossibility of ever being satisfied with anything lower than the best. But, granting all this, we say that in our present social arrangements there is much to substitute other and more mixed feelings in the place of these. When the prospect of want stares a girl in the face, how is it possible to dissever the ideas of marriage, and of a livelihood? When, as the chance of marriage recedes, she feels herself gradually less the object of attention, slighted by the side of her inferiors, who may have chanced to win the prize in the race; when she finds herself left stranded with only secondary interests in the life which goes on around her, is it to be wondered at if she becomes fretful and morbid? Here again we gladly admit that the fact is often very different from what we might have expected beforehand. There are a very large number of single ladies who seem impervious to all that the world can do against them, retaining their brightness and happiness through every period of life, and finding a sphere of cheerful usefulness in any circumstances. As the British soldier is said never to know when he is beaten, so these, with their resolute contentment and power to see the best in everything, would somewhat indignantly repudiate the supposition that their condition is one of hardship or inferiority; and it is with a mixture of wonder and pity, half angry, half contemptuous, that they listen to the murmurings of their weaker sisters. Yet still the latter have fact on their side. It is no morbid imagination, but matter of fact, that while every provision is made for the education of boys, by splendid endowments, and the absorption of some of the best intellect in the country into the class of teachers, no such provision has been made for girls; it is matter of fact that while a man, who has to make his way in life, has his choice of a great variety of professions or employments, all more or less interesting and honourable, women are almost confined to one ill-paid and slightly-esteemed profession; it is matter of fact that while charitable work, and artistic work, are at least as much practised by women as by men, it is only in the case of the latter that the rule holds good, "the labourer is worthy of his

hire." Lastly, however much sensible people may deplore it, it is matter of fact that while marriage makes little or no difference in the estimation in which a man is held, an unmarried woman, who has passed the ornamental age, stands, to some extent, in an inferior position, not only according to vulgar estimate, but according to the customs of society. It is not of course implied here that any would grudge a tenderer homage and reverence to the wife and mother who most truly represents her sex in bearing the curse of Eve, but surely it shows a sad decline in chivalrous, not to say Christian, feeling, when weakness by itself is no longer held a title to honour. We do not deny that virtue triumphs under difficulties like these, "merses profundo pulchrior evenit," but, for all that, there are probably fewer virtuous people, and so it is to be feared that for each who has come out from trial like pure gold refined by the fire, there are others who have succumbed in the unequal struggle.

Having, then, allowed all that can be said on the one side, let us look for a little at the other side, at those who yield more or less to these unfavourable influences, and begin with being fast girls, to end, as too often happens, with being peevish and useless old maids. Since men are repelled by having to break the ice in their intercourse with women, they strive to make things easy for them by showing that reserve is entirely unneeded, that they are up to any experiences and prepared to sympathise with any tastes. And thus we have the *Saturday Review's* "Girl of the Period," a sketch so repulsive, that it is stated to have had a very injurious effect on the cause of female education in India. If English girls are such we prefer our own, is the natural reflection of the Hindoo gentleman, and the missionary's wife is accordingly banished from the zenana. The writer of the article no doubt meant it for a mere piece of rhetorical exaggeration, assuming that those who were likely to read it would be able to make the necessary qualifications for themselves; but we fear that it has been the cause of much mischief elsewhere than in India, especially since its circulation in a cheap form has made it accessible to a class of readers who are without the special knowledge which would enable them to distinguish between the basis of fact and the superstructure of imaginative satire. Such readers may be roughly divided into *imitators* and *abhorrrers*, the former being much the larger class, if we take in all who secretly and inwardly worship an idol which they conceive to be fashionable life, while the latter and noisier class are mostly under the same magnetic influence (though for the moment it may show itself in repulsion rather than attraction), and would be ready, with a little encouragement, to pass over to the other side. What can be worse for the one than to have a vicious and coarse vulgarity held out as

the pattern they should aim at; or, for the other, than to have fresh fuel for the hatred which they feel or affect to feel towards all that is more favoured by fortune? It is in itself a pregnant sign of the times that articles such as the "Frisky Matron," and the more famous one just alluded to, should have been suffered to appear, week after week, in the pages of a journal like the *Saturday*, even if we should be prepared to grant that, as representations of general fact, they are little better than odious slanders.

But, having granted this, what are we to say of the love-making which forms the main topic of popular novels, especially those novels by authoresses which *Punch* fitly represents to be *patribus detestata*, the terror of fathers of families. We except, of course, those by Miss Yonge and Miss Sewell and others, the legitimate successors of Miss Austen, who still know how to preserve the delicacy and beauty of pure and refined sentiment; but there are many scenes from lady novelists where sentiment entirely disappears in the violence of passion, reminding us of nothing so much as Thomson's description of

"the savage kind
Growling their horrid loves."

In speaking of this subject it becomes necessary to take into our view wider considerations than we have yet dealt with. The change in the manners of girls may be partly accounted for by the keener competition for matrimony and the immensely-widened compass of society. What we may loosely term educated society embraces now many who have not been bred up in habits of refinement, and the daughters introduce into the drawing-room the pushing and not over-scrupulous energy by which their fathers have prospered in the city. But what is probably the chief cause of the change is a laxer view of social morality. If we consider that the supports on which this morality rests are in the main individual conviction (which may be philosophical, but is more often religious), traditional sentiment, general custom, fashion, and propriety, we fear that there is not one of these supports which is not being more or less undermined in the upper classes of society at the present time. Both material and moral causes tend to bring about this result. The vast changes produced by modern inventions and discoveries seem to separate us so widely from our ancestors, that the fact of their having held a belief or a custom is rather a proof with many that it must be unsuited for us; and the elder generation seem themselves to be half-conscious of this, "moving about in worlds not realized," feebly bemoaning the past, or pitifully trying to learn from their young masters the last catch-words of progress. Rapid changes in political

life tend to increase the same revolutionary spirit, which exhibits itself most distinctly in speculation and philosophy, and reacts again more powerfully on practical life when armed with scientific formulas. It may provoke a smile to say that fashions in flirtation vary with fashions in philosophy, but the truth of it will not be denied by the student of history; and indeed it requires but very little reflection to discover the connection between them. Young ladies may not themselves have read a page of Mill or Darwin or Bain or Comte; they may never even have met any one who has done so; and yet, from newspapers and reviews, or passed on from mouth to mouth, they get some vague ideas that these are great and wise men, and that whatever comes from them is to be received as the latest utterance of the wisdom of the nineteenth century. The maxims which are supposed to be stamped with this authority have naturally lost something of their original character; it may even be doubted whether in their final form they would not be as distasteful to the reputed authors as to their bitterest opponents. We will take for instance such a book as Mill's "Utilitarianism," and ask what is the net result or essence of the book as it comes filtered through to the general understanding? Is it not tolerably certain that the part most characteristic of the author's own mind, the subtle reasoning by which he builds up a system of universal philanthropy, and the importance of each man's disregarding his own happiness, will be all lost on the way, while the unpromising foundation, "Whatever is productive of happiness is right," will be regarded as the one true principle and test of morality? In the same way Professor Bain becomes the authority for the notion that "feeling and thinking are the results of bodily organization, and must come to an end with that." Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley are supposed to have proved that "man was never created, but has developed himself out of—it does not much matter what—and differs from the lower animals merely in having had rather a longer course of development;" while Comte has shown that religion and philosophy belong to the dark ages, and that we need trouble ourselves about nothing but matter of fact. Even matter of fact seems to vanish in mist when we turn to the historians and find each labouring to upset the conclusions of his predecessors, Catiline and Henry VIII. changing their hues as we read, and Thucydides and Tacitus convicted of perversion of facts. And if still the ingenuous youth or maiden holds fast to some fragment of childish faith and turns to the Church for support, they are confronted, on the one hand, by the apparition of a bishop proving that the Bible is a fiction, on the other, by a Bampton lecturer proving that religion is incomprehensible, and involves contradictions, while the space beyond is all filled up with the puerile follies of

ritualism and the confused Babel of endless controversy. Out of all this what wonder if the creed of the future should be shaping itself somehow as follows:—I believe that Christianity is not true; I believe that there is no future after death; I believe that the one duty of man is to get as much pleasure as he can during his lifetime; I believe that success is the only test of right; and for the rest I believe in each man's absolute freedom of action and opinion? What wonder if, since passions and appetites retain their strength while controlling principles are weakened, we should be told of the spiritual wives of America, and of excesses in our own theatres which call for the interference of the Lord Chamberlain?

Of course, in thus describing the tendencies of our age, we are not forgetful that there is much on the other side which is inspiring and hopeful, but we have little doubt that the tendencies described are really operative to a great extent upon the less earnest minds, and that the changed manners of society are in part attributable to them.

Thus far, we have considered the effects of the increasing uncertainty of marriage, and the disadvantageous position of single women, with reference particularly to those who accept the circumstances in which they find themselves, and enter with keener competition into the struggle as the prize becomes more difficult of attainment. We have next to consider those who, with more feeling of womanly dignity, prepare themselves for the changed order of society, and putting marriage altogether on one side, aim at making for themselves a sphere of independent interest and usefulness. In some the protest against present custom is unconscious; to themselves they would probably seem to be merely suiting their own individual conduct to the circumstances in which they are placed by Providence; they have no definite intention of altering the condition of women, though much desire to elevate and improve their characters and aims. There are others with whom opposition is conscious and outspoken. As leaders of the movement we may mention the names of Miss Becker, Miss Faithfull, Miss Davies, Miss Cobbe, Miss Garrett, and others, who have made direct attacks on different portions of existing custom. Our space will not permit us to examine all the various points which have thus been brought under discussion; we shall therefore content ourselves with a general expression of our opinion that the attacking party have right on their side, and merely observe in reference to Miss Becker's favourite subject, the extension of the franchise to women, that we regard the late Reform Bill as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the argument which alleges want of independence or of intelligent interest in public affairs as reasons for denying to a Miss Burdett Coutts the right

which is probably now exercised by the humblest of her dependents. We cannot, however, pass over the name of Miss Garrett without expressing our warmest sympathy and admiration at her noble vindication of the healing art as one lying distinctly within the province of woman, at all events when confined, as it has been by her, to the diseases of women and children. It is a blot on the medical profession, that a lady, working with this most excellent end in view, should have had to submit to so much jealous and selfish opposition as report tells of. We cannot doubt, however, that the door thus forced open by the patient determination of one lady, will never be allowed to be closed again, and that a new vocation has thus been won—we ought rather to say reclaimed—for woman, one for which she is eminently fitted by nature, and which will confer untold comfort upon the sex in general.

The topic, however, which is of most importance to us at the present time, as bearing on the practical suggestions with which we hope to close this article, is, that of female education, with which Miss Davies' name is chiefly associated. We are told that men and women no longer understand each other; the husband hides his deeper thoughts from the wife because she would be unable to enter into and sympathise with them, perhaps also fearing to "confuse with shadowed hint a life that leads melodious days." So the mother, it is said, is no longer a true mother to her sons; they live in different spheres or on different planes of thought, at first feeling pain while they vainly attempt to break through the barrier which separates them, but at last content to lower their intercourse almost to a doggish, or what may be called an inter-animal level, with warm affection indeed, but with careful avoidance of all that is of rational or higher human interest. And this comes from the thoroughly defective education of women, trained up to shallowness of thought and showy accomplishment, indifferent to knowledge, incapable of taking an interest in anything beyond the trivial details of their own petty and aimless lives. And then comes in the new philosophy, with its promise of a golden age, when the figment of any mental characteristics peculiar to the sexes having disappeared before the light of a higher civilization, Plato's ideal state shall find its realization on earth, girls shall share the sports and studies of boys, the men shall be as women and the women as men.

This view was ably maintained, in a late number of the *Contemporary*, by Miss Lydia Becker. As we have shown ourselves thus far in general agreement with the more ardent reformers, we must state here why we are compelled to dissent from her conclusions—that there is no difference between the masculine and feminine mind; that girls should have the same education as boys; that, if all were

scientifically educated, the world would advance with double speed along the path of progress, and all the sorrows of humanity would shortly disappear.

We hope that Miss Becker will not think us wanting in respect when we say that, however much we may congratulate ourselves on the fact that there are women who can think and write as she has done, we are no less thankful, and that in the interest of science itself, that there are many who cannot. To say the truth, the word, science, is becoming rather too much of an abracadabra; it really means nothing more than the systematizing of a portion of our thought. As a rule, the special attention required for this purpose cannot but divert the mind from other portions of thought which may be of equal importance in relation to the total fact; and this explains why men of common sense are so often inclined to feel impatient at philosophical theories as contradicting their own experience. The same reason will also explain why a philosopher who has spent half a life in theorizing on the laws of thought, or the diversities of character, is often so egregiously mistaken in his judgment as to the actual character, the actual way of thinking, of individual men. While he is bringing out, as it were, his philosophical apparatus—suing the lens and fixing the focus—the scene may have all shifted before his eyes; and even should he catch it for a moment at rest, he has to sacrifice the broader and more general characteristics while inspecting the minuter features; or, to drop metaphor, while he traces with wonderful ingenuity the various disguises which may be assumed by some one principle of action, he remains blind to the fact that the actions before him proceed from a thousand other principles unnoticed in his philosophy. We cannot help thinking that Miss Becker herself has made a little too much parade of her scientific instruments when she challenges us to decide by one crucial experiment the question of the mental divergence of, what she oddly terms, the “two sexes of man;” taking no note of the fact that from the day when the first woman was created to be the helpmate of the first man, the experiment has been going on all over the world under every possible variety of conditions. May we not call upon her to explain how it is that in so many ages we have no single instance recorded of a woman who has attained the highest eminence in art, or science, or literature? What was there in the circumstances to give to Isaiah his superiority over some “Huldah the prophetess,” to raise a Plato above an Aspasia? What advantages of education had Shakespeare or Burns which were denied to women of their time? Can we conceive the scientific impulse of a Galileo or a Newton checked by the absence of class-lists and prizes, as Miss Becker assures us to be the case with her own sex. She will scarcely

answer, as some have done, that the race is at present stunted and small-brained—we must wait to see what the daughters are when the mothers have been educated for some half-dozen generations; as though the daughters possessed a monopoly of the mothers' mind and brain, and the sons would not gain in equal proportion by any improvement of the breed. On the other hand, is it not a fair argument from analogy, that difference of bodily function will be attended by inward difference of character in the "sexes of man," as we find it to be in the sexes of other animals? With regard to the test proposed by Miss Becker, we fear she would look upon us as little better than scoffers and Philistines if we were to put forward as discriminative propositions—"Babies under a year old are a nuisance," "Justice is better than generosity;" but we will venture to suggest that a more hopeful line of inquiry would be to ascertain from experienced nurses and mothers, what differences they had noticed in boys and girls at an age before the favouritism of education had had time to tell, say under five years old. After all, the question of natural difference is not of much importance for determining the character of female education. Whatever view people may take of the former question, it is impossible to deny that, as far back as we can go in the history of our race, a certain distinctive type of humanity has been universally recognised as the feminine type, and that this shows itself as plainly in the Helen and Nausicaa of Homer as in the Portia and Miranda of Shakespeare. If we are then told that this type, though ancient, is still artificial, merely depending upon education, and that its eradication would tend to the advancement of science—our answer is, that the advancement of science is as nothing in the balance compared with the welfare of mankind, and that the preservation of this type is of such enormous value to civilization that we will guard at all hazards the education, if such there be, to which it is owing.

We repeat, however, that even in the interest of science it is not desirable that everybody should become a scientific observer. "Naturæ subtilitas subtilitatem argumentandi multis partibus superat," says Bacon, and his words may be applied thus: that as, on the one hand, the vastness of nature defies all our efforts to place it before our minds as a definite whole, so on the other, however far we carry our classifications and definitions, there are infinite subtleties of truth which these will never reach, and which only make themselves perceptible to us through the medium of unanalyzed feeling. To the same effect we may quote the language of another philosopher:* "Feeling is a guide which often indicates fact and duty where thought and reason may be able very imperfectly to exhibit

* From an unpublished lecture by the late Prof. Grote.

them." Thus it is often the case that the eye trained only in science is the one which sees least beyond the systematized fact. In weaker minds especially, and unless mixed with other elements of culture, the study of science is apt to lead to affectation or mannerism of thought. Besides, we want our specimens as well as our observers. The natural feelings and convictions of men are the starting-points and tests of philosophical systems, and as it has been a commonplace from the time of Cicero that the purest specimens of language are to be found, not in the treatises of rhetoricians or grammarians, but in the conversation and letters of women of taste and refinement; so it is here that we must seek for our purest specimens of natural feeling, not in some abnormal growth or starved deformity, bred up on the one-sided abstractions or the coarse generalizations with which science must perforce be content.

But, after all, science is smaller than life; and it is not to advance science that we educate our children, but to fit human beings for doing their duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call them. The first thing to be done, in order to determine the kind of education needed, is to know what we really want it to effect. What, for instance, would a sensible father wish that his daughter should be? Suppose we say that he would wish for her, in the first place, a rich, affectionate nature, overflowing with generous sympathies, yet controlled by strong feeling of duty and good common sense; that, in the second place, he might wish for her refined but simple tastes, an eye and ear trained by the practice of music and drawing, a mind which should be "a mansion for all lovely forms, a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies;" add to this the "continual feast" of "a merry heart,"—and what more can ye ask to make a girl happy in herself and the cause of happiness to others? Yet so far we seem to have no occasion for science; it is only as a sort of *comble de bonheur* that we might wish for the breadth of view and wide intellectual interest which may be supposed to follow from a wise study of science, though not more from science than from history or literature.

Another way of determining the kind of education required for girls would be to consider in what respects their future work is likely to differ from that of men, and to make a corresponding difference in the education of the two sexes. One such distinction is perceptible at once with regard to the ordinary sphere of woman: her work is more personal than man's. He has mainly to do things, she mainly to influence persons. There is a difference also in respect to the more general influence of the two sexes upon the tone of society. What man has to learn from woman is, the poet tells us, "sweetness and moral height." And so from the day when Cleomenes was

shamed by his daughter Gorgo into refusing the stranger's bribe, we find that it has been one office of woman not only to hold up an ideal in her own person, but to preach that ideal to others. This is partly, of course, owing to her more secluded life, which saves her from lowering influences of the world outside, but partly also because virtue with her is pure admiration of goodness, while with man it springs more often from cold calculation of consequences. The effect of the ideal thus held up before men, though often blurred through cowardice or weak indulgence, has been, and is, incalculable. Who can tell what it might be in the future if each woman would only be true to her own nature, and join to crush out the lie with which vice ever seeks to excuse itself—that all men are profligates, and “every woman is at heart a rake?”

To sum up, then, our objections to the advanced theory of female education, we are still bigots to the old principle, that “woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse;” and we hold that were it not so, much else besides “sweet love” would be “slain.” Accordingly we would have education adapted to develop the distinctive characteristics of the sex as well as the general characteristics of humanity. Again, we maintain that there has been much exaggeration in the facts alleged by the reformers. There are, no doubt, instances of unhappy families, and of misunderstandings in families otherwise happy; but we believe that these misunderstandings arise more often from difference of age than from difference of sex; while it is not unfrequently the mother's or the sister's power of sympathy, even without full understanding, which heals the estrangement between the son and the father. So, too, when we hear of the deficiencies in female education, we must remember that a not inconsiderable number of women are already educated as highly as any men. We may mention the names of a Mrs. Somerville, a George Eliot, a Miss Martineau, as having given evidence of this to the world; but he is an unfortunate man who cannot number among his acquaintances ladies who, if not equal to the above in natural power, have yet improved their abilities by cultivation as much (if not in the same way) as any of his male friends. We must further remember that those who complain most of these deficiencies are equally severe upon the gross ignorance, the hardness and indifference to knowledge, which are found in men who have passed through the best of our schools and colleges. Contrast for a moment the case of such a youth, who cares for nothing but cricket and boating, with the education which his sister may have received in many a home where the father or mother is the teacher, and the eager enthusiasm of the learner is unmixed with coarser motives of competition, while the lessons are backed up by intelligent conversation of the guests or of

the elder members of the family. What wonder is it that while the brother looks upon literature and science only as a mine for "dodges" in "exams," the sister can bear her part in any rational conversation, and takes an interest in all that is going on in the world around her.

Thus, in opposition to the arguments sometimes used in support of ladies' colleges, we are disposed to say that there is no need to wish for any improvement in the education which is obtained now by some ladies, nor do we see reason to anticipate the appearance of any higher type of womanhood than that of which we have examples already. But having made these reservations, we hasten to admit that there are great defects in the general arrangements for female education. Few homes present the advantages we have supposed. Parents are too busy or too careless to educate either sons or daughters themselves, and at present there is no way in which they can secure good teaching for their daughters, even supposing them to have the will and ability to purchase it. The first want is a class of certificated governesses who, by virtue of their certificate, would be able to command a fair remuneration, and a position not inferior to that of a tutor of equal attainments. In many cases, however, it might be better that a girl should be removed from the distractions of home to a more intellectual atmosphere, where she might feel the stimulus of companionship in study; or if there is no special need of this kind, still it is evident that good teaching in all branches can be provided more easily and cheaply at school than at home. Yet such a school hardly exists at the present time, or, if it does, there is nothing to distinguish it from others. The schools themselves must be under regular examination and inspection, and there must be some mode of testing the qualifications of the school-teachers as well as of governesses. The primary use of a college such as that advocated by Miss Davies would be as a training place for these instructors, but it would have a further and very important use as affording an interval of quiet leisure for girls on their release from the restraints of the school-room before they are plunged into the vortex of life; an opportunity for study under competent guidance, for the formation of useful friendships, in a word, for the attainment of all those varied advantages which are now open to men by means of the existing colleges. Here there are certain rocks of which we must beware, or we may chance to shipwreck our scheme altogether. We are not quite sure whether Miss Davies may not be steering dangerously near one of these, viz., the attempt to imitate our present colleges too closely, whether in general system or in the curriculum for students. As regards the latter, we are inclined to think that there is only one point in which resemblance is essential, and that is, in

the thoroughness with which the work has to be done; but the particular subjects might well be altered: thus we should recommend more of history, literature, art, and natural science, and less of language and mathematics. Experience, however, will, no doubt, be the best guide as to the special alterations which may be needed, and it certainly saves trouble to start with a complete scheme which has been already tried elsewhere. As regards the general system of a ladies' college, it would probably not be disputed that there should be more of family feeling, a closer relationship between the inmates than there need be in colleges for men. Above all, we are convinced that such a college has no chance unless it stands on an unmistakably religious basis. There must be no suspicion that it is a device of freethinkers to undermine the moral or religious principles of the students.

Perhaps we ought to add a few words here on the subject of mixed classes, of which Miss Becker approves so highly. We have no difficulty in believing that the ladies of Dublin find their lectures more agreeable when they are shared with gentlemen, and we can quite understand that they have welcomed with glee the new field of conquest afforded them in the examination-room. What we doubt is, whether, on the one hand, such pleasant proximity might not be too severe a trial for the inherent frivolity of male nature, and, on the other hand, whether, when we come to stiffer subjects than botany and geology, the physical strain of preparing for such an examination, let us say, as that for the Mathematical Tripos at Cambridge, would not be altogether beyond the strength of the great majority of women. At all events, we are sure that Miss Davies and her friends have acted wisely in keeping their new college at a safe distance from the Universities.

We proceed to consider the reforms suggested by those whom we a short time ago described as unconscious reformers—those ladies who are striking out new paths of interest and usefulness for themselves without any deliberate intention of altering the position of women in general. Such interest and occupation is usually found in some kind of charitable work undertaken, as is mostly the case, from religious motives. We do not of course imply that it is a new thing for English ladies thus to devote themselves to good works, but there seems to be something new in the manner of it. Not only the name of deaconess and the establishment of sisterhoods, but the appearance of such books as "Hearts and Hands," "The Missing Link," "A Helping Hand," seems to testify to the greater importance attached to such charitable work as supplying the chief interest of a woman's life, and forming in fact a business or profession in itself.

Taking, then, the idea of organized charitable work as an opening

or vocation which offers itself to ladies at the present time, the following seem to be the points which chiefly call for notice.

The help of ladies is wanted not only in the pleasant country parishes, or the pretty watering-places where they may happen to reside, but much more in the actual haunts of misery and vice, in crowded towns, in workhouses, prisons, and hospitals. Again, there should be some sort of training for this work, and those who give themselves to it should not be left to struggle alone without encouragement, nor should they work without remuneration. All this might be provided for by a central home, where they should receive their previous training, and to which they should be able to return if they pleased.

Another kind of feminine work which engrosses a good deal of attention now is that which may be called, in a general way, artistic. This too is often connected with religion, as is seen in church decoration, illumination, &c. Its more secular aspect is shown in the Female Artists' Exhibition and in the passion for wood-carving and fancy work of all kinds. The chief point for remark here is that the labour thus expended is almost entirely gratuitous. Is there any reason why skill and taste and ingenuity should go without their reward when they are combined with education and refinement? What is needed seems to be an agency which should serve as the medium of communication between the lady-workers and the public, so as to enable the former to judge of the articles most in demand, and to secure to them a fair remuneration.

And now to recapitulate briefly the points which we wish to have borne in mind: our main object is to find a career for unmarried ladies; to provide for them, if possible, a life as full of interest and usefulness as that which the matron finds in the cares of a family. We believe that there is ample room for such a career in educational, charitable, and artistic work, and we venture to propose the following as the rude groundwork of an organization which should put it within the power of any lady to take her part in such work.

1. Our first need is a home in which single women, who have no other social ties, might live together economically and enjoy each other's companionship.

2. Such a home must differ from the convents or sisterhoods with which we are familiar, in allowing as much of individual freedom as is compatible with common life; there must be no vows; its object and purpose should be the comfort and usefulness, not the compulsory asceticism of its members. With this view it must embrace as much as possible of secular as well as of religious interest, though still resting on the basis of religion, which experience proves to be the surest motive for producing habits of active benevolence. Further,

it is essential that the institution should be of considerable size and importance, not only as affording a variety of pursuits and interests, and furnishing scope for the exercise of practical ability in the managers, thus guarding against the miserable pettiness of which we have had examples in the case of Miss Saurin, but also in order to give position and prestige to all who became connected with it.

3. Every person who desired to enter the home should name some work, educational, charitable, or artistic, which she was prepared to undertake; at the same time she should profess her willingness to do to the best of her power that particular work which should be assigned to her by the authorities of the institution, and in other respects she should promise obedience to the rules so long as she continued associated with it. Either party, the authorities or the individual associate, should have power at any time to terminate the connection between them, either by giving a month's notice, or by paying a certain fine if no notice were given.

4. The education carried on should embrace three grades of female schools, corresponding to different classes of society; in each grade there should be a junior and a senior department. The senior department in the two lower grades would be adapted for girls who wished for longer training as servants, dressmakers, pupil-teachers, &c.; in the highest grade it would form the college and governesses' institution, of which we have already spoken. Besides these schools for girls, there might be a school for boys under twelve years of age. The institution would also serve as a registry-office and a home for servants, governesses, and teachers of all sorts.

5. Charitable work should embrace all that is now done by deaconesses and sisters of mercy, as well as the more ordinary duties of a clergyman's wife. The institution itself would be a training place, and a central home for those associates who devoted themselves to work of this kind, but the greater part of them would probably find employment elsewhere. For obvious reasons, it would be desirable that neither a hospital nor penitentiary should be allowed to form part of the institution itself.

6. Artistic work should be understood to include, not only what is properly so called, as painting, illumination, carving, but inasmuch as it is our one great aim to supply variety of occupation to suit every taste and every capacity, it should also include any kind of feminine work. For the sale of such work there would have to be some sort of bazaar or exhibition in connection with the institution.

7. Besides the associates, who would make up the acting part of the community, the institution should afford a home to the widows and orphans of professional men who had been left in bad circum-

stances, and there would probably be no objection to admitting wealthier residents on higher terms, should such be desirous of joining the society.

8. With regard to the pecuniary support of the institution, it might, perhaps, be necessary at first that each associate should contribute something for her board and lodging. After a while it might be hoped that it would become self-supporting, so as to allow of salaries being attached to the more important offices.

9. It is evident that the success of such an institution as is here contemplated would depend in a great measure upon the character of the chief authority. The experience of the Deaconess homes of Germany would probably be found the best guide for determining what should be the form of government. If we take them as our pattern, we should place at the head of our institution a married clergyman, whom we might call the Warden. We would assign to him a good deal more duty, but about the same power, as is possessed by the head of a college at Oxford or Cambridge; and in place of the senior fellows we would have a board consisting partly of the officers of the society, and partly of representatives freely elected from among the associates.

We believe that if an institution of the kind we have sketched out were established in each county in England, it would go far to remove the grievances of which we spoke in the early part of this article, and that its indirect effect would be to improve the condition of women in every class, as well as greatly to benefit the suffering poor. The question then arises, "Is it not a merely Utopian scheme? Is there the least possibility of its being ever carried out?" This is a question for the ladies of England to answer. If they are, as they tell us, and as we see they have good reason to be, so little satisfied with their present position; if they feel themselves cramped and confined, and are longing for a larger sphere of action and of usefulness; here is such a sphere held out to them, one great and noble enough to satisfy the most ambitious longings, difficult enough in its full realization to try the largest capacity. If it is said to be impossible, so it was impossible, the *Times* assured us, for Sherman to march through the Southern States; so it was impossible for Napier to reach Magdala; so it was impossible for Lesseps to cut through the Isthmus. Let no honest and patient worker ever be frightened by *cette bête de mot*. But the possibility of this particular scheme is shown by the fact that it is merely the purified and Protestant form of that which has existed for ages in Roman Catholic countries. The conventual idea involves the different kinds of work of which we have spoken, and much besides; or if a nearer and less suspicious

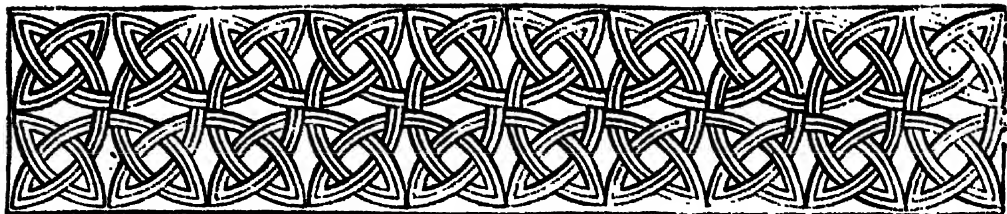
pattern is wanted, we have it at hand in the Deaconess establishments and the Moravian homes of Germany.*

The only thing is to make the start. And here, if there are any who are prepared to take trouble in order to carry out in practice such a scheme as that of which the rough outline is given above, we would urge them to begin with putting their own shoulders to the wheel. If Hercules comes forward with endowments so much the better, but we should take our measures to succeed without them; and as a humble beginning, we suggest the following.

Let three or four ladies whose time is their own, and who have not only a liking for teaching, but have proved their ability to teach, advertise that they will teach for nothing the fatherless children of clergymen. In a little time they will have a nucleus of families round them, from which, with prudence and energy, may be built up such an institution as we advocate. Another way in which we may imagine the same result to be brought about would be by the expansion of any special institution, such as Miss Davies's College, into the larger scheme we have supposed. Such a college is already a governess's institution and home; if it succeeds it is almost sure to have a school growing up in connection with it; and as it is probable that some who have been brought up at the college will have no special ties elsewhere, it may naturally become a home for single ladies: these may not be all perhaps fitted for educators, and thus will come the necessity for providing the other interests of which we have spoken. We believe also that this connection with what may be considered an outer world might be of value to the students, as guarding them from that selfish isolation which is too common a feature in our present University life, both among the older and younger members. Still, we do not mean by this to argue that it is either necessary or desirable that the distinctive character of a college should disappear. If such institutions as we have spoken of were to become general, no doubt one would be chiefly distinguished for one purpose, one for another, and each person would naturally join the particular institution to which she felt herself most drawn by taste and disposition.

J. B. MAYOR.

* Since the above was written, we have seen with much pleasure an account of the formation of an "Evangelical Protestant Deaconesses Institute," under the presidency of Mr. Samuel Morley and other leading Nonconformists.



OUR COLONIAL POLICY.

TO a country claiming to sustain the important part still assumed by Great Britain in the controversies of the Continental States-system, and yet occupying so inconsiderable an area in the map of Europe, the right administration of the outlying portions of her empire would seem, at first sight, to be a matter of first-rate importance. Nevertheless, the desire even to maintain the integrity of that empire has not, at the present day, the unanimous character of a national instinct. Doubts, naturally incident, perhaps, to a period of transition in the theory and practice of colonial government, have arisen as to the expediency of any continued exercise of imperial authority over the dependencies of Great Britain. Misgivings haunt the public mind as to the stability of an edifice which seems to be founded on a reciprocity of deception, and only to be shored up for the time by obsolete and meaningless traditions. These popular misgivings, of which it might be as difficult to trace the origin as it is to deny the existence, assume various forms, economical and political, and sometimes an importance which would not otherwise belong to them, by an appeal to the publicly expressed sentiments of persons in authority. And there are, indeed, problems of colonial policy the solution of which cannot, without peril, be indefinitely delayed; for though imperial England is doing her best to keep up appearances in the management of some half hundred scattered

dependencies, the political links which once bound them to each other, and to their common centre, are evidently worn out.

“ Und das Band der Staaten ward gehoben,
Und die alten Formen stürzten ein.”

Economists fail to comprehend the value of outlying provinces which garrison their frontiers with our troops, while they exclude our manufactures from their markets. Even orthodox politicians, who would shrink from a colonial emancipationist as from a pestilent heretic, cannot help asking themselves sometimes whether it is possible or desirable that these little islands of ours, whose whole area scarcely exceeds 130,000 square miles, should for ever retain even a nominal dominion over a fifth of the habitable globe. There are those who admonish us to be prepared for the inevitable day of separation with treaties, proclamations, or other formal documents, reciting, in official phrase, the mutual international consent by which the parent state abdicates her sovereignty, and the colony accepts her independence;* but if there be a department of our national policy in which we may safely limit our aims to the present hour, without attempting to anticipate contingencies wholly beyond our control, it is that which regulates our colonial empire. We cannot foresee when or for what cause a colony may choose to part company with us, or provide against the unrevealed future. One lesson, however, the experience of the past has taught us. It has furnished irresistible evidence of the instability of those principles of colonial policy which were once deemed to be the pillars of our national greatness. To retain for the longest possible period, at the smallest possible cost, with the greatest possible advantage to ourselves, a permanent dominion over the dependencies of our empire, was once the problem which occupied the minds of British statesmen. To ripen those communities to the earliest possible maturity—social, political, and commercial—to qualify them, by all the appliances within the reach of a parent state, for present self-government and eventual independence, is now the almost universally admitted aim of our colonial policy in its dealings with all those dependencies in which the preponderance of an Anglo-Saxon element guarantees an inherent capacity for freedom. With regard to those provinces of our empire to whose present social condition liberty as a principle has no application, and for which, in the words of Mr. J. Stuart Mill, “there is nothing left but implicit obedience to an Akbar or a Charlemagne, if they are so fortunate as to find one,” all we know is, that when our sceptre can be no longer supported by our sword,

* See Lord Bury's “Exodus of the Western Nations,” vol. ii. p. 457; also Mr. Thring's “Suggestions for Colonial Reform.” London: 1865.

the days of our dominion over those races now owning its sway, which will neither submit to our rule nor provide for their own, will be numbered. It may perhaps be asked "Do history or experience afford us any reasonable ground for expecting the continuous coherence of a colonial empire, on any terms, however costly and unpromising, to the parent state? Are the analogies furnished by the records of colonizing states, ancient or modern, in any respect encouraging?" Greece, the favourite model of those who affectedly deplore the "lost art of colonization," has simply proved for us that groups of emigrants left alone by the parent state may, under favourable circumstances, prosper for a time.* Rome, during the three centuries from Augustus to Diocletian, threw out strong piquets of veterans on the outmost borders of her empire, and called them "colonics," and when she fell, they all fell also. The Italian republics of the middle ages contributed at a later period another brief and brilliant chapter to the history of ephemeral colonization. And when the scene of colonial adventure is transferred from the shores of the Mediterranean to the western coasts of Europe by that romantic enterprise which sheds so bright a lustre on the closing years of the fifteenth century, its records scarcely seem less discouraging than those of the ancient or mediæval world.

Portugal, which once kept the whole coast of the ocean in awe from China to Morocco, and could boast of a hundred and fifty sovereign princes paying tribute to the treasury of Lisbon, can now only number on her colonial roll the Azores and Madeira, Angola and Mozambique, with an Indian and a Chinese factory, and a few African slave dépôts. If we turn to Spain, we shall be reminded that her dominion on the American continent, which began with the sixteenth century, and extended over a period of two hundred years, once comprised Mexico, Guatemala, New Grenada, Venezuela and Ecuador, Peru, Chili, Paraguay, and Banda Oriental, and that this vast area is now absolutely independent of the parent state, whose only remaining colonies are Cuba, Portorico, and the Philippines—if, indeed, the two former are not now in the market for sale to the United States; or any other purchaser. If, again, we turn to Holland, we shall find that before the close of the seventeenth century she numbered among her colonies Ceylon, the Cape of Good Hope, Guiana, several islands of the Antilles, five distinct governments

* Though the *οικιστης*, or leader of the Greek colony, who took with him the sacred fire from the Prytanæum, was sometimes appointed by the parent state, no governing power was delegated to him. Potidæa, to which colony the Corinthians sent annually the chief magistrates (*δημιουργοι*), appears to have been an exception to the general rule. (*Vide* Thucyd., i. 56.) The *κληρουχιαι* of the age of Pericles were military allotments of conquered lands, insignificant as compared with the *αποικιαι* in area and importance.

under a trading company in the Indian Archipelago, and factories in India, China, and Japan, but that she now retains as the only remnants of her once extended empire Surinam, Curaçoa, St. Eustatius, and some settlements in Sumatra, Java, and the Moluccas. Nor will France present any exception to the catalogue of European nations whose colonial policy, when tried by the test of endurance, is found wanting. The colonies of France embraced, a century ago, half the North American continent, comprising the vast and fertile valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, and the Ohio. A French empire in the East, which Richelieu had attempted to found, had grown up under the more successful auspices of Colbert, and included not only Mauritius and Bourbon, but a considerable territory on the continent of India. This vast empire has crumbled away, and the only surviving colonies of France, besides the comparatively recent acquisitions of New Caledonia and Algiers, are Martinique, Guadeloupe, Bourbon, Cayenne, and a few of the smaller Antilles, a dismantled fortress in Hindostan, and an insignificant dépôt in Madagascar. The colonial dominion which the genius of Colbert could originate demanded a more powerful hand than his to maintain and to perpetuate its ascendancy.

Great Britain alone, among the seven states of modern Europe which have at various periods, and with various success, attempted the occupation and government of distant dominions, still retains a large portion of her colonial empire. In its material features the policy in which it was originally founded differed but little from that of other European nations. To what causes are we to ascribe its longer duration, its wider expansion, and the present cohesion of its scattered elements? During the three centuries of its rise and progress, from the first attempt to plant colonies in North America to the last annexation to our dominions in the Southern Seas, an empire has been gradually consolidated, which is the simple product of Anglo-Saxon energy, stimulated by every variety of motive, political, commercial, and religious, which can actuate mankind—an aggregate of territorial atoms thrown under a single rule by the rough chances of war, the subtle agencies of diplomacy, and the bold spirit of individual adventure. Every empire which the world has yet known has manifested at an earlier stage of its existence than Great Britain has already attained, symptoms of dismemberment and decay, and the falling off of subject-provinces has been ordinarily the first token of approaching dissolution. Is there any known principle of political life which history permits us to hope will be exceptionally favourable to that cluster of communities which now own the rule of England? Amid much that is indistinct in the annals of British colonization one fact stands out clear and indisputable, namely, that it has been by the gradual relinquishment of

those advantages which have been ordinarily presumed to accrue to dominant countries from the possession of dependencies, that Great Britain has been enabled to retain under her nominal dominion those distant provinces of our empire which would have otherwise long ago asserted their claims to the dignity of independent principalities.*

Tribute, military aid, and exclusive commerce have been the three chief advantages which other States have aimed at securing to themselves by the retention of their colonial possessions. The British dependencies, however, not only contribute nothing towards the revenues or defence of the parent State, but add three millions sterling to the annual costs of the Imperial Government, while the bonds of mutual interest which once united them with Great Britain have been snapped asunder by recent fundamental changes in our commercial policy; and though we may boast of a colonial trade representing in exports and imports over £150,000,000 sterling, we know very well that so long as we hold our own in the markets of the world, we shall have no lack of customers, even if all our colonies were cut adrift. "Great Britain," says Adam Smith, writing in 1775, "is perhaps, since the world began, the only State which, as it has extended its empire, has only increased its expenses without once augmenting its resources." It is on these terms that England holds, and on these terms is likely to hold, as long as she thinks fit, her position as the metropolis of a colonial empire; a position which as regards the distribution of power, responsibility, and charge has no parallel in history. A bargain by which the burdens are allotted to one party and the emoluments to another will not, in the nature of things, be abruptly cancelled by the former. The only question which occurs to the impartial observer concerning it is that which has been repeatedly asked since the days of Adam Smith—*Cui bono?* "Wherefore should an anomaly so barren of advantage to our imperial interests be permitted to endure?" To a question so propounded it might perhaps be a sufficient reply that the alternatives of pecuniary loss and gain do not form the only, or even the primary, considerations of enlightened statesmen; and though the affairs of empires may indeed be submitted with those of husbandmen and manufacturers to the test of the balance-sheet, it is not by this test alone that great questions of public policy are to be tried or finally decided. Monarchical government is a costly institution, but are we prepared, therefore, to abandon it? To succour and defend with our treasure or our arms British citizens wherever unlawfully oppressed, is an expensive and, financially speaking, an unremunerative process.

* This comparative sketch of the past results of colonization appeared in the introduction to a volume on "Colonial Constitutions," published by the same author in 1856.

Are we, therefore, at once to discontinue a policy which, while it has imposed on us enormous burdens, has at the same time given to Great Britain a foremost place among the nations of the world?

It is impossible fairly to appreciate the value of dependencies to a parent State without contemplating for a moment the inevitable consequences of their abandonment.

And here let it be understood that we are speaking throughout of those dependencies only which fall strictly under the definition of *colonies*. The political value of those military and naval posts (such as Gibraltar, Malta, Bermuda, &c.) which are maintained for the presumed purpose of protecting the courses of our trade, or securing access from England to the remoter portions of our empire, rests on considerations wholly foreign to our present enquiry, which relates solely to the government of *colonies* properly so called. Let us suppose, then, that a colony which has not yet attained that political vigour which is essential to independence is suddenly cut adrift, and appropriated by some rival power. A state of war exists or arises between that power and Great Britain. The markets of the abandoned colony are instantly closed to British trade, which suffers in proportion; but this is not all, for if (as would be highly probable in such a case) public opinion in the colony is divided, civil war ensues, and before the question of allegiance can be decided, all the ripening fruits of early civilization are blighted and destroyed. The premature and unnatural severance of a parent State from its subordinate provinces, whether it be the result of an act of abandonment on the part of the former, or of an act of rebellion on that of the latter, cannot but be permanently calamitous to both so far as their material interests are concerned. But to those who regard vast empires as created and permitted to exist and expand for some higher purpose than the gratification of ambition or the exercise of statecraft, the dismemberment of such empires seems nothing less than the disorganization of a mighty machinery designed by God for the civilization of mankind. Nor would it be difficult to prove that it is the interest no less than the duty of England to maintain this imperial machinery unimpaired. It is not for the sake of tribute, or glory, or exclusive commerce that we retain our colonies. It is in the distinct anticipation of that independence for which we hope eventually to qualify them, and, in the meantime, simply in fulfilment of an honourable obligation to those emigrants from our shores who, under an implied undertaking of temporary protection from those perils in which our imperial policy may involve them, have planted themselves in remote corners of our empire under the shelter of our flag. Nor has it been our wont to scrutinise too closely the arguments by which the communities which have voluntarily sought and

found prosperity in exile enforce their claims to the protection of our arms. It is enough for us that the planter in Jamaica, the frontier-farmer at the Cape, or the squatter in Australia or New Zealand, have domiciled themselves of their own accord within the boundaries of the British empire. It is this fact which constitutes their claim to be shielded against those blows which a foe, stirred up to war by the policy of England, might otherwise successfully aim, not at the real author of that policy, but at the helpless and guiltless ally whom it might be safer and easier to chastise. The day may come when these admitted obligations may be so numerous, so wide-spread, and so simultaneously enforced, as to be physically impossible of fulfilment; and it is in the face of such a contingency that the development of that spirit of colonial self-reliance of which we have hitherto heard so much and seen so little, should be the cardinal aim of our imperial policy. The age is happily past when the colonies were the *corpus vile* of imperial experiments, or the mere fields for the theoretical exercise of imperial ingenuity; let us hope that the day may not be distant when practical proofs of self-respect and self-dependence shall be substituted for bare professions of loyalty and allegiance; and when the distant dependencies of our empire, instead of draining the resources of the parent State by a costly political tutelage of indefinite duration, shall be raised to the rank of equals and allies, the pillars of her national strength, and the monuments of her civilization and her power.

There are those, indeed, in whose estimate such anticipations are little better than romantic visions, and whose only hope for England's success in her race with her competitors rests on ridding her of the burden of a colonial empire. Among the advocates of this policy have been those who have strenuously resisted the dismemberment of other states; nor is the inconsistency of its supporters at all redeemed by the charms of any novelty in the programme from time to time reproduced by the doctrinaires of colonial emancipation.* The

* The extravagant opinions which invariably attend all popular reactions, found an echo thirty years ago among the advocates of colonial independence in the House of Commons, and were thus powerfully exposed by Sir Robert Peel, in a speech on the affairs of Canada, January 16, 1838:—

“It was said that the majority of the people of Canada were disaffected to the British Government, and, that therefore, they ought to be released from their allegiance. Let not the House forget that we had an extended colonial empire, including India and parts of Europe. Let them not forget the extent to which this principle, if admitted, might be applied. Let it be laid down, then, as a principle, that the first expression of dissatisfaction with our Government, and the first instance of resistance to our authority, were to be a signal for abandoning our claims to superiority. If we laid down that principle would it be limited to colonies? Could it not be applied to integral parts of the Empire? Why might it not be extended to a part of England if that part expressed itself dissatisfied with the rule of England? The fact of dissatisfaction with our Government showed, as the hon. gentleman contended, that the colony had been

administration of distant dependencies ever has been, and ever will be, among the most perplexing problems of political science, and when aggravated by the incapacity for self-government of native populations, vastly outnumbering the dominant race, and infinitely diverse in race, language, and religion, assumes an aspect so formidable as to extenuate, if not to justify, the retrogressive policy of those who have from time to time urged the immediate abdication of a dominion so profitless and inglorious. And if Great Britain could cancel the obligations which the past policy of her rulers has entailed, recall her legions from the outposts of her empire, haul down the standard which floats over her distant provinces, and leave her colonists in South Africa, New Zealand, and Jamaica, to adjust for themselves all pending and future disputes with their Kaffir, Maori, and Negro neighbours, the authorities at the Colonial Office might be spared many a perplexing problem, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer might soon perhaps strike off another penny from the income-tax. But as these blessings would be purchased at the cost of our national honour, it is not very likely that we shall thus attempt to cut the knot which we have not the patience or ingenuity to unravel. Assuming the abandonment of distant territories still claiming the security of British rule against hostile aggression or internal disturbance to be out of the question, our only remaining alternative is to face the difficulties involved in their retention. Great Britain has undertaken a task to which, in whatever aspect it is regarded—moral, political, or financial—the history of the world presents no parallel.

The British empire (exclusive of India) comprises thirty-five colonial governments, or groups of governments, over fifteen of which

misgoverned; and then he asked 'what was the good of ruling over discontented subjects?' Why if we were to act on such a rule of public conduct, the glory of England would in ten years be utterly annihilated. Was this great country prepared to say, on the first manifestation of any rebellious feeling, 'Separate from us, and establish a government for yourselves,' instead of recalling them to their duty? He thought not. If the principle applied to distant possessions it applied also to those which were nearest to this country. Suppose, for instance, that the people of the Isle of Wight should fall out, and say that they had a right to be independent; that the rules of this philosophic argument were made for small as well as large communities, and that they desired to try the system in order to be relieved from the heavy taxes at present imposed on them; and they might say that they could show many equally small Italian states which were well governed and were prosperous; and that the Channel lying between them and the mother country, there was no reason why they should not be equally so, or should not constitute themselves a small republic with laws and institutions of their own. What would the hon. member say to that? His argument would apply there, if it applied at all. But then, seeing that the Isle of Wight might become attached to France, the hon. member might find it convenient to say, 'No. You are essential to our security from your being contiguous to Portsmouth, and we cannot permit you to be separate.' But if the principle was good in one case it would apply to all."

the Crown retains the power of legislation, either directly or through nominated councils; * the remaining twenty having received representative institutions varying in form and extent, which have been from time to time conferred by charters, orders in council, or Acts of Parliament.

After three centuries of colonisation, Great Britain has still to encounter the difficulties which beset despots in the retention of their satrapies, as well as those which have grown, as it were, with the gradual progress of colonial emancipation. In the administration of those dependencies over which the parent state still retains absolute authority problems sufficiently serious still present themselves. But in the case of those in which subordinate representative governments have been invested with powers sometimes co-ordinate—often conflicting with our imperial rule, these problems threaten to become insoluble. To comprehend under a common dominion within the same territory two or more distinct races, each claiming the maintenance of their respective laws, usages, and religion, so to arbitrate between them that they shall dwell side by side in peace, and yet have scope for the development of their distinctive nationalities, were a task hard enough for an autocrat unfettered by parliaments. How shall it be accomplished amid the jar of rival potentates striving for the mastery? So long as our colonial governors were simply the representatives of the royal will, surrounded by executive councillors owning allegiance to no other suzerain, their chief difficulties were those inherent in the distance of time and space interposed between the first order and its final execution. But when not only full powers were conceded to the colonial assemblies, together with the administration and expenditure of their territorial revenues, but they were enabled to displace by their vote, whenever they might think proper, the executive councillor, by whose aid the representative of the Crown was carrying out his imperial instructions, it is obvious that the last-named functionary might at any moment be called upon to choose which of his two masters he would obey. The embarrassments which may beset the Queen's representative in working out the theory of "responsible government," which appear to have been foreseen by Lord J. Russell, when thirty years ago he expressly forbade Lord Sydenham to permit its application to Canada, have recently received so many remarkable illustrations that it may be worth while to revert for a moment to the origin of a system which was the product in the first instance not, as is sometimes supposed, of imperial statesmanship, but of colonial agitation. In 1831 an attempt was

* The Crown colonies are Gibraltar, Malta, Heligoland, Labuan, Ceylon, Hongkong, the Straits Settlements, Mauritius, the West African Settlements, St. Helena, Jamaica, Trinidad, St. Lucia, the Falkland Islands, and Western Australia.

made in Canada to place the executive council on the same tenure of responsibility to the assembly of that province which the British ministry now occupies in reference to the House of Commons, removable, that is to say, by a vote of censure. In a despatch addressed to Lord Sydenham, and dated October 14, 1839, Lord J. Russell, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, thus expressed himself on this subject:—

“ It appears from Sir George Arthur’s despatches that you may encounter much difficulty in subduing the excitement which prevails on the question of what is called ‘responsible government.’ I have to instruct you, however, to refuse any explanation which may be construed to imply acquiescence in the petitions and addresses on this subject. The power for which a minister is responsible in England is not his own power, but the power of the Crown, of which he is for the time the organ. It is obvious that the executive councillor of a colony is in a situation totally different. The governor, under whom he serves, receives his orders from the Crown of England. But can the Colonial Council be the advisers of the Crown of England? Evidently not, for the Crown has other advisers for the same functions and with superior authority. It may happen therefore that the governor receives at one and the same time instructions from the Queen and advice from his executive council totally at variance with each other. If he is to obey his instructions from England the parallel of constitutional responsibility entirely fails; if, on the other hand, he is to follow the advice of his council, he is no longer a subordinate officer but an independent sovereign.”

This despatch was immediately followed by another bearing date October 16, 1839, the object of which is stated to be to lay down certain rules applicable to Canada respecting the tenure on which offices in the gift of the Crown were then held throughout the British colonies. In this second despatch Lord J. Russell instructs Lord Sydenham that hereafter the tenure of certain enumerated colonial functionaries, being members of council and heads of administrative departments holding office during her Majesty’s pleasure, would not be regarded as equivalent to a tenure during good behaviour, but that such officers would be called upon to retire from the public service “as often as any sufficient motives of public policy might suggest the expediency of that measure.” This despatch has been interpreted to sanction the removal, by votes of censure or otherwise, of the members of the executive councils whenever unable to command majorities in the representative assemblies, and has thus been regarded as the charter of “responsible government,” in respect of which Lord J. Russell had two days previously forbidden Lord Sydenham to grant any explanation that might imply acquiescence. This system is now not only established and acknowledged in the North American provinces, but throughout the chief colonies of the Australasian group. The principles involved in “responsible government,” according to the general understanding of that phrase, are

nowhere more plainly defined than in the following resolutions passed by the House of Assembly of Canada in September, 1841:—

“1. That the head of the executive government of the province, being within the limits of his government the representative of the sovereign, is responsible to the imperial authority alone; but that nevertheless the management of our local affairs can only be conducted by, and with the assistance, counsel, and information of subordinate officers in the province.

“2. That in order to preserve between the different branches of the provincial parliaments that harmony which is essential to the peace, welfare, and good government of the province, the chief advisers of the representative of the sovereign, constituting a provincial administration under him, ought to be men possessed of the confidence of the representatives of the people, thus affording a guarantee that the well understood wishes and interests of the people, which our gracious sovereign has declared shall be the rule of the provincial government, will, on all occasions, be faithfully represented and advocated.”

The only formal step by which “responsible government” is usually established in a colony, is the insertion in the governor’s instructions of an unlimited power to appoint new councillors, subject formally to the Crown’s confirmation; it being understood that councillors who have lost the confidence of the local legislature will tender their resignation to the governor. It is manifest that the local administrators of a system so critically devised must be subjected to the perplexing and ever-recurring conflict of an inconsistent allegiance. But, nevertheless, “responsible government” must be regarded as an accomplished political fact—a system the success or failure of which in any given colony must mainly depend on the tact and talent of the Queen’s representative. The same causes which have led to government by party in almost all countries in which representative government exists at all, already operate in the more advanced dependencies of the British Crown.

“Men desire,” says Adam Smith, “to have some share in the management of public affairs chiefly on account of the importance which it gives them. Upon the power which the greater part of the leading men, the natural aristocracy of every country, have of preserving or defending their respective importance, depends the stability and duration of every system of free government. In the attacks which these leading men are continually making upon the importance of one another, and in the defence of their own, consists the whole play of domestic faction and ambition.”

The chief difficulty in the practical working of free colonial constitutions arises from the deficiency of *material*—that is, of men uniting the qualifications of leisure, capacity, and inclination for the task of legislation. “Statesmanship,” says the biographer of Lord Metcalfe (and the remark applies not to Canada alone, but to all the British colonies), “has not risen to an independent position, but is an appendage to the more certain support of professional occupation.” To work out the problem of “responsible government” in a colony

where the leading men, instead of pressing into the ranks of public life, shrink from its unattractive risks on the various pleas of "urgent private affairs," would be indeed an Herculean task, even if the instructions originally framed for the guidance of colonial governors in this behalf had been as distinct as they were contradictory and obscure. To prescribe certain abstract principles of government suggested by the ancient usages of the British constitution to the Queen's representative in a distant colony, was a comparatively easy task; but we can scarcely be surprised if the adaptation of those principles to states of society to which they were utterly inapplicable, should have sometimes baffled the administrative powers of the most distinguished civil servants of the Crown.* It will probably be admitted by all who have watched, whether with favour or disapproval, the working of responsible government since its first introduction in Canada a quarter of a century ago, that it is, to say the least of it, a system tending to reduce to the minimum the prerogatives of the Crown. Such a result will, perhaps, be its chief praise and justification in the estimate of those who regard the eventual independence of the colonies as the great aim and object of imperial policy. Its practical difficulties, however, which were foreseen by its reputed inventor in 1839, have been since sufficiently illustrated. Neither by Lord Sydenham, nor by his three successors, was it put in action; and it was not until Lord Elgin became governor-general, in 1847, that he commenced the process of "giving his confidence" to each executive council in turn, retaining, at the same time, through all changes of his policy, the confidence of his sovereign. Nowhere, perhaps, shall we find a more striking example of the embarrassments which may beset the Queen's representative in working out the theory of responsible government, than in New Zealand. Throughout the brief but tempestuous annals of that colony, comprising even now little more than a quarter of a century, the energies of the parent state have been exhausted in efforts, hitherto ineffectual, to adjust the everlasting disputes of the European and native populations. Twice during that short period has the same officer, Sir George Grey, been summoned somewhat abruptly to New Zealand from other governments—from that of South Australia in 1845, from that of the Cape of Good Hope in 1861—on the simple ground of his supposed qualifications for dealing with native races and the problems arising out of their treatment. The policy of Sir G. Grey and its results form no part of our present inquiry, except so far as they may illustrate the accumulated diffi-

* *Vide* Sir C. Metcalfe's celebrated reply to the Warden and Councillors of the Gore district. Kaye, vol. ii. p. 533.

culties which have attended each advancing stage of colonial self-government.

During his first administration, which closed before "responsible government" was full-blown in New Zealand, we find the governor adjusting, with some apparent success, the disputes between antagonistic interests. Whatever tact and special aptitude for this business he may have possessed had at all events fair play. With few restrictions, he was (so far as native policy was concerned) an autocrat, whose fiat was law, except in those rare instances in which it might be reversed or modified by the home authorities. Contrast this comparatively calm political horizon with the storms which greeted the same governor on his return, only a few years later, to resume his former administration. It was not only that a newly-elected legislature, flushed with successful conflicts with his predecessor, had been in the meantime substituted for the tractable machinery which had before proved the unresisting instrument of his will, but even the native policy which he had been specially commissioned to regulate was gradually drifting from his control. The functionaries to whom, under various titles, the protectorship of native rights and lands was officially committed, scarcely knew whether they owed allegiance to the home authorities in Downing Street or to the colonial ministry in Auckland. The same might almost be said of the large army of imperial troops which, though nominally commanded by imperial officers, and drawing its pay from the imperial treasury, was, by the mysterious workings of responsible government, compelled to march or halt with marionette-like obedience to the colonial managers who pulled the wires. Thus it came to pass that while the Waikato chieftains were laying in abundant supplies of powder and copper-caps illegally purchased from colonial traders, deepening their rifle-pits and strengthening the stockades which surrounded their forest fastnesses, the governor and his executive councillors were brandishing in each other's faces the "memoranda" of their quarrels; while the Commander of the Forces and the Deputy-Commissary-General were wrangling with the civil power over the tactics by which they were to terminate a war which the Secretary of State had already triumphantly assured the House of Commons to be "virtually at an end."

But if New Zealand furnishes the most conspicuous, because the most costly, illustration of the perplexities which have been the growth of responsible government, the history of our South-African, North-American, and West-Indian Colonies is by no means barren of similar examples. The sanguine statesmen who triumphantly founded "colonial self-government" a quarter of a century ago, and contrasted the system of which they were the sponsors with the

monopolies and restrictions it superseded, fancied perhaps that they had solved once and for ever all the perplexities of parent states in the administration of their dependencies. Time, however, and experience have taught us that colonial constitutions, dashed off in the freest and boldest style by the ready pen of a Secretary of State, and conferring all but independence on our distant provinces, may yet fail to secure the cardinal conditions of all good government. It would, no doubt, be a mistake to ascribe to any inherent infirmity in representative institutions the occasional abdications of popular rights of which the memorials from the province of Auckland, and from Vancouver Island some years ago, and the more recent political suicide of the Jamaica legislature, afford conspicuous illustrations. The success or failure of colonial self-government must, of course, depend on the special circumstances of the communities in which it is inaugurated; and it has hitherto been in the government of coloured races, or of colonies containing a large native element, that our main difficulties have arisen. And where self-government has obviously broken down in any portion of our empire, the causes of its failure cannot but challenge the attention of British statesmen.

In the case of Jamaica it would be scarcely necessary to cast about for motives of a very recondite nature as influencing the handful of electors (forming a proportion of about 30 to each representative, and little more than 1 in 200 to the whole population of the island) in their formal renunciation of privileges which the traditions of two centuries had failed to invest with any precious associations. The contrast presented by the comparatively prosperous Crown colonies of Ceylon, Mauritius, Trinidad, and British Guiana, which yielding the same products and lying within nearly the same latitudes, had not only survived the ordeals of free labour and free trade, but had attained a high average of agricultural and commercial wealth, was in itself sufficient to raise a doubt in the mind of the bankrupt Jamaica planter as to the material value of his representative institutions. A legislative assembly so absolutely intolerant of all executive control as to claim for all its members collectively the powers and functions of a ministry of finance, and at the same time so sublime in its conceptions of freedom as to refuse to accept responsible government on the Canadian model, as a compromise for the political chaos which made Jamaica a by-word and reproach among free colonies, could scarcely be expected to survive the shock whenever the artillery of public opinion should be directed against a fabric so frail and indefensible. The Imperial Parliament, by indorsing the verdict by which the Jamaica legislature had voluntarily terminated its miserable existence, only echoed the unanimous judgment of all who had watched its gradually increasing imbecility since Lord

Melbourne vainly attempted in 1839 to accomplish that which Lord Russell's government was at last permitted to attain in 1866.

Whether the moral or material benefits we may be able to confer on Jamaica may prove equivalent to the cost of its tenure as a Crown colony, whether the antagonism of the two races, aggravated by recent events, may prove a bar to any expedients for the development of its resources, or the elevation of its people, are problems awaiting a solution which time only can afford. In the meantime, though the peremptory action which the almost unanimous demand of our colonists in Jamaica has forced on the Imperial Government may form no precedent for our dealings with other colonies which any temporary caprice may incline to rid themselves of the burdens and privileges of self-government, the case of Jamaica as it stands simply teaches us what we have already learned in nearly all our tropical dependencies. The materials for the construction of representative institutions are in those colonies almost uniformly wanting. In Barbadoes, for instance (to take a favourable example), the total population in 1862, according to the census of the previous year, was 52,727, of whom 16,594 only were white. The number of registered electors was 1,188, of whom only 143 voted for the 24 members of the Assembly, giving an average of 6 electors for each member. The two members for Bridgetown were returned by less than a tenth of the registered electors. In Tobago the total population in the same year was 15,410. The number of registered electors was 216, of whom 89 voted for the 16 members, giving an average of 5 electors for each. However convenient personally to candidates for parliamentary honours in these colonies may be the absence of all competition which this state of things implies, it certainly cannot be accepted as indicating a very healthy or vigorous tone of political life in communities so circumstanced, in which representative government, though long tried, has been hitherto found utterly wanting in all good result. Nor has the experiment of negro self-government tried by Lord Grey in 1852 on the Gold Coast afforded much encouragement to those who may have formed a sanguine estimate of the political capabilities of the African. In the complete collapse of this well-meant project, as narrated by Colonel Ord, in his evidence before the Committee of 1865, on the West African Settlements, we have only one of the many proofs which our colonial history affords of the hopelessness of all attempts to transplant institutions which have been the gradual growth of modern Europe to an uncongenial atmosphere and soil.

But if the machinery of self-government has proved inadequate to the maintenance of British power over the stationary races comprised within our empire, of which the negro is the most conspicuous example, not less embarrassing is the reconciliation of conflicting

rights between our colonists and those rapidly perishing but still formidable tribes which are nominally amenable to our rule.

It is painfully interesting to trace the successive failures of all the hitherto tried experiments on the part of European governments for the protection and advancement of the native races of the world. Under the pressure of influences which it has been the fashion to ridicule as fanatical, but which have always gained credit for earnestness and sincerity, the Government of the day has from time to time set itself to counteract, if possible, the agencies that were at work for the extinction of the native races in the British empire. Various experiments were accordingly attempted in those colonies in which any considerable native element still survived, with the view of nursing and protecting the aborigines. Land reserves were set apart, within the precincts of which European colonization was interdicted. Native protectors under various titles were appointed. Parliamentary grants were voted, to be expended sometimes in schemes of industrial training, sometimes in the miscellaneous benefactions, in the distribution of which imperial England played the Lady Bountiful with Kaffirs, Maories, and Red Indians in the outlying parishes of her empire. To characterize these benevolent contrivances as uniformly resultless and futile would imply a forgetfulness of the indirect advantages derived from all failures of well-meant efforts to remedy real evils, in eliminating from the catalogue of prescriptions and panacæas those which have been tried and found wanting. But if the petting and patronizing policy by which Great Britain has attempted for more than half a century to coax her savage subjects into loyalty, to compensate them for the sufferings of their forefathers, and to allure them into the paths of civilization, be tested by the practical ordeal of results, whatever doubts we may still entertain as to any possible *euthanasia* for the brown man, all hopes of solving the problem of his preservation by insulation from European contact will be assuredly abandoned. In six years, from 1856 to 1862, upwards of £220,000 was spent in the Cape Colony in "civilizing the Kaffirs;" and though this amount is small indeed in comparison with that which, within a far less period of time has been devoted to their destruction, it would be difficult, we fear, to show any value received for either expenditure by the Colonial Government in the political tractability or material progress of the frontier tribes. If we turn from South Africa to North America or New Zealand, we shall find that bounties to native races have been attended with very much the same results in all portions of our empire. Another, and, in its effects, very unfortunate feature of the philanthropic policy alluded to has been a very extensive manufacture of treaties with native tribes, in which an equal capacity with our-

selves for all purposes of contracts has been assumed to exist in the coloured races with which international bargains have been made. If these arrangements had been uniformly understood to be, what in many cases they really were, a mere diplomatic pastime carried on between the Queen's representative and a set of tattooed and feathered chieftains for the innocent amusement of the high contracting parties, they would only be objectionable in so far as they are childish and ridiculous; but when we bear in mind that these bargains have been for the most part extracted from the feeble and ignorant by the dominant and educated race, and that they are often, as in the case of the treaty of Waitangi, executed by barbarians in the full conviction that by these presents valuable and substantial rights are solemnly guaranteed by the stronger to the weaker power, the mischievous consequences of obligations of such a nature, lightly undertaken and lightly violated, cannot possibly be over-estimated. It may, indeed, have been beyond the power of British law to punish as he deserved the colonial land-shark who, for some trumpery consideration of beads, sugar-plums, or red blankets, swindled the unsuspecting native out of his territorial birthright; but when we read of more than a hundred treaties with West African chieftains during the last century of British rule, and of all the contemporary quarrels on the Gold Coast, at Lagos, and elsewhere, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that these illusory documents, whether purporting to secure protection, amity, or territorial rights to the patronized power, are, in fact, so many registered and attested pretexts for oppression on the one side and insurrection on the other. But the administrative blunders we may have committed in our attempts to govern coloured races, however serious may have been their consequences, stand apart from the category of problems presented by the every-day phases of our colonial policy.

There are, of course, local and special difficulties attending the retention of such colonies as New Zealand, British Kaffraria, and the Cape, which no civil institution, however cleverly contrived, can overcome. If Great Britain chooses to undertake Kaffir-hunting in impenetrable thorn forests with regiments of lancers, or the capture of Maories burrowing in subterranean labyrinths by the regular appliances of military engineering, no conceivable constitution can avert the inevitable disasters of communities in which bush and border warfare at imperial cost are the speculation of one-half the inhabitants for the destruction of the other. Nor, again, is it very likely that colonial governments in which the line which separates the area of civil from that of military authority is either so faintly drawn, or so recklessly transgressed, as to lead to official squabbles between governors and military officers at moments when our

imperial power hangs by the slenderest thread, will present very satisfactory administrative results.*

Half the difficulties ordinarily assumed to be inseparable accidents of colonial government might be more accurately set down to a reckless disregard of the elementary principles essential to the existence of any government at all. The grand problem of British policy is to ascertain the *minimum* of actual government by which the central authority can be so maintained as to produce the result of internal order.

Over-governing is the besetting sin of new communities, and if they happen to stand in the position of dependencies this disposition to dabble in constitution-making is ordinarily accompanied with excessive sensitiveness of imperial intervention. But difficult as it may be for the home authorities to do well the little which they ought to do at all in the matter of colonial administration, there is one course which, though not unfrequently urged by high-handed theorists, will be at once dismissed as wholly impracticable by all thoughtful politicians. An attempt to revoke, against the will of colonists to whom they have been conceded, the privileges which they enjoy, is not likely to be tried twice in British history. It is too late to say that self-government ought to have been bought by our colonists on the terms of fighting their own battles and paying their own bills. Self-government, unless voluntarily surrendered by those to whom it has been conceded, is practically irrevocable. The only pretext for a reactionary policy is one which involves a libel on the whole European population of our free colonies. If they were really incapable when enfranchised of maintaining law and order within their territories, the concession to them of the powers of self-government was something worse than a mistake. If civilization had done so little for those to whom the first working of their miniature parliaments was committed, as to leave them open to the suspicion, not merely of misgoverning, but of plundering and murdering races which the constitutions granted to them had actually included within their pale, it was nothing less than a crime of the deepest dye to have entrusted privileges so vast to communities so incapable of exercising them aright. But our colonial history utterly negatives a presumption so unjust both to the donors and to the recipients of the free institutions under which, even in spite of chronic civil war in some cases and of the dearth of good political

* The undignified, we had almost said discreditable, controversies which have been reported to Parliament from New Zealand and Jamaica, between commanders of the forces and the Queen's representatives, at periods of alleged imminent peril to both colonies, are only samples of what may happen at any time when the causes operating in the cases adverted to may be combined.

materials in all, our colonies have attained in so short a space of time so remarkable a measure of prosperity.

If we erred in giving them unconditional freedom too soon, it is not by unseasonable intervention *now* that we can remedy the evil. For better for worse, three-fourths of the British dependencies are practically free. But even if the residue of imperial prerogative were far larger than it is, its exercise beyond an occasional veto on an ill-considered colonial Act or ordinance would cause far greater evils than it would prevent. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, who rarely holds office long enough to be able to assert with confidence his authority,* has no English public opinion, founded on facts and expressed through Parliament, for his guidance in an emergency. Constituencies which suppose themselves to be wholly uninterested in colonial policy are for the most part misinformed respecting it, and their representatives faithfully reflect their ignorance. Hence it comes to pass that no department of the executive is so well supplied with impracticable theories and visionary suggestions, which statesmen best consult their own credit and the interests of the public service by disregarding.

Among the theories which have from time to time been started on colonial policy some are nevertheless so plausible as to challenge consideration. Foreseeing the day when the bonds which now unite the scattered provinces of the empire will be worn out, men set themselves to forge new links of union between the dependencies and the parent state. The representation of the colonies in the Imperial Parliament was advocated before the American Revolution on the high authority of Adam Smith,† but though the suggestion has been repeatedly renewed, there are now few persons of any colonial experience by whom it is regarded in any other light than as a pleasing but impracticable vision, and the notion has been dropped altogether. If the delegation of full power to local legislatures had not superseded the necessity for such a contrivance, distance in some cases and the lack of political material in others, would be insuperable obstacles to its adoption.

* Within a single year—from Nov., 1854 to Nov., 1855, the duties of Secretary of State for the Colonies were discharged by no fewer than seven successive ministers: the Duke of Newcastle, Sir George Grey, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Lord J. Russell, Lord Palmerston, Sir W. Molesworth, and Mr. Labouchere.

† "If each colony were permitted to send such a number of representatives as suited the proportion of its contributions to the public revenue of the empire, a new method of acquiring importance—a new and more dazzling object of ambition—would be presented to the leading men of each colony. Instead of peddling for the little prizes which are to be won in what may be called the paltry raffles of colony faction, they might then hope, from the presumption which men naturally have in their ability and good fortune, to draw some of the great prizes which sometimes come from the wheel of the great state lottery of British politics."—*Wealth of Nations*, book v. c. 7.

The same causes which have until recently hindered the political amalgamation of the North American colonies operate still more powerfully in the case of the Australian group, and with tenfold force do they militate against the notion of combining fifty subordinate governments, scattered over the whole world, in one central system of imperial representation. Colonial confederation is indeed in some quarters rather a popular and fashionable idea just now; how it will *work* remains to be proved. The difficulties of starting it are sufficiently obvious. The moment you propose to cluster together half-a-dozen dependencies, a whole crop of rivalries and jealousies, to be reconciled and adjusted, instantly springs up. Where shall be the head-quarters of the Queen's representative? Which, out of half-a-score of colonial cities, shall be the favoured metropolis of your newly-formed government? How many disappointed competitors for that honour, hitherto centres of petty provinces, will submit to be vestryized and to sacrifice the local importance and pecuniary profit they have hitherto enjoyed? It is not surprising that the Imperial Government, shrinking from thankless and self-imposed arbitrations on endless disputes of this nature, should have left it rather to the communities principally interested to originate these colonial combinations. For even where local and central institutions have been simultaneously created by one and the same legislative Act, and the limits of municipal and federal power have been defined by specific enactments, harmonious action as between the central government and its satellites has proved difficult of attainment. The diverse interests of its nine provinces, the difficulties of intercolonial communication, and the onerous costs of a double government, render the federal constitution of New Zealand, even after a fifteen years' trial, a still doubtful experiment. In our Australian provinces, notwithstanding an occasional ventilation of the topic, confederation has scarcely passed beyond the domain of colonial newspaper writers and pamphleteers. In South Africa, though rather colossal projects of combining with our own colonies of the Cape and Natal, the Transvaal Republic, and the Free State, have been sometimes hinted at in high quarters, the hostility with which the fusion of British Kaffraria with the Cape was opposed, together with the constant agitation for the severance of the east and west provinces of the latter colony, do not present any indications very favourable to schemes of South African federation.

In North America, indeed, an example has been set which is in some quarters regarded as most auspicious for the future prospects of colonial confederation.

The movement which culminated in the Quebec Conference, in October, 1864, and the results of which have since been embodied in

the imperial Act, 30 Vict. cap. 3, has, by the union of the maritime provinces with Canada, created, under the designation of a "dominion," a new state in North America, comprising an area about equal to that of Europe, with a population of about four millions, an aggregate revenue in sterling of about four millions and a half, a debt of about sixteen millions, and carrying on a trade (including exports, imports, and international commerce) of about twenty-eight millions sterling per annum. If we consider the relative positions of Canada and the maritime provinces—the former possessing a vast and fertile back country but no good harbours, the latter possessing good harbours but no back country; the former an unlimited supply of cereals but no minerals, the latter an unlimited supply of iron and coal, but little agricultural produce—the commercial advantages of union between states so circumstanced are too obvious to need comment. Politically speaking, it is equally manifest that a confederation with an aggregate population of four millions can more cheaply and effectually provide for its civil government, and for its defence, if necessary, against foreign attack or internal disturbance, than the four isolated communities which have been thus combined. The real difficulties of the scheme consist in the due adjustment of the threefold relations between the imperial, federal, and local governments, which the creation of this vast confederation must involve. Now, for the first time in our colonial history, four provinces (with power to add to their number), in all of which responsible government is an established rule of administration, propose to superadd to their existing parliaments a superior and central machinery, in which the same system of government by party is to prevail under the nominal rule of the Queen's representative. The practical question we have now to ask is—looking at the hitches and dead-locks to which this system seems to be liable when applied to one colony alone—how will it work when half-a-dozen "responsible governments" are called upon to act in combination?

Assuming even that all goes smoothly, the superaddition of a federal parliament to the existing institutions must of course increase the ordinary difficulties of constitutional government in all new countries where the supply of statesmen is unequal to the demand. The legislative crew of the *British North America* will not be less (including the local councils and assemblies) than six or seven hundred hands, all told. Allowing for the frequent change of officers of all ranks, the question of keeping up the complement with so slender a political reserve to fall back upon may be serious; this, however, is the affair of the colonists themselves. What we have to fear, and if possible to guard against, is the constant peril of a threefold conflict of authority, implied in the very existence of a federation

of dependencies, retaining, as now proposed, any considerable share of intercolonial independence. We may schedule as we please "local" and "general" topics of legislation; we may define with the utmost possible distinctness the limits of each, or the concurrent authority of both governments; we may equitably adjust financial liabilities, and allot to the central and provincial authorities their respective spheres of power over future redistributions and rearrangements, but it is on the accuracy and sharpness with which the prerogatives of the federal executive are defined, that the success and permanence of a constitution, necessarily clogged with checks and counterpoises, must eventually depend. It is hardly to be expected that the local parliaments, with their responsible "ministers," will consent at once to be reduced to the rank of a parochial vestry, but it is by this process alone, or by their voluntary surrender of a very large share of the powers now left in their hands, that we can hope for a real consolidation of the provinces of British North America.

If, as has been alleged, a legislative union is unattainable, because inconsistent with due securities for the rights guaranteed to the French Canadians by treaty, or by the Quebec Act, and federation is therefore the only alternative, the vital question for those who have to work this constitution is, how the inherent weakness of all federations can in this instance be cured, and the central government armed with a sovereignty which may be worthy of the name. It is the essence of all good governments to have *somewhere* a true sovereign power. A sovereignty which ever eludes your grasp, which has no local habitation, provincial or imperial, is, in fact, no government at all. Sooner or later the shadow of authority which is reflected from an unsubstantial political idea, must cease to have power among men. It has been assumed by those who take a sanguine view of this political experiment, that its authors have steered clear of the rock on which the Washington Confederacy has well nigh split. But if the weakness of the central government is the rock alluded to, it is to be feared that unless in clear water or smooth seas, the pilot who steers this new craft will need a more perfect chart than the resolutions of the Quebec Conference, or the Act which has since embodied them, afford, to secure him against the risks of navigation.

It is true, that instead of a President elected every four years, we have a Governor-General appointed by the Queen every six. It is true also that the area of his nominal dominion presents now no topic more formidable than the expiring jealousies of race between our French and English colonists to impair the harmony of the British federation. It is true that we have also now genuine aspira-

tions of personal devotion to the sovereign, which were wanting to those who first organized the constitution which resulted in the Declaration of Independence in 1776. But it is in the rapid ratio of progress at which our colonists have advanced since that period, and in their increasing sense of capacity for self-government, that we shall find our main difficulty in stranding together the thin threads of authority which their spontaneous loyalty compels, as it were, the sovereign of Great Britain to retain.

Over and above the liabilities and perils which her nominal dominion has hitherto involved, the Queen has now accepted the invidious functions of an arbitrator in the event of disputes between the associated states and the federal authorities; and if the equivalent in honour or power to be derived by the Crown from the acceptance of so perilous an authority were to be weighed in the balance with the more than commensurate risks, the safety and dignity of the proffered position might be very questionable. But it is impossible to regard this federation in any other light than that of a transition stage to eventual independence, and in this view the precise form which imperial sovereignty may for the time being assume becomes a matter of comparatively secondary importance. There are those, perhaps, who, if the choice were offered to them, might prefer an hereditary vice-royalty to an independent constitutional monarchy, inaugurated under a prince of the blood-royal of England, to the republic to which they believe themselves to be drifting, and which the experience of the Federal States, already burdened by a public debt not far short of that which Great Britain has accumulated in two centuries, proves to be rather an expensive luxury. But whatever course may be adopted, the subsisting relations between Great Britain and her Transatlantic provinces would remain unchanged, and the responsibilities of the former practically undiminished, for with a long land frontier-line absolutely indefensible, with points of possible dispute bristling on all sides, with the north-west boundaries of Canada still undefined, with the vast region which lies between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains left without any government at all, unless that of the irresponsible agents of the Hudson's Bay Company be deemed worthy of the name—with all these elements of political difficulty hanging over our Transatlantic dependencies, this is not precisely the moment when (whatever form of government they may choose) our imperial engagements could be lightly shaken off. And it is not certainly in the spirit of the economist, who desires to get rid, on the best possible terms, of a profitless estate, that the Government and Parliament of England have approached the important problems arising out of the inevitable reconstruction of our colonial policy.

Having accepted, at the instance of enlightened colonial reformers at home, the full responsibility for the defence of their dependencies abroad from perils arising from the effects of imperial policy, the British Government have never shrunk from that responsibility. But while voluntarily accepting the burdens inseparable from their costly and now profitless inheritance, the statesmen of England, aiming no longer, as of old, to retain in helpless minority those communities of her empire which combine the powers and qualifications of free states, hail with no feelings of apprehension or regret each symptom of nascent independence as it may disclose itself. By our past colonial policy we have surrendered the prerogatives no less than the emoluments of empire, and their relinquishment has been based on a deliberate consideration of the best interests both of the mother country and her provinces.

It is not to North America alone, but to all our distant dominions in Australasia, South Africa, and elsewhere, that this principle applies. Nor is its application limited or affected by the peculiar conditions of those dependencies in which the presence of unamalgamated native races has been suffered to afford a pretext for an exceptional retention of imperial power.

But though no vestige of ancient jealousies can be traced in our colonial administration of to-day, the people of England have no desire to snap asunder abruptly the slender links which still unite them with their Trans-oceanic fellow-subjects, or to shorten by a single hour the duration of their common citizenship. By strengthening the ties which still remain, they would rather aim at converting into a dignified alliance an undignified because unreal subserviency. History has warned them that it is not by futile attempts to retain in an inglorious subjection its scattered satrapies that the real greatness of a nation can be advanced, but rather by an attitude of watchfulness for the dawning of that inevitable day when "the years of their apprenticeship shall have been passed, and Nature shall have pronounced them free."

ARTHUR MILLS.



PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND "THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE."

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S discourse on "The Physical Basis of Life," recently published in the *Fortnightly Review*, continues to attract extraordinary attention. The scientific eminence of the writer, his manifest ingenuousness and honesty, and the extreme simplicity of the conception (so far as it touches material life) which he has formed and presents to his readers, account for the profound interest which has been so widely created. There is an irresistible charm in the open, lucid, and vigorous exposition which he presents of a theory, in itself singularly beautiful and captivating, but quite apart from some of the conclusions with which he unhappily connects it. The strong tendency of the intellect—strongest in minds of the highest power and cultivation—is ever to unify the complex and to reduce the manifold and the discordant to simplicity and law. Thirty years ago, or more, admiring audiences, including many of the gravest and wisest chiefs of the modern Athens, listened to a youthful votary of science, discoursing of the primitive, essential unity of the material creation, and maintaining that all the endless forms and kinds of material substance had their origin in one simple created element. The late Dr. Samuel Brown, a true genius and a

noble and beautiful man, died prematurely after years of suffering, and left his fond theory unestablished. But it is possible that science may yet demonstrate to be true what was only the conjectural speculation of an aspiring soul, and at the least, there is nothing unreasonable or at all unlikely in the conception that the innumerable varieties of matter may have all originated in one primitive substance, capable of undergoing endless transmutations, conversions, decays, and reconstructions.

Professor Huxley has demonstrated beyond all question, the essential unity of all *living matter*, and has shown conclusively that there is a substance, one substance, which is the invariable basis of material life, in which it begins and by which it is sustained and continued, and that this substance is essentially the same in all material living beings or things—in the lichen on the rock, the fungus, the tree, the animalcule, the reptile, the fish, the bird, the beast of the field, and the man. At the same time one regrets here an occasional unguardedness and laxity of expression, perfectly undesigned, but calculated to mislead, and conveying much more than the premises justify. The writer is no materialist; he believes in living minds, as well as living bodies, and in a living God, a pure Spirit. But we meet now and again with such wide and loose modes of speech as the following: "a kind of matter common to *all living beings*," "protoplasm is the formal basis of *all life*," "*all living powers* are cognate," "*all living forms* are fundamentally of one character." No, by no means. There are living beings, not material; there is life, which has its basis in no protoplasm; there are living powers, not cognate, but fundamentally dissimilar; and there are forms of life which have nothing in common with those which meet the eye.

It is essential to keep perpetually in mind that the one subject of Professor Huxley's discourse is *material life* and that alone—life in matter, *living matter*, as distinguished from dead, inorganic matter. It is found that a complex substance, called in scientific language protoplasm, is the basis of living matter,—that is, it is the beginning of this form of life, and the invariable and indispensable condition of its continuance. It is quite possible that science has not, even in this, made its last discovery, and that a simpler and remoter issue may yet crown the patience and the genius of future explorers. But so far as observation has yet reached, there is no living matter except in the presence of this protoplasm, and science for the moment has announced her ultimate finding, that all living matter begins and continues in a substance which is essentially the same in all plants of all orders, and in all animals of all species, and amidst innumerable varieties of forms and powers and destinies.

To me the analysis of protoplasm and the story of its formation,

of its deaths and resurrections, of its activities and of its results, are exquisitely beautiful and simple. I accept them implicitly, as facts ascertained by an accomplished and faithful witness. Experiment brings out that this complex substance can be resolved into the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, but it proves at the same time that these in their simple state cannot be assimilated. The combination of carbon with oxygen forms carbonic acid, the combination of hydrogen with oxygen forms water, and the combination of hydrogen with nitrogen forms ammonia. It is these compounds—carbonic acid, water, and ammonia—and not the uncompounded elements, which all plants take in, and it is from these that are produced the protoplasm, by which their own lives and the lives of all animals, man included, are sustained. Science is almost sublimated into poetry when the vital element, this protoplasm, a semi-fluid, is described as lining the inner surface of the tiny hair of the nettle, moving in ceaseless activity, with its countless granules, pouring in rapid streams, in the same or in opposite directions, the streams sometimes meeting in conflict till one forces its way, and carries the other along with it, whirling and rushing and roaring like another Maelstrom, had we only organs acute enough to see and hear. And all this has its higher counterpart in the activities of the animal kingdom. But plants are the only producers of living protoplasm out of inorganic matter, so that ultimately all material life, animal as well as vegetable, depends on the growth and the powers of vegetation. Plants first convert *dead* into *living* matter; but this life again must first die, and once more, through the agency of the animal powers, be rekindled. Throughout, the process, whether in the animal or in the vegetable kingdom, is ever from death to life, and again from life to death, and at the last all animal and all vegetable existence resolves itself into the original inorganic constituents of which it was at first composed—carbonic acid, water, and ammonia—and these are simply and wholly no other than the ordinary matter of the world, the common dust and earth on which we tread.

But this is an old, old truth, and science has not after all advanced us a single point beyond it. Physiology and general physics have shed marvellous light on birth and life and death, have searched out many of their hidden secrets, have analysed and sifted the phenomena with consummate patience and accuracy, have traced sequences and detected latent antecedents, and have unravelled and explained much that was unknown or dark. The result is an immense and priceless increase of general intelligence; but so far as the last great issue is concerned, we are now no whit beyond the men who lived thousands of years ago. Millenniums before modern science was born, the great Book of God spoke in tones such as these: "All flesh is grass, and

all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, surely the people is grass." To the first of men, the voice of heaven was this: "Out of the dust wast thou taken; dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return." It has been the demonstration of eye-sight ever since the course of the world began, that the human body and all animal bodies and all forms of vegetation at last are resolved into common earth, the lowest constituents of our globe.

Without any exaggeration, there is a most humiliating side on which our poor nature may be looked at, but let us not forget that it also presents on another side an aspect of wondrous elevation and nobility. And it is not wise and not helpful to virtue or to strength, to dwell inordinately on the native degradation of humanity in the scale of being, above all to exaggerate that debasement and to represent it lower and worse than it is in fact. It would be most unjust to charge Professor Huxley with being guilty of this offence, consciously and purposely; but he does commit it nevertheless. Perhaps beguiled by the patness and the play of a happy sentence, he passes now and again beyond the line of literal fact and truth. As an example, by no means the only one, of this transgression, take the following statement: "Traced back to its earliest state, the nettle arises, *as the man does*, in a particle of nucleated protoplasm." The words have the brevity, the sharpness, and the strength of an aphorism; but they are not true, they are beyond the truth in a very essential respect, and the final conclusion includes far more than the foregoing premises contain. The essayist has been dealing solely with life in matter, with *living matter*, in distinction from dead inorganic matter. The nettle is living matter, and nothing but living matter, and its entire being is comprehended in this definition. But living matter is not only not the whole man, it is the lowest and the least essential part of the man. The sentence to be strictly true, *on the writer's own showing*, must have run thus, the living matter in the nettle arises, as the living matter in the man does, in a particle of nucleated protoplasm. But how immense is the difference between the two modes of statement! Professor Huxley himself elsewhere puts the fact in an unexceptionable form, "a nucleated mass is the structural unit *of the body*." Yes, of the body, but not of the man. It creates the deeper regret that a thoroughly upright controversialist should at any time incautiously and loosely make use of language unsustained by facts, liable to be mistaken, and whose tendency is to degrade humanity far below its deserts. If any one part of our nature is to be taken for the whole, all but confirmed materialists would pronounce that the soul, not the body, the living mind, is the man.

But withal, the distinguished writer has to my mind triumphantly and very beautifully made out what I take to be the main thesis of his discourse, namely, the real unity of all living matter, so far as it comes within our observation, and that organic substance is essentially the same in plants, in animals, and in man. Nor only so, for in the ultimate analysis it comes out that the common inorganic elements of our earth are the pabulum out of which, by countless appliances and through countless processes, the matter of all physical life somehow comes forth. It makes the whole world kin. Men, animals, plants, earth, air, seas, and skies, are allied mysteriously but really and essentially. It is a simple and glorious idea, it speaks alike of the parsimony and of the prodigality of nature, and it proclaims aloud the omnipotence and the infinite art of the plastic hand of the great Creator and Fashioner of the universe. Thus far I follow the distinguished essayist with genuine admiration, but no farther, and the arguments and the conclusions which he attempts to build up on the ground of his well sustained thesis, seem to me fallacious and misleading. He has here stepped out of the sphere in which he is an acknowledged leader, and ventured into a province with which, I presume to think, he is not so familiar, and in which he does less than justice to himself and to his readers.

In brief form, and with conscious impartiality, I give Professor Huxley's course of reasoning. The primitive elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, each and all are lifeless; their compounds also, carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, are each and all lifeless; but when these compounds are brought together under certain conditions, they give rise to protoplasm, and protoplasm exhibits the phenomena of life. So far all is plain and unanswerable. These are the undoubted facts of observation, the fixed series of antecedents and consequents, and they include the whole of the facts and the entire series, so far as has yet been ascertained. The argument advances—"We think fit to call different kinds of matter carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and to speak of the various powers and activities of these substances as the properties of the matter of which they are composed." Water at a certain temperature is a fluid, at another is a "solid whose particles tend to cohere into definite geometrical shapes, and sometimes build up frosty imitations of the most complex forms of vegetable foliage." "We call these the properties of the water . . . they result from the properties of the component elements of the water." "Is the case in any way changed when carbonic acid, water, and ammonia disappear, and in their place, *under the influence of pre-existing living protoplasm*, an equivalent weight of the matter of life makes its appearance?" "If the phenomena exhibited by water are its properties, so are

those presented by protoplasm (living or dead) its properties. If the properties of water may be justly said to *result* from the nature and disposition of its component molecules, I can find no intelligible ground for refusing to say that the properties of protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecules."

Thus it stands; and as one who, in common with the essayist, desires only to seek truth and fact, and to bow implicitly and reverently to both, I ask, Is there not a profound, essential, and inscrutable distinction between life, vitality, and, without exception, all the other agencies and changes in material nature. All the others are of one kind and class—all, whether insignificantly little or magnificently grand—all are wonderful, beautiful, and glorious, but they belong to precisely the same sphere. Life, vitality, on the other hand, to my mind, is alone, in a higher province, separated from all below by a distance that cannot be measured. All other agencies in material nature are strictly passive. Inorganic matter acts only as it is acted upon. There is no real origination of action in mere material nature. There is no selfhood in any sense whatever. Antecedents and consequents, in perpetual, unvarying succession, make up the history of inorganic matter. But life is an active power, to a certain extent a self-power; the principle of vitality is a true originator wherever it exists, and in whatever form. It means self-sustenance, self-extension, (growth), self-propagation. The rock, the mineral, the metal, the earth, the water, the gas, save as they are passively acted upon by influences which they neither seek nor can reject, will abide the same for thousands of ages. They can do nothing for their support, their extension, or their perpetuation. But the plant and the living creature search out and find the material which is necessary for their sustenance, and as if they had the power of selection, they choose what is nutritive and reject what is deleterious. In addition to this, they not only preserve the life that is in them, but as if by a self-force they gather and consume nutriment for their progressive extension and growth. Last of all, they have the wondrous power—unexampled, as are also those of self-sustenance and self-growth, in all the other regions of material nature—the power of begetting their kind and of multiplying themselves indefinitely beyond calculation.

The distinction is immense and impassable between living things and beings and all other forms of matter. There is here a principle, a power altogether new, separated essentially and immeasurably from, and exalted, *toto caelo*, above all else within our knowledge. We can—and it is passing strange that we can—say that life is in matter, for we see its manifestations there; but it is most palpably inconsequent to say that therefore matter is life, or that life

is matter or only a property of matter. Professor Huxley argues that we do not assume that a something called aquosity enters into and takes possession of the oxide of hydrogen, and thus forms water. Certainly not. Aquosity means only the quality of wateriness. We can abstract the quality and think of it, but it has no existence except in our minds. Nobody imagines that aquosity is anything existing by itself, apart from actual water. But we do assume, and are entitled to assume, on the grounds which have been advanced, that there is a real something, a mysterious principle, a force which we distinguish as life, vitality, which exists indeed in matter, but which exists also in minds and in God. We are entitled to call this principle a wholly new element, a real and great addition to the elemental powers, not a mere form or modification of something before existing. And why? For this sufficient reason, that it is not only *sui generis*, but is essentially diverse and separate from all the lower constituents and forces of nature. Scientific research has gone down far into the darkness of the kingdom of life, and may yet descend deeper and be able to strike out a gleam of light; but no plummet dropped from earth into the infinite void can sound the bottomless depth, and no human eye can pierce the dark secret of eternity. In presence of the meanest plant, the merest animalcule, we stand before an awful and inscrutable mystery. Oh, life, life! what, whence art thou? Self-motion, self-growth, self-perpetuation! It is Almightyness! It is God! It is the power of God! It is God working! It is all and only this in the ultimate analysis!

The thought which we have now reached is capable of being extended over the whole range of the kingdom of nature. "If," says Professor Huxley, "the phenomena exhibited by water are its properties, so are those presented by protoplasm its properties." The statement seems fair and unobjectionable, but all depends on the meaning of that one crucial term, properties. It is more than time that the interpretation of this word, as used in science, should be exactly ascertained and fixed. It is very convenient, in relation to physical studies and in the general ordinary use of language, to distinguish the changes which any substance produces on others, or which others produce on it as *its properties*. It is not only convenient, but almost a necessity, and entirely harmless, if the meaning be well understood and guarded. In one class of cases, and in one only, the term is capable of being used with perfect accuracy, and in its widest sense. It is the property of a rational being to perceive, to think, to feel, and to will. He is able, he has power—and *this is the essential idea* involved in the word property—to do these things, and he actually does them, if he chooses and when he chooses. It belongs to him to do these things; he is constituted and empowered by his

Maker to do them. Such, in a true and real sense, is the property, the attribute, the power, of an intelligent nature.

But inorganic matter, in all its myriad forms and kinds, has no originative, active powers, no properties, in the strict and just meaning of that word. It does and can do nothing save in an indirect and passive sense. It acts only when and so far as it is acted upon. An electric spark guided by a human hand, or otherwise, passes through a certain combination of hydrogen and oxygen, and a quantity of water is produced. Or, again, water at 60° Fahrenheit is a fluid, at 32° it becomes solid, and if the temperature be raised, it passes again into the fluid state. Men of science have, and most justly, a passion for facts. We are taught to abide by the facts, the exact facts, and all the facts, and are forbidden to step a point beyond them. Causes and effects are rigidly excluded; with antecedents and consequents in their invariable succession, and with them alone, we have to do. What, then, I ask, are the simple facts here? An electric spark, a combination of hydrogen and oxygen, the spark passing through the compound, these again displaced, and a quantity of water found instead, the water fluid at one temperature and solid at another. This is the entire amount furnished by the most minute and skilful observation. But we are told—and I ask, on what authority?—that the results are owing to the properties of the hydrogen, the oxygen, the electricity, and the water. Our senses do not observe the properties, they witness only to the facts, and can detect no properties. It is mere supposition, and no more.

Admitting the convenience and even the necessity of attributing properties, in a certain modified sense, to matter, for myself, believing in their reality in a higher meaning than many would concede, I deny the right of any, on scientific ground, to go a step beyond observed fact. Certain substances are before us, and certain changes are witnessed. That is all we know, because it is all we see: these are the whole facts of observation, and anything beyond is hypothesis, and no more. Professor Huxley speaks strongly of human ignorance, and all but asks, What do or can we know of the real nature of anything? He actually puts the question, "Does anybody quite comprehend the *modus operandi* of an electric spark?"—a question which might fairly be extended indefinitely. "After all, what do we know of matter, except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of our states of consciousness?" Again, he affirms that often, now in one case and again in another, "there is no sort of parity between the properties of the components and the properties of the resultant." And yet, withal, he is prepared to attribute physical results, universally, to the nature and properties of their antecedents. Referring to water, for example, he declares, "we do not hesitate to

believe that *in some way or another* its properties result from the properties of its component elements."

This cautious, dubious language is very noticeable and suggestive, and may be translated in some such way as this—we do not see and cannot explain, but we believe that *in some way or another* the effect is thus and thus produced. Men of science seem to be forced in spite of themselves, and by the fundamental idea of causality, rooted in their minds, though formally disowned, to seek *a cause* of phenomena, and therefore fall back on the nature and properties of things. But it is a pure assumption. Say that two or more kinds of matter come together, and that a definite result follows. All we observe are the substances, their proportions, their combination, and the effect. Their action, the course, the process, the succession of changes till the last, we may see and follow, but why it is as we see, why the effect is what it is, we cannot observe, and, on merely scientific grounds, cannot know. We simply assume and assert that *in some way or another* it is owing to the nature and properties of that matter, of which we know little or nothing, except that it is "the unknown and hypothetical cause of our states of consciousness." Illegitimately, so far as the scientific ground is concerned, we go beyond the facts of observation. Denying causality, we introduce something very much like a cause, and adopt a phraseology which seems to account for phenomena, but which really accounts for nothing, and is very often no more than a blind for our ignorance.

There is no question here, as to the perfect adaptation of means to their end, throughout the kingdom of material nature. The wisdom and the power of the Creator are sufficient ground on which to build this conviction, were there no ostensible evidence of the fact before us. But the evidences are abundant, and it cannot be doubted that, as our knowledge extends, we shall find ever fresh proof that the relations of phenomena—arbitrary in one sense, because depending wholly on the will of Him who gave being to material nature, and endowed it with all its possibilities—are not accidental, but have their ground in the highest fitness of things. It is possible to make this out even now, to no small extent. One form of matter is seen to be adjusted and adapted to another; one so-called property, or set of properties, are seen to meet and respond becomingly and invariably to another. Water at one temperature is solid, at another is fluid; and we are accustomed to say it is the property of the water in the one case to freeze and in the other to be fluid. Fire applied to combustible materials consumes them. We are accustomed to say that it is the property of fire to consume, and the property of fuel to be consumed. It is perfectly convenient and legitimate, so far, to speak of

these as properties, but we must not be misled by words, which have a double sense, and may be either negative or positive. Water becomes solid, or becomes or is fluid; but does it *do* anything actively of itself to produce either of these results? It is fluid, it is solid—these are the facts; but has it done anything to create the facts? No. It has done nothing, so far as we know. It has been acted upon, and nothing more. Has, then, the heat done anything to bring about these changes? Nothing. At 32° water *is* frozen, at 60° it *is* a fluid. That is the fact—the result before our eyes; but how, or why, we know not. The heat has *done* nothing actively—has neither lowered nor heightened its temperature; it has been acted upon, and only acted upon. Again, fire is heat raised to a certain height. It has done and can do nothing to raise or to lower itself; it has been acted upon, and nothing more. But fuel laid upon it is consumed; that is all we observe, and the how or the why we know not. The fire and the fuel, both, are passively acted upon, and an agency is manifestly conducted through their medium; but any active force of theirs may be supposed, but cannot be seen or proved, and *is not*, so far as we know, *in* them.

I am disposed to question altogether the existence, in any true and rational sense, of all, save *passive* properties (the power not of acting, but of suffering action from without), in inorganic matter—or anywhere, except in organized beings. Even the meanest plant acts for itself and from itself; it truly originates action. The animal, in a yet higher degree, is a real originator, and an energetic and conscious actor. Man, highest of all, is a conscious, rational, free being, is gifted with properties and powers, which belong to his nature, and which he puts forth or not, as he wills. But mere inorganic matter, of itself, from itself, does nothing, can do nothing; universally it originates and can originate nothing. It is acted upon, and never acts of itself, *proprio motu*. The ball thrown by a human hand, or otherwise, rolls on. Yes and no. It is rolled, rather than rolls; it is caused to roll. It is only acted upon, and does nothing of itself. All the doing, all the property and the power, belong not to it, but entirely to the hand which threw it. It may strike a second ball, and this again is rolled, rather than rolls. The first, even in striking, is only acted upon, and does nothing actively. It does not send out the force which is in it; the force passes into the second—that is all we know—and again into a third, a fourth, and a fifth, and onward indefinitely. But the agency—except in a passive sense—the power, and the property, are all and only in the original mover, and that never can be inorganic matter. We come to this: inorganic matter, as is manifest every instant, is the *medium* through which illimitable kinds of agency are conducted; but itself, of itself, can never originate, can never begin and conduct agency of any kind;

and for this sufficient reason, that it is capable of acting only as it is acted upon.

To act, to originate action, there must be (as we observe even in the lowest forms of vegetation) something of selfhood—a self. Again: to possess properties, powers, in any real sense, such as we observe in animals, and highest of all in man, there must be consciousness, intelligence, and will. But inorganic matter has no will, no purpose, no desire, no knowledge, and no consciousness. We rightly call it dead, insensate, in itself perfectly passive and indifferent in the extremest sense. And is this the ground, can this be the ground, in which originative force can find its sole basis, and out of which it can spring forth? It is impossible. Properties, powers, self-activity, can belong only to a being, not to a thing—in the highest analysis, to mind, not to matter.

We pass not into another region, but only into another quarter of the same region of inquiry, when we turn to what are called the laws of the material creation. Honour to the noble men, who by patient, severe, and long extended investigation, and by cautious and profound reasoning, have discovered for us the great laws which reign in the phenomena and relations of matter! A priceless legacy they have bequeathed to the generations, which it behoves us not only to understand, but to test by our own observation and experience, and by the convictions and conclusions of our own judgment and reason. When we speak of mechanical, chemical, and physiological laws, the idea conveyed is, that matter in certain circumstances is found to undergo certain changes, and that always and everywhere it is found to undergo the same changes, the circumstances being the same. The invariability of sequence is the chief idea; but it is conveyed besides that the ground of this invariability is law, that is to say, the sequences are not a caprice, not a contingency, not an uncertainty, but are owing to some fixed order, to some distinct, determinate arrangement. Most manifestly this order cannot have been fixed by the unconscious antecedents and consequents themselves, and the arrangement cannot have been determined by them. We are entitled to ask who fixed the order, who settled the arrangement?

That word “law” and the thought of which it is the sign refer us back to an origin and an author. The word includes at least two ideas—will and power. A law, if the word be really meant for anything and be not a mere blind for our ignorance, suggests, first, expressed will, and then power to enforce the will. If the well-established conclusion of science be, that all the operations and changes of matter are invariable, indicating no such thing as contingency, irregularity, or caprice; when it is added that this is their

law, the real meaning, if there be a real meaning at all in the words, is this, that some will chooses and resolves, and that some power secures that it shall be so. But whether this meaning be intended or not, I am prepared to maintain, without the least fear of successful contradiction, that the simple fact of invariability clearly involves the necessity of these two things, will and power, and can no otherwise be accounted for. The earth, the mineral, and the gas, the inorganic, and very largely even the organic substance, all, we find by observation, have fixed laws, and never fail to act in perfect harmony with them. On a vast scale and for a vast duration they have never failed in a single instance. I despair of making the least impression on any mind which is unable to see that there is in this the presence, somewhere, of an unalterable will and of an invincible power. But as clearly, the power and the will are not in the unconscious things, but must and can only belong to an intelligent being, be he who he may.

That substratum, be it what it may, on which the laws of nature terminate, and all whose products and forms are simply the various effects of the operation of these laws, has no will, and as certainly it has in itself no power. Our globe has a motion upon its own axis, and it has also another motion around the sun. On the one hand there is a principle or law (so we speak), in virtue of which it is ever repelled from the central orb, and on the other hand there is a principle or law in virtue of which it is ever drawn in exactly the contrary direction, and the result is a nearly circular orbit. This is the law, as we speak, of the earth and the sun; but the words either convey no intelligible meaning, or they are utterly fallacious, unless we understand that there is some living being who arranges that the two shall thus act and react on one another, and who besides has the power to secure that they shall thus act and react. No sane man imagines that there is a consciousness, still less a volition, in the earth or in the sun. They have no purpose, no choice in their movements, and no knowledge of them. The purpose, the will, and the knowledge, can only be in an intelligent being.

It is exactly the same with the so-called forces and powers which, by a kind of convenient fallacy, are spoken of as if they resided in matter. There is a force which on the one side attracts, and on the other side resists, and which is said to reside in the sun and in the earth. The adaptations of nature are perfect, perhaps most perfect of all, certainly most grand and awful, in the sphere of astronomy. There is a magnificent order in the relations of sun and earth, and planets and stars, and systems. It can be ascertained within certain limits, it can be calculated, it can be predicted with certainty. But do suns and planets, and stars and systems, know anything of this magnificent

order? Have they any power, any choice, in regard to it? Do they, in fact, really obey any laws? No; they neither obey nor disobey. They act only as they are acted upon, have no voice, no knowledge, and no power either to give or to withhold. They are only the passive *media* through which agency, of which they know nothing, is conducted. Is the sun an agent, of himself exerting a virtue inherent in his personality, and by this affecting variously other bodies? Power is that which the possessor puts forth or withholds, and by which he produces, originates change. But a causer of change without volition, without even consciousness, is a contradiction. The power, the ability to cause change, can reside ultimately only in a person, not in a thing. Now, if we believe in a Creator and Ruler, if this be a truth, a fact, the highest truth, the highest of all facts, why virtually ignore it? Why leave it unnamed? Is it not true, simply true, that the Creator has so willed it, and that His causative power secures that it shall be done, and in the grandest and wisest possible way? It is true, and, what is more, this truth lies at the very root of the only intelligible, or even possible, interpretation of the laws of suns and planets, and stars and systems, and of all the forces and changes and phenomena of creation. At this moment, when the phenomena of so-called physical forces are before us, not ages ago, and at every moment when the phenomena are presented, the fundamental and ultimate fact is this—the Creator wills, and His power effects.

The idea of the Almighty impressing a law on material substance at its creation which thereafter abides in force, and under which it of itself must for ever continue to act, is a pure fiction, imposing on us by sounds which, on examination, are found to have no intelligible significance. If the law be regarded as His announced will or purpose, inorganic matter is incapable alike of understanding the announcement and of retaining the knowledge of it. It cannot receive a command, and cannot obey it. The volition or purpose of the Divine mind cannot be contained within it, and cannot even be imparted to it. In like manner, power, in the sense of ability to originate change, is incapable of being conveyed to it, or of being retained by it. It can never become an actor, an originator, a sender-forth of influence from itself. Power, voluntary activity, is in a person only, not in unconscious matter. The Supreme can make use, if He pleases, say, of the earth or the sun, to do what He judges fit; can cause them to act, the one on the other, as He desires. He can determine and secure that they shall act invariably in one way and no other, so that we shall understand that this is a fixed law. But the meaning, the only meaning is, that at every moment when they so act He is the direct, the present, the immediate, the sole causer. The laws of Nature can mean nothing more or other than the will of the

Almighty, the course which He wills and causes Nature to take. They have, and can have, no existence except in a mind. They are not in material nature, there is no *locus in quo* for them except in a mind. And even so, in like manner, the powers and forces of Nature have no existence except in God. They are, and can only be, attributes of a being, not of a thing.

The whole course of material nature, in its minutest and in its grandest departments, is thus nothing else than the Supreme acting, directly, immediately acting. There is a substance, a material, be it what it may, in which and through which He acts—and this also was created by Him; but at every moment, everywhere He is the direct, the immediately present, the sole actor. The will, the purpose, and the power that are evinced are all His, *in Him*, and only in Him. In this light science is emphatically the record of Divine physical providence, it is the discovery and the announcement of that fixed course, according to which the Great Being has chosen, and chooses to act, in all the spheres of material nature. And if this be so, must it not be a fundamental and perilous mistake, an immense loss of light and of power, to virtually ignore this highest truth, this first and grandest fact of the universe? Must it not fatally affect, almost necessarily falsify, our whole conception of the subject of study?

Conscientious materialists have no alternative but to imprison themselves within the limits of the facts of sense. To them there is no higher, no other sphere. But multitudes of scientific men, multitudes of the most distinguished votaries of science are devout Theists and genuine Christians. But they too, no less warmly than others, adopt the principle that in the sphere of science they can accept no testimony beyond that of observation. They must deal as they judge, only with material phenomena, and with the facts of the senses. Quite so. But it need not be forgotten that there are facts of mind as well as of matter, facts of consciousness as well as facts of observation, and that there are internal, native intuitions, as well as sensations and impressions, produced by the external world. Are these to be virtually ignored? Whatever be the special direction of our researches at any moment, is one side of our nature to be darkened and blotted out for the time, in order that another may be unhampered in investigations, on which from the first side, all the while, there may fall a light that can be kindled nowhere else? This, surely, is not wise and not just; it must be dangerous, if not fatal, to truth.

Imagine a work of art before us. We look patiently and carefully, examine, scrutinize, and criticize. We seize in our minds the conception of the picture, we note the figures, the grouping, the

background, the foreground, the colours, the shading, and the entire execution and tone of the whole. But should we gain nothing, should not our whole thought and impression be heightened, and a new, warm, vivid, deeper sense be created, if we admitted the idea of the living artist, and connected the work with the labour, patience, genius, and taste he had bestowed on it. Imagine a mechanical invention—say the first watch invented and made; take it to pieces, mainspring, balance, wheels, pivots, cogs, movements, workings, and counter-workings. Remake it from the foundation, see how each part answers to the other, how from the simpler you rise to the more complex contrivances, and from these to the more complex still, until at last you have an accurate and faithful measurer and indicator of time. But who does not see and is not compelled to feel that it would immensely enliven and enlighten all his ideas, if he knew that the wondrous mechanism, instead of being admirable but mysterious, was a human invention, the work of skill and toil, the contrivance and product of a human intellect? What then shall we say when it is the great God who has not only constructed the mighty machine of this universe, with all its innumerable and perfect adaptations, and their transcendent results, but has literally created the materials themselves, and has endowed them with all and every one of the possibilities which they possess? And is this to be left out in our thought at any time? What harm to science, to the most rigorous investigation, or to any human interest, can be done by the distinct recognition of a fundamental truth? It need not be idly obtruded, but must it be ignored? Are we gratuitously to impoverish ourselves, to limit our vision, and deliberately to lose half, the largest half, of all the light that is accessible to us? Science begins and is conducted in the absence of its strongest natural support, unless it recognises the one great underlying fact—the postulate of all postulates, God the Creator, Fashioner, and Ruler of the material universe.

It is admitted in the fullest sense that the strict and proper province of science is to observe, to examine, to test, to collect, to *register*, and to *classify phenomena*, and then to reason on the whole of the observations it has accumulated. Quite truly its sole business is announced to be to deal with facts, and with facts alone, and with all the facts which it is possible to reach. Let this great and noble work be done without fear or favour. Let the facts, the whole facts, and nothing but the facts, nakedly, literally, as they are, be collected and recorded. Let no concealment and no exaggeration be tolerated, however the testimony may seem to favour or to frown upon one theory or another. Be there nothing but perfect openness, perfect honesty, and perfect impartiality. Let no prejudice, no prepossession, no unworthy fear, and no cherished idea be suffered to affect in the

least the clear testimony of the senses. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, be our single aim.

But we are not wont in pursuing a new study to forget or ignore what we have gained in other directions. Real and sound knowledge of any kind cannot be hostile, but must be only helpful and strengthening, in the investigation of truth in any region whatsoever. It could not quench, it would but inflame, our intellectual enthusiasm in the study of the facts of science, and it would connect them with a profounder and more living interest; it could not make us less, but must make us more honest, more impartial, and more truthful in our researches, if the fixed conviction lay in our minds that the facts of science were the reflex and the record of the thoughts of the living God. And shall we, can we, amidst the countless array of facts which crowd on our senses every hour, and amidst the more mysterious and awful wonders revealed by the microscope and the telescope, shut out from thought, the highest of all facts—God? Amidst the endless and invariable succession of antecedents and consequents are we not compelled to go back to the great first antecedent, without whom invariable succession is a line hanging from nothing in an eternal vacuum; that antecedent who is the sole fountain and causer of all life and all being, without whom the universe is a mockery and a mystery never to be solved? Shall we hide or evade the one sublime truth which converts the mockery into a divine benignity, which solves the mystery, and which is the golden key to unlock the dark secret of immensity—God, the Creator, Fashioner, and Ruler of the material universe?

At this point, were not the interests at stake so sacred and paramount, I would willingly lay down my pen, for, in painful distinction from the earlier portion, the last pages of Professor Huxley's discourse are palpably inconsequent in their reasoning and dangerous in their tendency in no common degree. "I take it," he says, "to be demonstrable" (he does not say demonstrated, for it neither has been nor can be) "that it is utterly impossible to prove that anything whatever may *not* be the effect of a material and necessary cause." Passing by the strange inconsistency of these words, when it is remembered that the writer does not believe in such a thing as a material *cause* at all, and still less in a necessary cause, in any sense, I simply throw back the mere assertion, and require some proof or ground before it can have any claim to be considered. To me there is no real cause but one, the First Cause, and subordinate to this are created wills, which are true though derived causes. All other so-called causes are secondary, intermediate, unconscious occasions of phenomena rather than causes. But what the essayist pronounces a "philosophical impossibility" is not only a possibility

but a certainty. Without difficulty it could be shown, for example, that mind can *not* be originated out of mere matter, and that the supposition is a direct and gross contradiction.

As another example of unsupported statement, it is asserted that "human logic is incompetent to prove that any act is really spontaneous." It may be so, though I am far from admitting it; but the reason of incompetence, if such there be, is very plain, namely, that the subject belongs not so much to human logic as to human consciousness. Every human being is distinctly conscious, and needs no logic to convince him, that many of his acts are perfectly and wholly spontaneous, and that what he has done, he has done entirely of his own accord, and from his own choice. It is added, "a really spontaneous act is one which by the assumption has no cause." The word spontaneous is inexact and equivocal. It is here used for voluntary, the correlative of necessary, else it is wholly out of place. Loosely, we call that spontaneous, which is done on the moment, almost without thought or knowledge. But substitute voluntary, which is the proper term, for spontaneous, and the fallacy of the statement and of the inference built upon it is perceived at once: "a really voluntary act has no cause." On the contrary, it has the truest and strongest of all derived causes—the will of the voluntary agent.

Professor Huxley declares, "I individually am no materialist, but, on the contrary, believe materialism to involve grave philosophical error;" and again, "our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events." I accept these statements implicitly and unreservedly as the utterance of an honourable and upright man. But it is not possible to reconcile them with many other statements of a totally opposite character. No one has a right to question for a moment that the essayist himself honestly believes that they are perfectly consistent; but to me they are hopelessly irreconcilable. The progress of science, according to this latest and very high authority—and the fact is announced with no word of regret—has ever led, and even now more than ever is leading, to "the extension of what we call matter and *causation*" (where does he alight upon this word?) "and the concomitant gradual banishment from all regions of human thought of what we call spirit and spontaneity." Of modern physiology it is said, and without the least token of regret or dread, "here as elsewhere matter and law have devoured spirit and spontaneity." "The physiology of the future will gradually extend the realm of matter and law until it is co-extensive *with knowledge, with feeling, and with action.*" And all the while the essayist affirms that we know nothing of this all-devouring *matter* "except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical substratum of our states

of consciousness." But where, one may ask, can be the seat of consciousness, unless in spirit? Let this pass. He adds, "What do we know of spirit, except as a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause or condition of states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena." All is unreal, imaginary, supposititious, according to this account. It would be false and injurious to conclude that the writer is a Nihilist; but if this be not akin to absolute Nihilism, I am incapable of understanding the meaning of the word.

Professor Huxley states it as the aim of his discourse "to point out the *only way* of escape out of that crass materialism in which we just now landed," and that way he pronounces is the adoption of the theory of the invariable succession of antecedents and consequents in material nature. Many are perverse enough to judge that this theory can mean nothing else than the blindest and the direst conceivable necessity—a purely *material* necessity, withal. True, we see only succession; our senses cannot detect the hidden cause or ground of it, but we do see the invariable succession. It has ever been, it is now, and we have no reason to doubt, but every reason to believe, that it will continue ever to be. In all this, the word "necessity" may be discarded, but the thing, the conception, is here a manifest reality. To most minds invariable succession means necessity, pure and simple, and can mean nothing else. This unquestionably, if this be all, is not an escape from an evil into which we had plunged; it is a deeper plunge into an abyss which yawns only the more horribly, the lower we sink into it.

There is an escape from brute, iron necessity—one escape, and only one; but it is not in matter but in mind, and in a living God. If the laws of matter are the thoughts of God, we have then, and only then, a refuge, strong and enduring, in the power, the wisdom, the rectitude, and the goodness of our Maker. This is to believe, not in a necessity, but in a choice, in a purpose—a wise and deliberate purpose, the purpose of a Being in whom we can trust, and who is supremely worthy of our confidence.

Professor Huxley is not singular in his admiration of David Hume, if the native sagacity and subtlety of his intellect and the beautiful perspicuity, vigour, and ease of his style alone be regarded. But he is egregiously mistaken in thinking that it is in Scotland chiefly, or at all, that the philosophy of Hume has been accepted and honoured. Perhaps there is no country in the world in which it has been so generally and thoroughly abjured. With the solitary exception of Dr. Thomas Brown, all the leaders of mental and moral philosophy in the North, in long succession, have persistently withstood the

philosophical principles of Hume. Hutcheson, Reid, Beattie, Stewart, Wilson, and Hamilton were wide apart from the school of Hume, and were all, more or less distinctively, intuitionists.

But the spirit of modern science, the essayist states, is in entire sympathy with what I presume to call the *effete* materialism of a bygone age. It is grievous to think of, yet it is only too true. Men of science imagine that intuitions, intellectual and moral, are to be set aside because they are not observed by the senses. "They must be banished with other traditions," says Hume, and Professor Huxley consents. But human nature is too loyal to itself to sanction or to suffer this sacrilegious divorce, and it is too strong to yield up its deepest treasures and to displace them by that which meets only the eye and the ear. The testimony of the senses rests only and wholly on the witness of the inward consciousness, and the inward consciousness bears witness as clearly and strongly to the native and profound intuitions of the human soul.

Innate ideas are justly discarded, for the phrase can only mean thoughts formed out and fashioned, conceptions ready made and deposited in the new-born soul. But the native tendency in a human mind, the predisposition to form certain ideas, may be as real and deep and no more inconceivable or incongruous than the native and invincible tendency of the beaver to build, or of the mole to burrow. I hold that the predisposition in man and the power to form certain ideas is native to the soul and as universal as any other fact of humanity, and that the evidence of its existence is the same precisely as that which we have for the facts of sense—no other than the voice of inward consciousness.

Amongst the ideas which we are natively predisposed and empowered to form, one of the very deepest and most sacred is that of causation. It is so fixedly imbedded and rooted in our nature that we cannot rid our minds of it. Even Mr. Mill, who denies the thing, admits the indispensable necessity for the word. We cannot do without it; and why, unless there be a real something within us which wants and must have a representative? Philosophers in vain exalt invariable succession, and marshal out antecedents and consequents; common sense demands something more—some ground of the succession, some reason for the sequences. All men see and feel that there must be some real *nexus* between antecedent and consequent. The idea of power somewhere linking the sequences and effecting all we observe is irrepressible. We may be, and are, often utterly wrong in what we imagine to be the real cause. The immediate antecedent may be only the last and least influential in a series, which together constitutes the cause even in a modified and secondary sense. So far as material nature is concerned, we are

wholly wrong until we go back and up to the Fountain of Power, which, through the medium of material nature, is the one, sole, real Cause.

Professor Huxley admits that he has adopted a materialistic terminology, but his reason for doing so is suggestive of grave and painful surmise. Such terminology, he says, "connects *thought* with the other phenomena of the universe." So he affirms; and does not this recall words I have already quoted, but without comment, "matter devouring spirit and spontaneity," "the realm of matter gradually extending until it is co-extensive with knowledge, with feeling, and with action?" In my humble judgment, and without in the least questioning the writer's entire honesty, these words are a naked and terrible utterance of the merest materialism. But more terrible still to my ears are the sentences which follow, and which I think fallacious and pernicious in the extreme: "All vital action may be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it; and if so, it must be true in the same sense, and to the same extent, that the thoughts to which I am now giving utterance and your thoughts regarding them are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other *vital* phenomena."

This passage is to me perfectly unintelligible unless it be an undisguised statement of materialism. Is there a soul in man, or is there not? Is there a rational, moral, responsible nature, distinct from his corporeal nature, or is there not? In opposition to the doctrine of the essay it has been shown that even vitality cannot be resolved into a mere property of matter, for it exists in beings not material, and in the Great God, and therefore can have no essential relation to matter. Vitality is a real principle, a real force, perfectly new, and immeasurably distinct from all other mere material forces whatsoever. But in the words above quoted the essayist advances far beyond this earlier position. He distinctly asserts that thought is a property of matter, and must take its place side by side with "*our other vital phenomena.*" But thought is not merely or chiefly a *vital* phenomenon. It is the property of a living being, and of nothing but a living being, whether material or purely spiritual; but you do not define it, you utterly misconceive it, when you say that it is life, a *vital* phenomenon. It, itself, is not life at all, though it comes forth of a living being. It is the fruit, the product of an active intelligence, a will, and a conscience. Is there in man, distinct from his body, a seat and source of rational, moral, and volitional power—is there a soul, a mind, as well as a body?

The influence of body on mind is perpetual, pervading, and very humiliating. A fit of indigestion will render mental effort impossible or useless, will jaundice all our ideas of men and things, and sour,

and almost deprave the whole spirit of a man. A generous meal, pure, open air, and healthful exercise will restore and replenish the living protoplasm, and will empower the man for any intellectual or moral work that lies before him. No question but the body, and pre-eminently the brain, is the organ, the medium through which the mind, the soul, exerts its powers, and that the character and kind of all its action depends constantly on the state of the body. But it is one thing to say that the agent is affected by the organ through which he operates, and a very different thing to say that the organ *is* the agent, and that there is no power besides. Unless I wholly misapprehend the meaning of very plain words, it is distinctly maintained that the man is the body, and that the body is the whole man. All vitality in him is material, and only material; and all thought, in like manner, is equally material, and is "the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena."

It arises out of this, that while Professor Huxley is only to be thoroughly credited when he declares that he is no materialist, we are obliged to think that what he means by materialism cannot be what is usually understood by that somewhat wide term. The old faith, or no faith, that the universe is an eternal series and succession—a necessary succession, without beginning and without end—no God, no Creator, no Ruler—has, it appears, disciples in these days. It is possibly *this* extreme form of materialism, perhaps more favoured than many are aware of, which the essayist abjures, and abjures thoroughly and indignantly. "The materialistic position," he says, "that there is nothing in the world but matter, force, and necessity, is as utterly devoid of justification as the most baseless of theological dogmas." With hearty reprobation of such a scheme, he says, "fact I know, and law I know, but what is this necessity, save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing?" Eternal, *necessary*, material succession Professor Huxley entirely disowns, but it is as plain as at least any human language can make it, that in a narrower sense, in the customary and common meaning of the words, he is a materialist, pure and simple. Man is matter, and so far as this distinguished writer speaks, he is matter, and no more. All life is material, and all thought is material, and matter constitutes the whole of man.

In perfect consistency with this conception of humanity, the essayist deems it most wise to restrict our inquiries to the visible creation, and to the visible interests and destinies of man; and all the great and profound questions which have engrossed the minds, and still do, of all the noblest thinkers and sages of the world, he consigns to the limbo of "lunar politics," regarding them as little more rational than would be the research into the form of government established in the moon.

I turn last of all to a quotation from Hume, introduced by Professor Huxley in words of entire sympathy. "If we take in hand," says Hume, "any volume of divinity, or school of metaphysics, for instance, let us ask, 'Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number?' No. 'Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence?' No. Commit it then to the flames, for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion." On which Professor Huxley says to his readers, as before he had said to his hearers: "Permit me to enforce this *most wise* advice!" So, then, figures and facts, observation and experience, are not merely very important things, but the highest things to humanity; the things which tell most powerfully on the interests and the progress of our race. Admitting that they have an importance of their own, a vast importance, I yet venture to question their title to the lofty position, the supreme and solitary glory which is here assigned to them. If these be the highest and the most useful studies for man, what shall we say of God, the soul, immortality? They are not observed by the senses at all, are not connected with quantity or number, and are not related to experimental reasoning. They are indeed matters of fact, and they are realities of existence; but no human eye ever saw them, no human ear ever heard them, and no outward sense ever bore witness to them. They are native intuitions, and they are attested only by the inward consciousness, which, however, is also the sole witness for all external phenomena. Must we give to the flames all experience which relates to them? Can inquiries and reasonings respecting them be only of trifling use for the help of our minds? Must all speculation or thought about them be full only of sophistry and illusion?

There is, there can be no just ground for jealousy of science, so long as it ranges within its own proper province—the faithful observation and record of facts. But it cannot justly be questioned that the reasonings which are built upon the facts are a fair subject of universal criticism, and that men of science are not specially prepared by their distinctive studies for this kind of service. Men of equal intellectual power are free to question the soundness of their deductions, and to reject, on sufficient ground shown, their most cherished conclusions. The extension of knowledge in any department whatever, is only devoutly to be desired, and is neither to be discouraged nor to be dreaded. Fear for any real interest from this cause, for any cherished theory, as if one truth could be endangered by the spread of truth in other directions, is senseless, stupid, and irritating to every honest soul. It is disloyalty to God, to truth, and to our own nature; and the spread of scientific knowledge has an interest and worth peculiar to itself. It throws open the marvellous secrets of creation, it touches all life, and it bears on

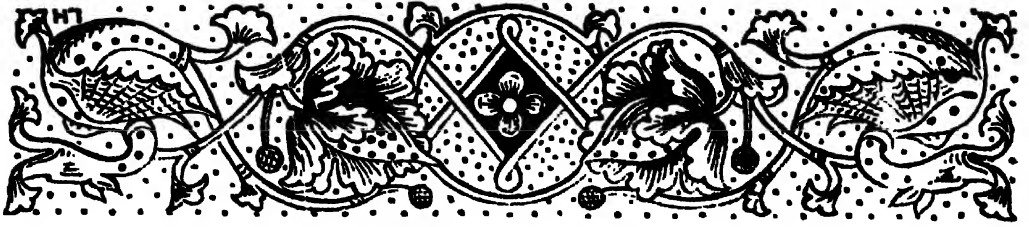
the happiness, the advancement, the refinements, the tastes, and all the secular capabilities and possibilities of humanity. Jealousy or fear of science are, both, alike dishonouring and unfounded. Perfect and unrestricted freedom, but not on one side only, on both sides alike, must be the recognised principle and law for the students of science and of philosophy.

But as a matter of fact and of fair historical evidence, we may ask, who are the men, and what are the influences that have told most powerfully on human well-being and cultivation? When it is affirmed confidently, if not somewhat arrogantly, that the investigations which have attracted and engrossed for a long life some of the strongest intellects which have ever opened on this earth, are full of sophistry and illusion, and that the record of them had best be committed to the flames, one is impelled to test the judgment by matter of fact, and to condemn it, on the first showing, as alike dangerous and unfounded. No one questions for a moment the immense benefits which genuine science has conferred upon the world. They can scarcely be exaggerated. But it is allowable to ask, who are the men, and what the influences that have most effectively touched and regenerated humanity? I single out the one greatest man of all antiquity—Socrates—and next to him his disciple Plato, not for themselves only or chiefly, but because they fitly stand as types of the class—not a small one—which I have now in my mind. They knew little of quantity or of number, and still less of experimental reasoning, but their force upon the world down through all the ages has been incalculable. They are the men who have acted upon the deepest principles, the spirit, the tone, the rational and moral nature of mankind. And above all, one may be allowed to ask, what power is that which has literally turned the whole world upside down, which has elevated humanity, and is elevating it, as no other before or since has ever done? What is that, more than all other agencies combined, which has made men wise, and strong, and good, and which, on the vastest scale, and for a thousand ages, has influenced the intelligence, the education, the elevation, the civilization, the politics, the manners, and the happiness of the most important and mightiest populations of our globe, and is influencing them still at this day? Christianity—But that is not science. Paul, and Peter, and John, and the rest, were not men of science, not devoted to statistics, not geologists, not astronomers, though they supplied a rich soil, and created a new and mighty stimulus for the growth and advancement of science. They knew nothing of “abstract reasoning on quantity and number,” which Hume desiderates as all important, and nothing of “experimental reasoning on matters of fact and existence.” But they announced principles true as God, and imperishable as eternity.

They breathed out an influence and a spirit which were invincible, and they sowed, broad-cast, in the earth the seeds of a regenerating and divine force. They touched the deep soul of the world, and the world felt and feels intensely at this day, and shall yet feel throughout its whole length and breadth.

Why should science disparage all other studies in comparison with itself? Why should it aspire to be the highest, even the only real power on earth? Why should it tend, above all *seek*, to "devour spirit and spontaneity?" Let it spread its legitimate triumphs. There is scope and verge enough. Let no unworthy jealousy, and no yet more unworthy fear, stand in its way! The faster and the more vigorously true science spreads, the better for mankind. But it is not lunacy to believe that there is something higher, and mightier, and more benign, than science. We must persist, despite of Professor Huxley, in studying what he terms "lunar politics." We must blunder on (if so it be stigmatized) with ancient sages and seekers of wisdom, and (not to name Christian apostles and heroic confessors), with the modern students of a high and spiritual philosophy, we must believe not only in a living God, but in the living human soul, a spiritual being, endowed with spiritual attributes, intelligence, conscience, and will, and destined to immortality—an immortality of ceaseless elevation, and purity, and progress!

JOHN YOUNG.



THE LIFE OF KEBLE.

A Memoir of the Rev. John Keble, M.A., late Vicar of Hursley. By the Right Hon. SIR J. T. COLERIDGE, D.C.L. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co.

ANY reader of this simple and touching memorial who may feel that it scarcely satisfies his hopes—that it tells less, and in a less interesting way than might have been expected in a life of Keble written by such a man as Sir J. Coleridge—must look back to the first words of its first chapter, and, after reading them again, will feel more inclined to be thankful for what he has, than to complain that it is not all which he might have desired. It is thus that the venerable author, in commencing his labour of love, has expressed his sense of its difficulty, and of his own inability to complete it worthily of the subject:—

“It is not without sincere misgivings that I commence this memoir. My sense of the difficulty of writing it properly, as well as of the importance that it should be written, if at all, fully, delicately, faithfully, lovingly, has become more strong the more I have had occasion to consider it with reference to myself. I will not affect to deny that if the duty had been cast upon me some years earlier, there are personal circumstances which, at least in part, might have seemed to recommend me for the performance of it. . . . But I feel now that my great age and impaired strength of mind as well as body, are more than equivalent disadvantages. . . . My readers will gather from what I have said that my work will not assume to be a complete biography; indeed, independently of the reasons which apply to myself personally, it seems to me that the time has hardly yet arrived when this could be done at once so freely and so dispassionately as

it ought to be, if done at all. Some one will be found, I have a good hope, in due time to accomplish this more important task—to whom what I am about to do may be of some service. The George Herbert of our days ought not in the end to be left without his own Isaac Walton." (Pp. 1—8.)

The last words of this affecting acknowledgment scarcely seem to express the real nature of the deficiency. It is true that the qualities of an excellent judge are not exactly those which form a genius for biography, and that a little of Walton's quaint poetic feeling for what is picturesque in incident and character would have done much to give literary interest to a volume which many readers will, as it is, find it difficult to read through. But this is a thing which, however delightful where it may be had, can be done without. And Sir J. Coleridge has given us something far more important, in writing Keble's life, not picturesquely indeed, but, in his own words, "fully, delicately, faithfully, lovingly." The real faults of the book are rather, positively, its too great length in proportion to the amount of information given, and, negatively, the absence from it of Keble's correspondence with almost every friend except the biographer. The first defect, though a serious hindrance to the popularity and general usefulness of the book, may easily be forgiven. Indeed it is no fault at all, when the book is regarded, according to its author's modest estimate, rather as materials for the life, than as the life itself. But the absence of correspondence with H. Froude, I. Williams, J. H. Newman, and Dr. Pusey, leaves even the materials for biography lamentably imperfect. The author is quite aware of this defect, but has not (except in the instance of H. Froude) made any effort to supply it.* For this omission he gives reasons which seem to him sufficient, but will scarcely seem so to his readers. For even independently of the intrinsic value of letters to such correspondents, and on such subjects as many of them must have touched, they would have reflected light from new and various sides upon the character of Keble himself. A nature so affectionate and so full of sympathy as his must have taken something of its colour and cast of thought from the friend to whom he was writing. No real writer of familiar letters (and Keble was an excellent one) is quite the same to one friend as to another. Without the slightest insincerity or affectation he turns instinctively to each friend that side of his own mind and character on which his friend meets him most closely. It is only by seeing the friend as he disclosed himself to several friends of different minds that one learns to know the whole man. Possibly (indeed it seems likely, from the peculiar simplicity of his character, that it may really have been so) Keble was more nearly

* Since the above lines were written, it has been announced that the letters to H. Froude, which were missing, have been recovered, and are to be published.

the same to all his friends than most other men of ability and genius are. But we should have wished to have the power of judging for ourselves; and we must confess that we should have thought him less great if the fact had proved to be so.

Keble was one of the warmest and faithfulest of friends. Nothing but death separated him, death itself did not separate him in heart, from the brotherhood of the friends of his youth at Corpus. Among these his biographer seems to have held the very first place in his affection. Next to him came those to whom some beautiful pages are given in the early part of the life—Cornish and Dyson. Miller, who (though of Worcester) is commemorated with them, was somewhat older, and though loved as well as revered, could not be on terms of perfect brotherhood. Then one greater than all, Arnold of Rugby, often differing so widely on matters which to both the friends were of the most sacred importance as almost to incur an anathema, which he was not backward to return; but yet always loved and loving tenderly. Then, in somewhat later times, the remarkable men with whom Keble's name will go down to coming generations, his associates in the religious movement of his middle life, Hurrell Froude, and Pusey, and Newman. Sir J. Coleridge has done ample justice to each of these friends, and to the part which many of them bore in making Keble what he was. The only matter of regret is that he has not given us the men themselves, painted unconsciously in their own letters, and in Keble's to them. No one could wish one line of the letters to the biographer left out. It may be that there was no one else to whom Keble so completely opened his whole heart. But the omission of other correspondence leaves the book more incomplete than it need have been. Even when the whole of a correspondence could not be published at present for reasons such as those suggested, surely a careful selection might have been made.

Few lives were less eventful than Keble's. He was born in 1792, at Fairford in Gloucestershire, where his father lived in a house of his own, though incumbent of the little parish of Coln St. Aldwyn, about three miles off; and was educated by his father at home so effectively, that some months before he was fifteen he gained an open scholarship at Corpus, Oxford, and when only just eighteen took his double first class. In 1811 he was chosen fellow of Oriel, Archbishop Whately being elected at the same time. In 1812 he gained the chancellor's prizes for English and Latin essay. He was ordained deacon on Trinity Sunday, 1815, and priest on Trinity Sunday, 1816, by Dr. William Jackson, Bishop of Oxford; became one of the tutors of Oriel early in 1818, and remained so until the spring of 1823; discharging also the office of public examiner twice. His mother died, to his great sorrow, in May of that year, and he then returned to

live with his father and sisters at Fairford, employing himself in the care of three little parishes—Eastleach, Burthorpe, and Southrop—within easy reach of his father's house; reading much, and occasionally allowing some of his young Oriol pupils to come and read with him during vacations. This continued to be the tenor of his life for twelve years, broken only by a single year (1825-6) spent happily as curate of Hursley,* from which he was recalled by the death of his tenderly-loved sister Mary Anne. In those twelve years, from 1823 to 1835, he laid the foundation of his ripe patristic learning. But he did in their early part a still more important work. The "Christian Year," which had long been growing silently in his hands, was moulded into shape and completed. It was first published in June, 1827; and in the third edition enlarged by the addition of the lines for the four "State Services," three of which have ceased to be appended to our Prayer-Books. In the verses for the Fifth of November are found the lines, an alteration of which, sanctioned by himself within the last few weeks of his life, and made in the first edition published after his death, caused an unhappy controversy, noticed in p. 163 of the Life.

In 1831 he declined the offer of the living of Paignton from the present Bishop of Exeter, and in the same year was unanimously elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford. About the same time he began the preparations for his excellent edition of Hooker, which occupied much of his time thenceforth until its completion in 1836. His contributions to the "Lyra Apostolica," and his versification of the Psalms, must have belonged chiefly to the same years. But his first object in life was the pastoral care of his little parishes, and (it was hard to say which stood first and which second in his own mind) the most dutiful and loving ministrations to his infirm father and his invalid sister Elizabeth—"his wife," as he loved to call her in earlier years, in playful contrast with "his sweetheart Mary Anne." Each while she lived was, as the biographer truly says, "so identified with Keble, that those who read about him ought to know something of them" (p. 134). His father died in his ninetieth year, in January, 1835. This event not only cut the tie which had bound Keble so long to Fairford and its neighbourhood, but left the brother and surviving sister without a home. The few words must be quoted in which Sir J. Coleridge has recorded their feelings:—

"As on all the preceding occasions so on this, the survivors accepted the bereavement with the cheerful resignation of real Christians; they found comfort in all the circumstances of the illness and the departure. Yet on

* There is a slight mistake in p. 133, surely. Among the attractions of Hursley in 1825, is mentioned Dr. Moberly, who did not come to Winchester until about ten years later.

John Keble, and Elizabeth especially, the blow was heavy; to them their father had long been the object of tenderest care; their ardent love for him (no distinction can be made between the two) had a mixture in it of filial pride and veneration for his great qualities of head and heart; the feeling naturally descended to smaller matters. John delights to speak of 'his silver voice,' 'the clear and peculiar tones of his voice,' and how in advanced old age the flock at Coln admired his manner still of performing the duty; and now they too were bereft of that object, and alone." (P. 221.)

Just as Keble was doubting where to turn his steps, the vicarage of Hursley, which he had declined, for his father's sake, when offered to him a few years before, was again pressed upon him by his pupil and warm friend Sir W. Heathcote, and was at once accepted. In the autumn of 1835 he married Miss Charlotte Clarke, whose sister had some years earlier become the wife of his younger and only brother. Early in 1836 Keble and his wife settled at Hursley, which was thenceforth their only home. Both gave themselves up, with singleness of purpose, to the care of the parish. Whatever else Keble was, he was always above all the faithful and diligent pastor of the flock committed to him. The church at Otterbourne (then united with Hursley) was rebuilt, and made a separate charge. Sir W. Heathcote built a second church for the hamlet of Ampfield, which was also separated from Hursley. Some ten years after Keble settled at Hursley he rebuilt at his own cost the parish church, retaining its ancient tower. The profits of sale of the "Christian Year" furnished the means; Sir J. Coleridge and one or two other friends advancing the money as it was wanted, and reimbursing themselves gradually out of the income as it accrued. In later years a school-chapel in the distant hamlet of Pitt completed the parochial machinery.

From the time of his marriage and settlement at Hursley the outward circumstances of his life underwent little change. No higher preferment than this country vicarage was ever offered to the clergyman whose name was more universally known and loved than any other wherever the English language is spoken. Probably he might not have accepted, certainly he never coveted, it. In much earlier days he had declined a West Indian archdeaconry offered to him by Bishop Coleridge. He gave his whole soul to the work to which he had been called, and sought nothing beyond it. Yet he was very far from being so absorbed in the narrower interests of his own immediate work as to be forgetful of the Church at large. His was peculiarly what good Bishop Hacket used to call a "public soul." His University, his Church, his country, the religious well-being of Christendom, were objects to him of the liveliest personal concern. The present volume contains abundant proof that it was so; and if ever the correspondence of which we deplore the absence from it

shall be allowed to see daylight, the extent and depth of his cares for what he thought the cause of truth and goodness in the English Church will be made doubly apparent. But it was characteristic of him that his fulfilment of duty always began *at home*, in the strictest meaning of the word. His duty as a son, a brother, a husband (father he never was, but would have been surely the tenderest and most watchful of fathers if he had been), always stood first with him; and then, as inseparably associated with these duties of the family, patient personal labour in the parish under his care. This is one of the most impressive and valuable lessons of his life. And we can scarcely be wrong in believing that this deep sense and steady fulfilment of the duties which came first and lay nearest, was one great means by which his mind and heart were enabled to discern the path of duty in larger and more complicated questions. Men as deeply religious as himself, and even more highly gifted, became perplexed and went wrong, for want of the sobering influences and the wholesome corrective discipline of family life and steady pastoral work. God's blessing upon his faithful use of these kept Keble safe in times which to him, as well as to his friends, were full of most painful trial.

However, we are wandering a little from the simple story of Keble's life, which we bring together here because we think others, like ourselves, may sometimes lose the thread of Sir J. Coleridge's narrative in the many digressions, often very interesting and important in themselves, which interrupt its tenor. Not much, however, remains to be told of that simple, holy, and, on the whole, very happy life. Once settled at Hursley, all things went on in one even tenor. Mrs. Keble's delicate health was a constant subject of anxiety from the time of their marriage. Long before he thought of marrying he had written to his biographer, when suffering from a similar trial, a singularly beautiful letter on the religious use of such cares; and no doubt he found in his own experience the blessing of which he had spoken to his friend.

“After all, these anxieties are the greatest of mercies,—they are, I verily believe, the only effectual means to wean us from our idols. We may make good resolutions and do much towards keeping them, but there is something so subtle and insinuating in earthly happiness (and the more so in proportion to its innocence and purity), that one such pang and misgiving as leaves a lasting impression of its insecurity, will do more towards lifting our hearts where they ought to be, than all that most of us could, or at least would, do for ourselves. At least, from my own experience, I can truly say that I *know* I ought to be (I am afraid I am not) more thankful to my Lord and Master for His fatherly chastisements, than for all the comforts and indulgences He has afforded me.” (P. 81.)

In later years Mrs. Keble's attacks of alarming illness became the

cause of continually increasing anxiety, and withdrew her husband necessarily through much of almost every winter from residence at Hursley. During such absences he would often and very gladly give his help as a clerical friend to the clergy of the neighbourhood in which he was staying, always, by preference, where his congregation was likely to be small and to consist chiefly of the poor. Still, when absent, he thought continually of his parish; and when at home laboured in it beyond his strength. The sick, the erring, the young, the poor, were all cared for. A very instructive account is given (pp. 494-5) by Mr. Young, once his curate, of his special diligence in preparing his young people for confirmation. It will scarcely do to extract it, but every clergyman may gather hints from it as to the spirit, at least, in which he himself should work.

The following is his biographer's account of his qualities as a preacher. It makes one wish earnestly for the promised selection, by his brother, from the sermons which he himself could never be persuaded to publish.

"In delivery he did not give his sermons the advantages of an ordinarily eloquent preacher, but he was eminently winning; he let himself down, I do not mean in language or argument, but in simplicity and child-like humility, to the most uneducated of his audience; he seemed always to count himself one of the sinners, one of the penitents, one even of the impenitent and careless, whom he was addressing, and the very quietness, the almost tearful monotony of his delivery became extremely moving, when you recollected how learned, how able, how moved in his own heart, and how earnest was the preacher." (P. 499.)

During his thirty years of parochial diligence at Hursley, Keble did not cease to be an author. In 1838, he published jointly with J. H. Newman, the "Remains" of his dear friend, H. Froude. In 1839; his versification of the Psalms, a work of earlier years, as we have already mentioned, issued from the press. He took much part in superintending the "Library of the Fathers," and in later years wrote a very full "Life of Bishop Wilson," for the edition of his works which forms part of the "Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology." In May, 1846, he published, under the title of "Lyra Innocentium," a collection of poems "on Christian Children, their ways, and their privileges," which had long been growing silently under his hands. Sir J. Coleridge truly says that "the book has suffered by being considered a book *for* children; properly it is one *about* children." He notices, too, very justly, as a remarkable fact, that a book into all parts of which "no one but a parent can fully enter," which is so very much "a mother's book," was written by one who himself never was a father. (P. 311.) One object of the publication was to help in providing funds for the rebuilding of the church at Hursley. He wrote much, and published something occasionally on the eccle-

siastico-political questions of the time which interested him deeply. In 1857, his treatise on "Eucharistical Adoration" appeared. His latest published work was the "Life of Bishop Wilson," in 1863. The preparation of this work interested him greatly during many previous years.

In these employments life passed quietly away; saddened a little, as it must be to most of us, in its later years, by the removal of one and another of the friends of youth and middle age. Yonge, and Cornish, and C. Marriott, and J. D. Coleridge, and his beloved sister Elizabeth, and Dyson, and Sir J. Patteson, had all been taken from earth to their rest. And Keble felt each friend's departure keenly, though his faith never wavered that the bond which knit him to them was only drawn closer, in reality, by their removal from his sight.

There were trials harder to bear even than these. How he felt the separation from dearest friends who left the English Church for Rome, a letter given at p. 480 will shew:—

"His friend Mr. Hedgeland mentions an incident which I also insert here though out of its place. He visited him after his return to Hursley, and in the course of a walk, Keble directed his attention to a broken piece of ground, a chalk-pit, as it turned out.

"'Ah,' said he, 'that is a sad place, that is connected with the most painful event of my life. It was there that I first knew for certain that J. H. N. had left us. We had just made up our minds that such an event was all but inevitable, and one day I received a letter in his handwriting. I felt sure of what it contained, and I carried it about with me all through the day, afraid to open it. At last I got away to that chalk-pit, and then forcing myself to read the letter, I found that my forebodings had been too true; it was the announcement that he was gone.'"

At length the end of his own life drew near:—

"On the night of St. Andrew's Day, the 30th of November, while he was sitting alone after Mrs. Keble had retired, writing a letter for publication on a matter deeply interesting to him, he was struck with palsy on the left side and right arm; the latter part of his writing was afterwards found to be illegible; but he did not lose his consciousness, or his presence of mind. He went up to her room, and they knelt down as usual, and said their prayers together; his voice was observably indistinct; and at the end, asking her if she had remarked anything, he held out his hand, which was losing its power. Medical aid was sent for at once, but during the night the symptoms became worse; from the morning, however, they were alleviated." (P. 497.)

His medical attendant prescribed *rest*, especially from *thinking*, and *change of place*. The last direction was easily followed. Not so the former. "Indeed," Mrs. Keble said, "he does mean to be prudent, but he can scarcely help *thinking*." Still his quietness of spirit was remarkable. Through life, his biographer tells us, "no trouble by day affected his sleep." He himself attributed this to "*a want of*

feeling." His wife, doubtless far more truly, would say, "He lays aside his anxieties with his prayers; he does what he can, the issue is with God, with whom he is content to leave it; therefore he is still, and sleeps like a child." Yet even on him the long-continued pressure of anxiety, day after day, had its effect. He returned after a time to Hursley better. But Mrs. Keble's attacks of illness became more and more alarming. One of the most fearful came on suddenly in September, 1865, while Dr. Pusey was staying at Hursley, and on the very night before the visit of which Dr. Newman has given so touching an account that we must extract a great part of his letter to Sir J. Coleridge, though it will be new to few of our readers. (Pp. 517, 518.)

"It was remarkable, certainly, that three friends, he, Dr. Pusey, and myself, who had been so intimately united for so many years, and then for so many years had been separated, at least one of them from the other two, should meet together just once again; and for the first and last time dine together simply by themselves. And the more remarkable, because not only by chance they met all three together, but there were positive chances against their meeting.

"Keble had wished me to come to him, but the illness of his wife, which took them to Bournemouth, obliged him to put me off. On their return to Hursley, I wrote to him on the subject of my visit, and fixed a day for it. Afterwards hearing from Pusey that he too was going to Hursley on the very day I had named, I wrote to Keble to put off my visit. I told him, as I think, my reason. I had not seen either of them for twenty years, and to see both of them at once, would be more, I feared, than I could bear. Accordingly, I told him I should go from Birmingham to friends in the Isle of Wight, in the first place, and thence some day go over to Hursley. This was on September 12, 1865. But when I got into the Birmingham train for Reading, I felt it was like cowardice to shrink from the meeting; and I changed my mind again. In spite of my having put off my visit to him, I slept at Southampton, and made my appearance at Hursley next morning without being expected. Keble was at his door speaking to a friend. He did not know me and asked my name. What was more wonderful, since I had purposely come to his house, I did not know him, and I feared to ask who he was. I gave him my card without speaking. When at length we found out each other, he said, with that tender flurry of manner which I recollected so well, that his wife had been seized with an attack of her complaint that morning, and that he could not receive me as he should have wished to do; nor, indeed, had he expected me; for 'Pusey,' he whispered, 'is in the house, as you are aware.'

"Then he brought me into his study, and embraced me most affectionately, and said he would go and prepare Pusey, and send him to me.

"I think I got there in the forenoon, and remained with him four or five hours, dining at one or two. He was in and out of the room all the time I was with him, attending on his wife, and I was left with Pusey. I recollect very little of the conversation that passed at dinner. Pusey was full of the question of the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and Keble expressed his joy that it was a common cause, in which I could not substantially differ from them; and he caught at such words of mine as seemed to show agreement. Mr. Gladstone's rejection at Oxford was talked of, and I said that I really

thought that had I been still a member of the University, I must have voted against him, because he was giving up the Irish Establishment. On this Keble gave me one of his remarkable looks, so earnest and so sweet, came close to me, and whispered in my ear (I cannot recollect the exact words, but I took them to be) 'and is not that just?' It left the impression on my mind that he had no great sympathy with the Establishment in Ireland as an Establishment, and was favourable to the Church of the Irish.*

"Just before my time for going, Pusey went to read the Evening Service in church, and I was left in the open air with Keble by myself. He said he would write to me in the Isle of Wight, as soon as his wife got better, and then I should come over and have a day with him. He walked a little way, and stood looking in silence at the church and churchyard, so beautiful and calm. Then he began to converse with me in more than his old tone of intimacy, as if we had never been parted, and soon I was obliged to go.

"I remained in the Island till I had his promised letter. It was to the effect that his wife's illness had increased, and he must give up the hope of my coming to him. Thus, unless I had gone on that day, when I was so very near not going, I should not have seen him at all.

"He wrote me many notes about this time; in one of them he made a reference to the lines in *Macbeth* :—

"When shall we three meet again?
When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's fought and won."

"This is all I can recollect of a visit, of which almost the sole vivid memory which remains with me is the image of Keble himself.

"I am, dear Sir John Coleridge,

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

On the 11th of October, 1865, the Kebles left Hursley Vicarage to see it no more. He was well aware that his wife was going away to die. Bournemouth, to which they went, was thought likely to relieve her ailments as far as anything could. This hope was scarcely fulfilled. The following lines are from Keble's *last* letter to Coleridge, written March 19th, 1866 :—

"Since I wrote she has been gradually getting weaker, suffering more and more. . . . We watch her now not from day to day, but from hour to hour. . . . I do not know well just now how to go on writing about anything else, so I will just give you all our dear love, and sign myself your most affectionate J. K." (P. 587.)

The dying wife feared only for him when she should be taken from him, and he left alone. But it was not so to be. On the 22nd of March he was seized again with paralysis, and though the attack seemed once likely to abate, it soon became evident that it would be fatal. Two or three days before his death—

* This last clause seems to go beyond Keble's meaning, which was, probably, only to express his judgment that the position of the Anglican church in Ireland was indefensible on grounds of justice, and ought to be abandoned.

"He was unwillingly wheeled out of her room ; and they who for so many years had had but one heart, and one mind, parted for life, with one silent look at each other." . . . "He was sometimes wandering, sometimes conscious, sometimes clear-minded ; whether wandering or clear-minded, he was constantly intent on holy things, or in actual prayer ; he uttered fragments, or ejaculations in the former case, which showed the habitual prayerfulness of his heart ; he repeated, or he composed, as it seemed, prayers ; the Lord's prayer he uttered most commonly.

"He fell asleep on the 29th of March, about one in the morning.

"The mournful family repaired from his death-bed to her room, and knelt round her bed, and prayed ; she besought them to return thanks for her to God, that he had been taken first—that she, not he, had to bear the trial of surviving. . . . Then she requested her maid to fetch her 'Christian Year,' and turning to the two last stanzas of the verses on Good Friday, 'I know,' she said, 'these were in his dying thoughts.'

"Lord of my heart, by Thy last cry,
Let not Thy blood on earth be spent—
Lo, at Thy feet I fainting lie,
Mine eyes upon thy wounds are bent,
Upon Thy streaming wounds my weary eyes
Wait like the parched earth on April skies.

"Wash me, and dry those bitter tears,
O let my heart no further roam,
'Tis thine by vows, and hopes, and fears,
Long since—O call Thy wanderer home.
To that dear home, safe in thy wounded side,
Where only broken hearts their sin and shame may hide."

He was buried on the 6th April, 1866, in his own churchyard, close to the grave of Elizabeth Keble. And on the 18th of May his faithful and loving and tenderly loved wife was laid beside him there. A double grave had been prepared in the first instance. It is witnessed of her by one who well knew all, that she had "filled up the measure of the happiness of John Keble's life."

As yet it seems no cross or monument has been erected at the grave. A memorial cross in the floor of the chancel marks the spot where his body rested during the reading of the funeral service. Ἀνδρῶν ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος. Keble's best and most endearing monument will be the "Christian Year."

Such was Keble in life and in death. A purer or more blameless character it would be impossible to imagine. Those who knew him best thought him almost faultless. To himself it seemed far otherwise. From early years to old age his life had been one which can only be described in the words of Scripture—he "walked with God." This was evidently the secret and mainspring of all ; and the result of that converse was, as it must ever be, *humility*. He was ever trying himself by the one perfect standard and finding himself deficient. An exquisitely sensitive modesty was natural to him ; but this natural endowment had been refined and deepened into the corresponding Christian grace in its most perfect form. He

had, indeed, *humbled himself, and become as a little child.* There was no effort, far less any affectation, in his constant rejection of all praise, and acknowledgment of sin and failure. It was simply the utterance of his own abiding conviction. There is scarcely anything in his life which teaches a more affecting lesson.

A single extract from p. 325 will illustrate what has been said.

“ Yet he opened the year 1847 in language of the deepest humiliation—language of the kind which I have given specimens of before, but of which I cannot withhold another. My readers will, I am sure, not misunderstand the unintentional exaggerations of it; and it must surely be useful for many of us, going on in our easy ways, to see with what deep humility such a man regarded his own inward condition. It may serve to damp the self-applause of some, and awake the slumbrous state of conscience in which too many of us habitually live. ‘ Well can I understand from what I see in others, and a great deal too well from myself, the heart-deep truth of every word you say on the matter of those sermons of Pusey’s, on “ Sin and Love ;” they are the great depths—too deep, by far, for our sounding. I suppose our safest prayer would be, that we may be led gradually on to the perception of where we are in respect both of one and the other, and not permitted to dwell on either exclusively. For myself, my inward history is a most shameful and miserable one—*really* quite different from what you and others imagine; so that I am quite sure, if you knew it, you would be startled at the thought of coming to such an adviser; so long and so late has the misery been; and it ought to be a bitter penance to me to be so consulted. But I believe that I have sinned before now, in drawing back on such occasions, and I hope never to do so again; use me, therefore, dear friend, such as I am, if I can be of any use to you at any time; but pray for me, *bonâ fide*, that I may be contrite, for that is what I really need.’ ”

One general remark is suggested by the story of Keble’s own life and his father’s. Language has been often used in describing the condition of the English Church during the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century, which assumes that there was little or nothing of spiritual life, or even of ministerial diligence and fidelity anywhere within it, except in connexion with the movement which began with the Wesleys and Whitfield. No doubt the state of things was sad enough. Few men felt the prevailing worldliness and carelessness more painfully than Keble himself. But all such general statements require many limitations and corrections to make them really true. Keble and Davison in the earlier part of this century, Keble’s father in the latter part of the eighteenth, are sterling instances of a religious life, earnest, fruitful in well doing, deeply inward and spiritual, which owed little or nothing consciously to the influence of the movement to which we have referred. Keble himself seems to have been strongly repelled always by anything which he regarded as traceable to it. In this, as in many other things, he was probably reflecting faithfully his father’s mind. There were many other instances of the same thing. Good men, here and there, learnt from their Bible and Prayer-Book, with very little

help from living men, the substance of that which is indeed the Gospel, preached it to their people, though not precisely in the form which would have been given to it by their brethren of the "movement," but in a way practically true and intelligible, exemplified it in their own lives, and watched over their flocks with the hearts of faithful and true pastors. It is right that this fact should be distinctly stated, and more fully recognised than it sometimes has been.

But it is time to say something of Keble as a poet, a theologian, and one of the leaders of a great religious movement.

We are not about to try to determine Keble's proper place among the English poets. The poetical merits of the "Christian Year" have been discussed in a former volume of the *Contemporary Review*,* and most of our readers probably have made acquaintance with Professor Shairp's beautiful little volume, to which Sir J. Coleridge refers with such just praise. And the "Christian Year" is so associated in the remembrance of our generation with much that was best, or is most tenderly remembered, in days long past, that criticism may seem ungrateful and irreverent. The "Christian Year," however, is not the whole of Keble's work as a poet. Our estimate must be formed in part upon volumes which are less sacred. Nor is admiration really less fervent because it is not indiscriminate.

There can be no doubt that Keble had, in even an eminent degree, some of the higher qualities which make the true poet. His fancy was lively and fertile in images full of beauty. His observation of outward nature, such as it may be seen in the rich lowlands of England, was accurate; and his feeling for the quiet and tender beauty of grove and stream, and field and English wild flowers was exquisitely quick and true. His sympathy with all that is pure and sweet in home affections, with the joys and sorrows of family life, with the ways and the feelings of children, was almost unequalled. His deep personal piety harmonized all these natural endowments, and cast upon all he saw and felt those solemn lights and shades from the world above and beyond, which glorified the play of natural fancy and feeling, gave it unity and purpose, and often elevated his poetry into the region of imagination as distinguished from the lower province of mere fancy. He had learnt, too, from Cowper and Wordsworth in England, and from the early poets of ancient Greece, whom he loved so well, to express his thought by preference directly and truthfully, avoiding artificial "poetic diction."

Keble had in him then much of the spirit which gives life to verse; and the whole bent of his genius was evidently toward sacred poetry. After very early years he seems scarcely to have written any other. Born and brought up as a dutiful child of the English Church; nur-

tured in a piety with which the services of the Church were intertwined inseparably; keenly sensible not of their beauty only, but of the blessing which to himself and those he loved had rested upon their use, and feeling that the religious poetry which had been written in England since Herbert's day had breathed a spirit not derived from the teaching of the English Church, and rather out of harmony with the Prayer-Book, which he loved; he began to utter in verse the musings which were suggested partly by the events of his own life, partly by his ministerial labours, partly by the retrospect of the history of religion in England. It is in one way the great charm of the "Christian Year" that it is intensely personal. We can never forget the writer in his work; his own soul speaks unconsciously in almost every line. We scarcely know any poetry which exemplifies, equally with Keble's, the theory which is so amusingly propounded by Agathon in Aristophanes, that the work must be as the man, ugly if he be ugly, beautiful if he be beautiful.* Keble's poetry, in nearly all his best pieces, is the free utterance, sometimes passionate, oftener pensive, of his own pure and earnest feeling about Christian truth on which he lived, and Christian duty in which he was spending himself. Many of his most beautiful poems are the expression of his struggles with the sorrows and disappointments of his life at Oxford and at Fairford. It was known, we believe, to a few of his friends, for instance, that in the lines for the Annunciation his sorrow for his mother's death had found relief; and that those for the Wednesday before Easter and the eleventh Sunday after Trinity are a tacit record of early disappointments (alluded to in the *Life*) which had caused him the deepest anguish. Sir J. Coleridge would have added much to the interest of his volume if he had told us something more of the connexion between Keble's poems and the events of his own life. The only fact of this kind which he has mentioned, so far as we recollect, is the very interesting one that the exquisitely beautiful lines in the "Lyra Apostolica" (No. 4) on the "Burial of the Dead," worthy to be placed beside the noblest portions of the "Christian Year," were written on the death of his beloved sister, Mary Anne. A letter in the *Guardian* of April 7th seems to fix the scene of the opening verses of the lines for the Third Sunday after Easter to a bank of violets in the meadows near Coln St. Aldwyn's, visited probably on some prematurely summer-like day in early spring. The want of connexion which every reader must have noticed between the beginning and the after-part of many of the poems in the "Christian Year" is, probably, due to the fact that the opening lines were often a spontaneous out-growth of some incident which had touched the springs

* See "Thesmophoriazusæ," v. 150—173.

of fancy or feeling in the poet's mind, and have been prefixed, by an after-thought, to lines composed less happily on the set subject of the day to which the whole poem is assigned.

As the lines from the "Lyra" are little known, we reprint them here :—

I thought to meet no more, so dreary seem'd
Death's interposing veil, and thou so pure,
Thy life in Paradise
Beyond where I could soar,

Friend of this worthless heart : but happier thoughts
Spring like unbidden violets from the sod,
Where patiently thou tak'st
Thy sweet and sure repose ;

The shadows fall more soothing ; the soft air
Is full of cheering whispers like thine own ;
While Memory, by thy grave,
Lives o'er thy funeral day :

The deep knell dying down, the mourners pause,
Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate,—
Sure with the words of Heaven
Thy spirit met us there,

And sought, with us, along the accustom'd way,
The hallowed porch ; and entering in, behold
The pageant of sad joy,
So dear to faith and hope.

O ! hadst thou brought a strain from Paradise
To cheer us, happy soul, thou hadst not touched
The sacred springs of grief
More tenderly, and true,

Than those deep-warbled anthems, high and low,—
Low as the grave, high as the Eternal Throne,—
Guiding through light and gloom
Our mourning fancies wild,

Till gently, like soft golden clouds at eve,
Around the western twilight, all subside
Into a placid Faith,
That even with beaming eye

Counts thy sad honours,—coffin, bier, and pall,—
So many relics of a frail love lost ;
So many tokens dear
Of endless love begun.

Listen ! it is no dream ; the Apostle's trump
Gives earnest of the Archangel's. Calmly now,
Our hearts yet beating high
To that victorious lay,

Most like a warrior's to the martial dirge
Of a true comrade, in the grave we trust
Our treasures for a while ;
And if a tear steal down,

If human anguish o'er the shaded brow
Pass shuddering, when the handful of pure earth
Touches the coffin lid ;
If at our brother's name,

Once and again the thought, " for ever gone," ;
Come o'er us like a cloud, yet, gentle spright,
Thou turnest not away,
Thou knowest us calm at heart.

One look, and we have seen our last of thee,
Till we too sleep, and our long sleep be o'er ;
O cleanse us, ere we view
That countenance pure again,

Thou, who canst change the heart, and raise the dead ;
As Thou art by to sooth our parting hour,
Be ready when we meet,
With Thy dear pardoning words.

It is scarcely too much to say that few poets of equal eminence in natural gifts have had so little of what we may call the poetic artist's nature. Few writers of verse have so often done very little justice to their own conceptions. He seldom or never composed as one who knows the effect which he wishes to produce by a poem as a whole, and by what strokes the effect which he intends can be wrought out most effectually, and with the greatest amount of pleasure to the reader. This is what the poetic artist must ever do. The high degree in which Virgil possessed the constructive genius of the consummate artist has placed him far above many men who had the creative faculty in a far higher degree. Byron is another instance of the same thing. Of this power Keble had nothing. He never became master in any high degree of the tools of his art. He continually blurred the effect of beautiful imagery and deep poetic feeling by awkwardnesses and obscurities of expression, which were caused simply by the want of this necessary condition of excellence. His happiest poems, therefore, are those in which some overmastering feeling, or some happy impulse of imagination, has given birth to the whole at one and the same moment, and so has given unity and living movement to all the parts of the poem. Instances of these happiest of Keble's poems are the magnificent lines on Balaam, beginning, " Oh, for a sculptor's hand," which are, perhaps, in a merely poetic view, the finest he ever wrote. Next to these, on the same ground, might be mentioned those for the fourth Sunday after the Epiphany; for the eighth and nineteenth Sundays after Trinity; with the Morning and Evening Hymns, which, when considered in a higher light as *religious* poems, might well be placed above nearly everything else which he has written. Less imaginative, but full of the richest poetic eloquence, and conceived in the very spirit of the inspired prophet, or ' spokesman for God,' are the noble lines for the Second,

the Eleventh, and the Seventeenth Sundays after Trinity. In a different way, even more deeply sacred, almost removed by their subjects from all criticism, full of the reverential contemplation of that which is the very centre of all Christian life, might be placed in the first rank of English sacred poetry the lines for the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday before Easter, and for Easter Eve. Some of his later poems, in the "Lyra Apostolica," and the "Lyra Innocentium," are not unworthy to be ranked with any but a very few of the best of those which have been mentioned. The lines for the "Burial of the Dead," in the former volume, have been given above, and will abundantly justify this high praise. The poems called "The Song of the Manna Gatherers," "Bercavement," "Disrespect to Elders" (its earlier stanzas especially), "Looking Westward," in the "Lyra Innocentium," show that there was no diminution of poetic power in Keble during the twenty years which separate that volume from the "Christian Year." His power of execution had certainly increased during the interval. In this respect the "Lyra" stands considerably above its better-known predecessor. A great difference must be noticed by every thoughtful reader between the general cast of thought and feeling, as well as the poetic workmanship, of the earlier and the later volume. During the interval, "Keble," as his biographer says, in connexion with the first thought of publication, "had advanced considerably in his religious opinions" (p. 280); and this advance had led him to dwell more upon what he had in common with a part only even of his fellow-churchmen, and less upon what he had in common with all Christians. The "Christian Year" has become to a wonderful degree the cherished possession of all educated English Christians; the "Lyra Apostolica" is too much marked by the theology of a party to be loved, *as a whole*, by any but those who accept that theology.

We are thus led to notice what, after all, seems (far more than any defects of execution) to render it difficult to place Keble in the highest class of poets. The greatest poets are those who have had the largest human sympathies. Whatever else they have been, they have known how to draw living waters from the deep subsoil of the heart and life of mankind. They have spoken to man, as men themselves, feeling a common brotherhood with men everywhere. The poet who speaks as a member of a class to that class only, who touches chords which find no response except in those who have received his own culture, and are in circumstances more or less exactly agreeing with his own, may be a true poet; but he must take his place in the second rank, not the first. He cannot be ranked with the poet who speaks to all who understand the language which he writes. Now, even in his earliest and greatest work, Keble spoke in great part as

an English Churchman to those who had grown up under all the calm and holy influences of the English Church; and thereby, to a certain extent, limited the circle which his influence should pervade. But of the "Christian Year" this was true only in part; much in it thrilled Christians everywhere; it has become, in great measure, the common property of all English-speaking Christians. His later poems are far more largely tinged with the peculiar colouring of his own special view of truth and duty, and so far can imperfectly touch those who hold a different view.

However, what limited the influence of Keble's poetry gave it probably a more immediate and powerful influence with those for whom it was chiefly intended. The "Christian Year" gave poetical expression to a great deal of very real and fervent piety within the Church of England which had existed almost unconsciously, and had not recently found any worthy utterance. Numberless men and women, whose spiritual life had been fostered under Church teaching, awoke to the perception of the blessings which they enjoyed, and of a bond of union with each other. Those who can remember what the "Christian Year" was to themselves in their own early life, within the first few years after its publication, will allow that this is no exaggerated statement.

It will not be necessary to say very much of Keble as a theologian. Able, learned, and thoughtful as he was, and having his mind always employed on subjects connected with theology, he could not help being one; but it is rather as a saint and a poet than as a theologian that his name will be remembered. Not his was either the daring spirit which gave origin, or the profound and subtle intellect which gave coherence and system to the Oxford movement of 1833 and the following years. The fundamental principles, indeed, from which it was developed were all of them congenial to Keble's mind. Some of them he had held, more or less consciously, before any of his associates; and he accepted all of them in succession as they were brought forward. Dr. Newman regarded his sermon on Tradition, in July, 1833, as the first overt act of the movement. But the character and circumstances of the man gave a distinctive stamp to the theology of the movement as held by Keble. In some things it embodied his life-long habits and convictions, and he embraced it with all his soul. He accepted cordially its contempt and hatred for the cold formalism and secularity of the so-called 'orthodox' men of his early years; its dislike to the puritan feeling and Genevan theology of the opposite party; its reverence for Christian antiquity; its assertion of the divine authority of the ministerial commission, conveyed in orderly succession through bishops from the Apostles; and of Divine grace, as accompanying the due ministration of the sacraments; for in these

— ~~the~~ ~~it~~ ~~conviction~~ ~~expressed~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~ ~~long~~ ~~and~~ ~~deeply-rooted~~ ~~convic-~~
tion. And gradually as controversy arose, and an enthusiastic party
formed around himself and his chosen friends, and what he regarded
as unkind or unjust censures fell upon those very dear to him, he
advanced on each point somewhat beyond his early belief; on some
points considerably so. There is a remarkable acknowledgment of
this gradual change of views from his own pen in a letter to his
biographer, written in June, 1845 (p. 282):—

“No doubt there would be the difference in tone which you take notice of
between this and the former book” (*i.e.* “The Christian Year”), “for when I
wrote that, I did not understand (to mention no more points), either the doctrine
of Repentance, or that of the Holy Eucharist * as held *e.g.* by Bishop Ken;
nor that of Justification; and such points as these must surely make a great
difference.”

There came a time when his dearest friend in the movement
formed “a strong intellectual conviction that the Roman Catholic
system and Christianity were convertible terms,” and only waited
until what he regarded as moral proof to the same effect should be
added (seldom long delayed with those who seek for it) to take the
decisive step of abandoning the English Church for that of Rome.
The pain of this approaching separation was to Keble most severe.
His own attachment to the Church of his fathers was the strongest
possible. But the pain of what he regarded as its isolation from the
rest of Christendom, the sense of much evil in the existing state of
the English Church, the longing for a nearer approach to what he
regarded as the true ideal, the supposed state of the Church in the
centuries before the great division of the East and West; all these
compelled him to examine very anxiously the question, whether his
own position in the ministry of the English Church was tenable;
and, if not, must he retire into “lay communion,” or with his friend
submit to the claims of Rome? The struggle was painful, but issued
in a full conviction that his duty was to remain where he was. He did
not see his way through all the intricacies of the controversy, but
his whole mind and heart seem to have found rest in two practical
conclusions: that Rome had no claim to his allegiance, and that in
the English Church, notwithstanding all shortcomings, all which he
could regard as essential to spiritual life, would be found by all who
used what God had given them there. The difficulties which he felt,
and the solution of them, were equally characteristic of the man him-
self. He had little of the craving which his still greater fellow-

* This frank acknowledgment shows how conscious Keble himself was of a change
in his own opinion on this subject, between his earlier and his later years. It throws,
too, a curious light upon his endeavour to persuade himself that his reference to it in
the lines for 5th Nov., did not mean what the whole context shows that it *must* have
meant. The whole poem is utterly alien from his later mind.

labourer felt for a system of theology intellectually complete and unassailable. To see his own way clearly was enough for himself. When he studied the general question it was rather for the sake of others, who looked to him for guidance, than for his own. For many years before his death all doubt seems to have been at an end in his own mind. A few lines may be given from letters of the year 1854; some of the latest, so far as we have noticed, which touch on the general question:—

“Poor dear R. W., I own I was surprised at last; for the last report I heard was an improved one, and I had heard nothing for a long time. . . I dare say your account of it was the right one; but it disappoints and mortifies one to see one, who used to be so truthful and candid, lending himself at once to the violent contradictions of fact, and *petitiones principii*, which are quite necessary to every part almost of the Roman theory. I wish I could compose and write on it, it would be a sort of relief. In theory, I think, his position of lay communion is tenable—at least, I wish to think so; for at the rate men are getting on, no one can say how soon he may himself be reduced to it. But I do not in the least expect that R. W. will have patience for it. I hear he is very miserable; from himself I have only had one short and kind note.” (P. 401.)

“But the comfort of thinking of such as he (no doubt) was, is solid and growing,—not so the thought of poor dear R. W., whose departure touches *me* almost more nearly than any one’s; except perhaps that of Newman himself. I did not until very lately think that he would really go *there*. I thought he was too good-tempered, besides his learning and truthfulness. But he had got into an Utopian dream, and rather than give it up, he shut his eyes and made a jump, and now he must, and I suppose will, keep his eyes shut all his life long. (Pp. 403-4.)

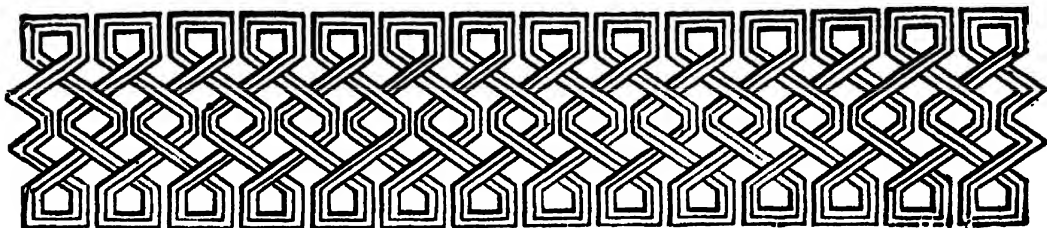
Henceforth, though often distressed by the course of ecclesiastical affairs in England, he seems never to have been unsettled.

It would be unjust to Sir J. Coleridge not to say how great, evidently, was the benefit to Keble of constant communication with a friend who sympathised so truly with him, and yet could bring his long experience and calm judicial intellect to bear upon the questions which Keble was regarding from too professional a point of view. It might be wished that every clergyman who has much to do with ecclesiastical questions might find a lay friend and adviser equally wise and kind. As instances of questions on which his biographer’s corrective estimate of Keble’s position is most valuable, may be mentioned his remarks on Confession (pp. 301 ff.), on Oxford University Reform (pp. 385 ff.), on Church Discipline (pp. 464 ff.), and on the Court of Final Appeal in Ecclesiastical Causes (pp. 469 ff.).

On this part of our subject little need be added. Keble was not, unless at first, the theological leader of the movement, nor were his gifts those which fit a man to direct the tactics of a party. But his early poems had done much to call forth, to educate, and diffuse the feelings and habits of mind, without which the movement would

have been impossible. The reverence felt for him as a man gave weight, and won respect for the movement, in its early stages; and in later days helped to control and retain in allegiance to the English Church many who might otherwise have forsaken its communion. Others might form the theology of the movement, or guide its counsels; Keble was not its poet only, but—if we may use the word in reverence—its *saint*; the man whose influence tended ever to exalt and purify its aims. And it must be witnessed of him that while others were unsettled in mind and heart, and unfitted for practical usefulness, by becoming engrossed with its agitations on points of detail, Keble, whatever sympathy he had with their special opinions, still laboured quietly and patiently year after year in his unexciting pastoral duties; cared for his parish, for his family, for his friends, as in quieter times; and ever sought guidance into the truth by doing justly and loving mercy, and walking humbly with his God. The value of that example was inestimable, not to a party only, but to the whole Church. The man whose name and poetry were everywhere a household word, was the simplest, the humblest, the most loving of men, and the most diligent of all labourers in an undistinguished pastoral charge.

One thing only remains to complete our task. Whatever may be wanting in Sir J. Coleridge's volume—and we have not hesitated to speak freely of deficiencies—it is scarcely possible to express too strongly the gratitude which is due to him for what it does contain. No one else could have done what the venerable judge has done. It has been Keble's rare good fortune to have the materials of his life at least furnished by his earliest and dearest friend—that friend a man whom all England respects, and all who know him love. No brilliancy of execution could have made up for the want of that perfect truthfulness, that genial sympathy with the subject, that reverence always loving, yet never blind or indiscriminate, that delicacy and tenderness of affection, which mark every line of the picture which he has painted. Above all, the thanks of every Christian are due to the biographer who, in writing the life of a man of genius, an accomplished scholar, a leader of a great religious movement, has never forgotten, nor suffered his readers to forget, that the inward life of the Christian, his deep humility, his patient fulfilment of daily duty,—in one word, his character as a follower of Christ,—are matters of far more enduring value and deeper interest than those which the world is so apt to place far before them. The biographer is one who loved his friend even more for his holiness than for his genius or accomplishments, and would have us do likewise.



MR. LECKY'S HISTORY OF MORALS.

History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne.
2 vols. By W. E. H. LECKY, M.A. London: Longmans, 1869.

UNDER the title of a "History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne," Mr. Lecky has just given to the world five very clever essays on Philosophy and History. Of these, the first and a portion of the third are of a purely speculative character: the one being a dissertation in favour of the Intuitive as opposed to the Utilitarian theory of morals; the other, a kind of appendage to the now celebrated chapter on belief in miraculous agency, which appeared in Mr. Lecky's first book, the "History of Rationalism." The remaining and by far the more valuable portion of the present work is occupied mainly with three topics:—1. The gradual decomposition of ancient society and manners (vol. i. c. ii.); 2. The rise and progress of Christian Asceticism (vol. ii. c. 4); and 3. The alteration in the social and moral position of women (ib. c. 5).

As an attempt to combine in a philosophical or reasoned statement some of the more prominent spiritual phenomena of a very exceptional period of history, these essays must be welcomed as a contribution to the great task, which has been undertaken by the present century, of re-writing in a more satisfactory and dispassionate manner than has before been possible, the past life of mankind. So long as historians indulged in the likes and dislikes which were bred of the current theories of the hour, so long as any period of

history could be regarded with the contempt which the writers of the last century do not disguise in speaking of the Middle Ages, so long it was impossible to apply any scientific method to the endless series of events, because it was impossible to regard the past progress of humanity *as a whole*. An analogous obstacle to adequate historical interpretation lay in the tendency to regard events or movements which were in disfavour with the prevailing philosophy, as unaccountable interpolations in the normal march of history, and to reconstruct, more or less consciously, in fancy, the framework of the past with the objectionable portions omitted. What reader of Gibbon, for instance, has not been sensible of an under-current of feeling pervading the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and at times rising almost to an eloquent theory, of history as it might have been without Christianity and the Church? In the same way Catholic and Romanizing writers are fond of regarding the Reformation—a movement almost as great, in a secular point of view, as Christianity itself—in the light of a huge mistake, to be "thought away" in a fond ideal of the facts as they might have been, if they had not been as they actually were.

The reaction against this one-sidedness of the last century—and these readjustments of fact, whether in the mouth of Deist or Catholic, are equally part and parcel of the eighteenth century "illumination"—has restored many neglected periods to history, has extended the region of investigation from the court and the battle-field to the common life of the people at large, and by looking at history for the first time as a whole, has given rise to the dispassionate and patient investigation of the hidden movement of that common principle—whatever it is—the inexhaustible wealth and activity of which is exhibited outwardly as an infinite series of connected events. It would take us too far from the immediate subject of this paper to enter more than cursorily into the effects which this new conception of history has contributed to produce. Suffice it to mention two of the most opposite character, and yet which, justly considered, are flowers springing from the same stem. The first of these effects is the conception of the unity of the life of mankind, and of its evolution in the past, the present, and the future: thus we get the idea of Universal History and of the Philosophy of History. And this effect leads naturally to a second. If the life of man be one, it follows that at every moment of time the whole process is present in inexhaustible vigour, the past as a result, the future as a germ. For as no grain of dust would lie upon the ground unless all the forces of nature combined to keep it there; so, upon every, the very minutest, event in history, the whole universe, so to speak, of fact impinges, determining it to be what it is, and

the smallest part is big with the import of the whole. Thus we get the opposite extreme to the Philosophy of History, in the shape of the Archæological school of historians, the two directions of study being often in active antagonism the one to the other. And yet, when we reflect upon it, who ever regarded a fact but by the light of some theory or other? or an idea or law, except as symbolized and embodied in a fact? Thus we are better than our methods, and join together unconsciously what routine has put asunder. And that which each does for himself, the great minds do for us all. It is impossible to study, for instance, M. Comte's audacious synthesis, in spite of the broad assumptions upon which it rests, without seeing, at every step, the marriage of fact and idea, giving birth to the soft outlines and rotund comeliness of actual existence. What a world of promise, too, we have in such books as Mr. Maine's "Ancient Law," in Buckle's massive fragment on the History of Civilization, and in the legion of *Culturgeschichten* with which Germany abounds. That many more fail in the attempt, no one can complain who has himself made the effort to stand in readiness, and with a perfectly open mind, at the point at which fact and principle meet and "make history." The task of re-writing the great story of human life, moreover, recedes as we approach it. At the best, it can only be accomplished from the point of view already attained, and with the materials already accumulated: a new generation succeeds where a previous one fails; it grapples events more closely, and compels them to disclose their secret. But one thing is certain, and that is, that the rising generation of students are becoming less and less satisfied with "a simple enumeration" of details on the one hand, and as little with theories *in nubibus* on the other. They feel that History has a tale to tell, but that she must tell it in her own time and in her own way. Like Nature, she must be interrogated by inquirers who "by obedience rule:" and if in the past the supreme effort of contemplation has been "to become one with Nature," it is no less necessary for the modern mind, if it is ever to come to a knowledge of itself, to become, in a still higher sense, "one" with History.

Such is the task which Mr. Lecky has placed before himself, and such are some of the difficulties flowing from the very nature of the subject. To say that a book of so much freshness and power is a failure, pure and simple, were at once discourteous and untrue; but, upon the other hand, the book is so good that we are justified in applying to it the very highest standard of excellence, and judged by this standard, it is certainly in some respects a failure. First of all, the choice of subject seems to us to carry with it the conditions of failure: it is a fragment of history, it is a fragment out of the middle

of history, and it is a period not of normal development, but of a very exceptional character. Such an interval is almost incapable of interpretation if taken by itself in isolation from the rest of history; its characteristics are so conflicting, so extraordinary, and the transition made from one extreme point to the other so unique, that while each element in the movement requires most careful and minute comparison with its analogues scattered up and down the entire field of history, the movement as a whole departs so widely from the common orbit of human affairs, and is on so stupendous a scale, that its law, could we trace it, would probably be a formula of the very highest generality and complexity. To begin the history of man in his moral relations with an inquiry into such a period as that chosen by Mr. Lecky, is like commencing the study of physiology by arbitrarily isolating one class of animals from the rest, and investigating the operation of their organs in a state of disease. Observation of this kind, as is well known, will often lead to conclusions directly the opposite of those which would have been suggested by the investigation of the same organic agents in a state of health. We think, therefore, that Mr. Lecky, if he desired to write an account of the moral progress of the human race—and every Englishman would be grateful to him for taking the matter in hand—would have done better had he chosen for the subject of his first attempt an earlier period, in which moral phenomena are of a much simpler character, or at least if he had selected some less exceptional period of human history than he has done.

The head and front of his offending, however, does not lie in his choice of subject, which any author is of course free to make according to his own preferences, but in his treatment of it. The book is an attractive one, doubtless—attractive in subject, and attractive in the sustained vigour and clearness of its style, although we occasionally come upon very roughly-written passages like that on pp. 130-1 of the second volume, in which the expressions, “and in the first place,” “in the first place,” “the consequence of this was first of all,” are huddled together in the course of a couple of paragraphs, without any of these considerations leading to further considerations “in the second place,” until the whole is summed up in the bungling phrase, “all this was the necessary consequence,” &c. This would be a grave fault in an extempore speech, but becomes inexcusable in a writer of real thought and eloquence. The impression made upon us generally by the book is, that it might have been in a variety of ways vastly better and more thorough if its author had been content to wait a considerable time—say ten years—before bringing it out. As it is, every page is full of ideas, but of ideas not fully wrought out, not adequately backed by research, and, what is perhaps partly due to the frag-

mentary and exceptional nature of the subject, not properly co-ordinated and generalized. We ask ourselves what we have learned from Mr. Lecky, and the answer is, *Multa sed non multum*.

Then, again, with regard to the sources from which Mr. Lecky's information has been derived. As it happens, we have taken the pains to examine with some care the nature of the references in various parts of the book, and we find a large proportion of them secondhand, the majority only partially verified, some even containing gross blunders. To take a few instances: One of the authorities, of whom a considerable use is made in the chapter on the Pagan Empire, is the *rhetor*, Dio Chrysostom; and it is true that there are one or two references to the Orations themselves to be found, but for the most part Mr. Lecky contents himself with referring to the not very judicious abridgment of the Orations made by a monk named Xiphilinus in the eleventh century; and not only so, but, as is proved by the note on page 276 of the first volume, from a Latin translation of Xiphilinus. In the same way, Porphyry, Iamblichus, and other Greek writers, are always quoted with the Latin or English titles (see especially p. 346, where a passage from Iamblichus is quoted in Latin from a sixteenth-century translation). This by itself, of course, makes one suspect that our author is as ignorant of Greek as he seems, from his exclusive consultation of French authors or French translations, to be of German; which suspicion receives some confirmation from the occurrence of such words as *Jupiter Olympus*, "idiosyncrasy," "entoza," and the like, whilst it almost rises to certainty after reading the following remarkable note (p. 349). The text has quite correctly—"Plutarch reminds us that the same word is used for light* and for man, for the duty of man is to be the light of the world." But now comes the note, which is as follows: "* φῶς, which is used poetically for man."

What are we to say, too, to "Perseus" as the name of the Latin poet, which we would willingly have taken for a printer's error, did it not occur three times in the same chapter (pp. 178, 195, 327)?

Mr. Lecky is also a great offender in the vagueness of his references. Thus (p. 216) we have "*Phædon passim*;" (p. 224) Plato, *Laws*, lib. ix., for the condemnation of suicide; (p. 332) "Sophocles," without quotation of play or verse, for the sentiment that "death is the last physician of disease;" (p. 319) "the *Saturnalia* of Macrobius" for the admission of slaves to dine with their masters at the *Saturnalia*. Thus, too (ii. p. 173 n.), the story of Pactyas (Herod. i. 158) is said to be "told in some classical writer." This vagueness is sometimes varied by the quotation of a reference from a modern author, as (p. 242) that of the passage of Plutarch about Alexander out of the "Lectures on the Conversion of the

Roman Empire," by Mr. Merivale, "whose translation of Plutarch," says Mr. Lecky, "I have borrowed;" sometimes it is supplemented by a conjectural statement, as (p. 301) "There are, I believe, similar passages in other Fathers;" sometimes, again, we find temporary relief in a blunder, such as (p. 188) "'Plutarch,' says Aristo of Chio, 'defined virtue as the health of the soul.'—(*De Virtute Morali.*)" The real fact being that Plutarch, not Aristo of Chio, wrote the treatise *De Virtute Morali*, and that Aristo of Chio, and not Plutarch, is the author of the definition of virtue. Want of acquaintance with Greek, and the habit of leaving references incomplete, seem to afford the true explanation of the following inaccuracy:—In p. 170 we are told that "Xenophanes remarked that each nation attributed to the gods its distinctive national type, the gods of the Æthiopians being black, the gods of the Thracians fair and blue-eyed," and refers the reader to "Clem. Alexandr. *Strom.*, vii." The correct reference is p. 711 B., and the passage attributed to Xenophanes as follows:—

Ἰθιοπέες τε μέλανας σιμούς τε
Θράκες τὲ πυρροὺς καὶ γλαυκοὺς.

Had Mr. Lecky ever seen the passage itself, he would probably have said that the Æthiopians represented their gods black and *snub-nosed*, the Thracians with red hair (not fair, but flaming red) and blue eyes.

We are far from accusing Mr. Lecky of being a mere book-maker, but we feel bound to protest, in the interest of the reading public, against the vending of such unripe fruit as we have served up in the volumes before us, and as strongly against robbing the orchards, though with full acknowledgments, of our French and German neighbours. Having said this much, we hope in no ill-natured or captious spirit, we now turn to the contents of the book.

Mr. Lecky's second chapter, which is by far the best of the five, is a masterly account of the gradual modification of the old Roman ethical ideal which found its expression in Stoicism, through the infusion, first of the humanity of the Greek, then of the mystical fervour of the Egyptian spirit; and *pari passu* with this, of the continual deterioration of the old Roman character brought about by despotism, the increase of slavery, and the prevalence of cruel and brutalizing amusements.

"Long before the Romans had begun to reason about philosophy, they had exhibited it in action." "A great nation engaged in perpetual wars in an age when success in warfare depended neither upon wealth nor upon mechanical genius, but upon the constant energy of patriotic enthusiasm, and upon the unflinching maintenance of military discipline, the whole force of the national character tended to the production of a single definite type. In the absolute authority accorded to the father over the children, to the

husband over the wife, to the master over the slave, we may trace the same habits of discipline that proved so formidable in the field." (P. 181.)

The Romans were thus Stoics by disposition, and when at length the best elements in the national character found a mouth and utterance in Greek philosophy, it was to the doctrines of the Porch, the unselfish ideal of life, with its doctrine of the complete subjugation of the passions to the sovereign will, that the best minds naturally tended. Epicureanism, on the other hand, representing the blithe and natural play of sense and passion in a beautiful and harmonious life, averse from enthusiasm, "with little depth of character or capacity for self-sacrifice," gathered up into a theory the moral constituents of the Greek (it would be more correct to say the Ionian and Attic Greek) and the western Asiatic. Such an idea of life, as it could never be indigenous to a society which produced a Cato or a Decius, so, when introduced from without, it was incapable of being assimilated in a pure form by the Romans, to whom distinctions between higher and lower pleasures were unintelligible, and "who knew how to sacrifice enjoyment, but who," as Mr. Lecky very thoughtfully adds, "when pursuing it, gravitated naturally to the coarsest forms" (p. 185). Hence while "Roman virtue found its highest expression in Stoicism, Roman vice sheltered itself under the name of Epicurus."

Such, then, were the two philosophies which arose in Rome upon the ruins of the old religion: the one native, unselfish, patriotic; the other, foreign, selfish, anti-patriotic, cosmopolitan; the former bringing back the stern and homely duties of life to their source in the rational will, the latter supplying an equally plausible and more attractive theory for its enjoyments. Both were anti-religious, so far as religion meant the old faith, the one; however, as a rival, the other as an enemy; both, the expression of real types of character which Roman conquest had brought face to face, and which, so confronted, soon began to modify one another.

Mr. Lecky has sketched with remarkable skill the main causes which contributed to the transformation of the old heroic type into that represented by a Plutarch or a Marcus Aurelius. This change took place mainly in two directions, the old *virtus* was softened, it was also expanded, and while it became more humane, it became less patriotic; while more catholic in its sympathies, it was weakened as a power of resistance to corruption. A multitude of causes, acting from without and from within, conspired to bring about this effect. The conquest of Greece introduced into the Roman population a new element, artistic, literary, philosophical, untainted with the hardness of a conquering race, and in a great degree emancipated from local or patriotic sentiments. Not originally cosmopolitan, the Greek spirit had become so from the increase of knowledge and the rapid

ripening of its civilization, from the growing indifference to political life which followed the Peloponnesian war, till it received a final stimulus in this direction from Macedonian conquest, and the amalgamation of the commercial interests, ideas, and religions of the world in Alexandria. In Rome, the Greek language had, till the time of Ennius and Cato, been the sole literary organ of expression; Roman law had been reformed on a Greek model; and now, at length, despite the exertions of the old Roman conservative party, Greek manners, sentiments, and ideas, penetrated every class of Roman society.

Meanwhile the patrician aristocracy, the representatives of the old heroic ideal and of the conservative and patriotic feelings which clustered around it, rapidly fell into decay. Like the feudal aristocracy of the fifteenth century, its powers were broken by civil war, and after that it was systematically depressed by the new democratic despotism which was rising upon its ruins. The jealousy of the emperors, the outrageous expenditure which it became a necessity of custom to lay out upon the public games, the luxury into which, in the absence of political occupations, it relapsed, and the aggrandizement of a new class of political adventurers, mostly freedmen enriched by the confiscation of many of the old estates, and daily monopolizing more and more the interest and influence of the court, contributed to complete the degradation of the patriciate, and thus break down the last entrenchment of traditional character and ideas. The settlement, moreover, for long periods of time, of large garrisons in the colonies, "and the foreign habits thus acquired, began the destruction of the exclusive feelings of the Roman army, which the subsequent enrolment of barbarians completed" (p. 246). Owing, moreover, to the facility of travelling,—

"The city soon became a miniature of the world, the centre of a vast and ceaseless concourse of strangers, the focus of all the various philosophies and religions of the empire, and its population soon became an amorphous, heterogeneous mass, in which all nations, customs, languages, and creeds, all degrees of virtue and vice, of refinement and barbarism, of scepticism and credulity, intermingled and interacted." (P. 247.)

Such an expansion and variation of the national life, Greek Stoicism, with its doctrine of universal brotherhood, might still represent, but "it was not equally capable of representing the softening movement of civilization" (p. 255). The characteristic feature, therefore, of the later Roman Stoicism is that, whilst it still "acknowledged that virtue consisted solely of the control which the enlightened will exercises over the desires," it gave freer scope to the benevolent affections; it ceased to be an active principle, and became more and more introspective and emotional. It gave up the task of conserving an ideal of public heroism, and betook itself to

protection and nourishment of the inward life of the individual. The examination of the conscience, and what we should call in modern phrase, "the care of the soul," combined with the consolation and amelioration of distress, and the education of the young, became the exclusive duties of the sage.

Pari passu with this change in the higher sphere of philosophic morals, the corruption in the common life of the people at large went on apace. The effects of the apotheosis of the emperors, the moral consequences of the importation of large multitudes of foreign slaves in increasing the idleness and demoralization of the free population, the lavish distribution of corn at the State's expense, the decline of public spirit, and of the old agricultural pursuits and habits, the rising passion for the fierce and bloodthirsty amusements of the arena, the withdrawal, lastly, of Roman society from the healthy influence of foreign nations, through the inclusion of the whole civilized world within the limits of a single empire, and the propagation throughout the provinces of the metropolitan type and fashion of life,—all this is worked out by Mr. Lecky upon the basis of the much more thorough and original works of Friedländer (who, by-the-bye, is always quoted in a French translation), Wallon, Coulanges, and the like. Thus the gross natural forces of human life become more and more detached from that higher unifying principle in society by which they are worked up and transformed into the spiritual wholes of the family and the State; and the spirit of self-sacrifice, on the other hand, retreats from its normal embodiment in the institutions of ordinary life into the self-contained and introspective cultivation of perfection in a few individuals. Public heroism gives place to stoical sanctity; disinterestedness to mere self-denial. Mr. Lecky does not trace sufficiently closely this gradual formation of the abstracted or "anachoretic" character, upon the ruins of institutions and of public virtue, and therefore is compelled to attribute more than its due influence to Neoplatonic theosophy in the production of Christian asceticism. Yet in the following lively picture, which he draws, after Epictetus, of the later Cynical Stoic, we see an ideal which, in its main traits, is indistinguishable from that type of asceticism which invaded the early Church:—

"The Cynic should be a man devoting his whole life to the instruction of mankind. He must be unmarried, for he must have no family affection to divert or dilute his energies. He must wear the meanest dress, sleep upon the bare ground, feed upon the simplest food, abstain from all earthly pleasures, and yet exhibit to the world the example of uniform cheerfulness and content. No one, under pain of provoking the Divine anger, should embrace such a career, unless he believes himself to be called and assisted by Jupiter. It is his mission to go among men as the ambassador of God, rebuking, in season and out of season, their cowardice and their vice. He

must stop the rich man in the market-place. He must preach to the populace in the highway. He must know no respect and no fear. He must look upon all men as his sons, and upon all women as his daughters. In the midst of a jeering crowd, he must exhibit such a perfect calm, that men may imagine him to be of stone. Ill-treatment and exile and death must have no terror in his eyes. for the discipline of his life should emancipate him from every earthly tie; and when he is beaten, 'he should love those who beat him, for he is at once the father and the brother of all men.' " (P. 329.)

The pages on Christian asceticism are amongst the least satisfactory in Mr. Lecky's book. Instead of seeking the root of the ascetic impulse in human nature itself, to which Tertullian's comparison of the early Christian hermits with the Indian Gymnosophists (quoted ii. 107) might have led him; and instead of continuing his more or less thorough account of the movement from the early to the later Stoicism and cynical seclusion, until he had traced it into the deserts of the Thebaid; he isolates the phenomenon of Christian asceticism, and, by isolating it, renders it unintelligible. It is not enough to say that "in the third century a great ascetic movement arose, which gradually brought a new type of character into the ascendant" (p. 107); or, almost in the words of Hallam,* that "asceticism had long been raging like a mental epidemic through the world." We want to know what is the relation of this "movement" to the development of man in general, and especially to that immediately preceding its outburst in the third century.

Asceticism, properly understood, really involves three main elements: (1) isolation from human society; (2) a life of pure contemplation; and (3) the modification of the body and all the less spiritual affections, with a view to perfection in contemplation. But the co-existence of these three elements is not at all confined to the period of which Mr. Lecky treats: it is neither distinctively Catholic nor even distinctively Christian; it is found in modern as in ancient times, in the European as in the Asiatic world; in short, it appears to be the expression of a want and a necessity, deeply rooted in the very constitution of man. We may illustrate this by a few instances, which may also serve to indicate the conditions under which the want arises, and the general relation of the tendency to other tendencies of our nature.

The earliest instance of the emergence of ascetic practice known to

* We are bound to say that Mr. Lecky's tone of sympathy, or at least of toleration, towards asceticism, compares very favourably with the intolerance indicated by such expressions as "epidemic religious lunacy," "hypocritical austerities," "degenerate superstition," "stupid absurdity," "disgusting profaneness," and the like, which Hallam applies indiscriminately to all ages of Monasticism. (*Middle Ages*, vol. iii. pp. 348—356.) Our author even goes so far as to express the opinion that great harm has been done by the dissolution of religious houses since the seventeenth century, and that they supply a permanent want of mankind.

history is that of the Brahmans and Buddhists. In the former case it appears to have been a reaction against the intolerable rigour of ceremonial ordinances; in the latter, against caste and the oppressive social arrangements which followed in its train, and was mixed up with schemes of communistic philanthropy. The Brahmanic asceticism seems to have been, or to have rapidly become, a mere fanatical infliction of self-torture as a kind of end in itself. The Buddhists, on the other hand, mortified not so much the body as the affections, and this not as an end, but as a means for facilitating the elevation and exercise of the mind.* Buddhism has been called the "religion of Monasticism,"† and some have considered Christian asceticism as rather an importation than a native growth. We shall endeavour to show that, whatever may have been the fact, this supposition is not necessary to account for it.

Take another instance. The Pythagorean societies which sprang up in the chief towns of Magna Græcia, though of the nature of reform clubs, were yet essentially ascetic in their character; and they represented the protest of the higher and nobler minds against defective social institutions, and the deterioration of public men. The partially ascetic figure of Socrates, and the rude and ferocious isolation of Diogenes the Cynic, are protests against similar evils, until at length the tendency to self-abstraction finds a philosophical expression in the mouth of Plato. Speaking of the higher intelligences in an imperfect community, he says:—

"Such an one is like a man fallen among wild beasts, whose violence he is neither willing to abet nor able to withstand. He sees the madness of the mob, and looks in vain for the prudent man who can be depended upon to take his stand upon the side of right. And therefore he possesses his soul apart, as one caught in a storm of dust and rain beneath a driving wind, might take shelter under a wall; and knowing the rest of mankind to be full of anarchy, he is content if, by any means he may himself live the earthly life, untainted by injustice, until, when the day of release arrives, he calmly and cheerfully and with a good hope, takes his leave. And yet," adds Plato, with almost prophetic insight, "before he goes hence, he will have done some things, not among the least important to be done."‡

It is instructive to compare the spirit of this passage with some of the phenomena of contemporary life. It is true that, like Napoleon, the modern man flatters himself that he is "no Capuchin," that his life is in the senate and the exchange, rather than in the cloister or the desert. But underlying this feeling, and possibly called into existence by its over-development, there is observable a strong tendency of the inward life of men and women to recoil upon itself, to "strike work," so to speak, and hold aloof from common life until society

* See *Asiatic Researches*, vol. xx. p. 301, n. 13.

† Bastian, *Die Religion des Buddha*, vol. ii. p. 387.

‡ *Republic*, p. 496, ed. Steph.

can give them something to do worth doing. In America, where politics and commerce are most aggressive, the finer and more highly organized minds are seeking refuge in a community of Shakers, or rambling in the fields and dying of *ennui* like Mr. Emerson's "Transcendentalist," or building a log hut in the woods like the late Mr. Thoreau,* and living a life of solitude, abstinence, and contemplation.

In England the claims of the inward and meditative life have found their most popular, and to some extent permanent, expression in Coleridge. From the time when, a weakly boy at Christ's Hospital, he shrank from contact with his fellows, to the time when he had learned to awaken his dreary inward life into gorgeous form and colour under the influence of opium, Coleridge's mind was constitutionally solitary and introverted.

"From my childhood upwards," he writes, "I have been accustomed to abstract, and as it were unrealize, whatever of more than common interest my eyes dwelt on. I have often thought that I would allegorize myself as a rock just raised above the surface of some bay or strait in the Arctic sea, feeling that it was a pride and place of healing to lie, as in an Apostle's shadow, within the eclipse and deep substance-seeming gloom . . . obscured by consubstantial forms, based in the same foundation as my Zion." †

The "*Confessions of a beautiful soul*," in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, present us with the same posture and phase of mind under more normal, and therefore more attractive, conditions. In Catholic countries weariness and *ennui* find a recognised refuge in the cloister, and leave society vivacious, active, passionate; in Protestant countries they have no hiding-place, and hence it is that there is so much weariness and *ennui* in society itself. Yet in M. Rénan, representing as he does the perfection and maturity of French culture, we find a soul "blessée par la vulgarité du monde moderne," which cannot breathe the "close and stifling" atmosphere of English family life, seeking relief in the study of the *Lives of the Saints*.

"La plupart d'entre eux ont beaucoup souffert; car tout ce qui est grand et haut porte en soi son supplice, et est puni par sa grandeur même de quitter les voies communes de l'humanité." ‡

Such a fact too (of the truth of which the writer has been assured) as the popularity in Germany—even amongst women—of the philosophy of Schopenhauer, with its doctrine of the tragic unreality of life, and of the self-abnegation of the "suffering reason" rising through asceticism to the deliberate act of suicide by starvation: or, again, the entirely new impulse which has shown itself of late in England

* It is to be regretted that Thoreau's works, which are some of the most delightful reading possible, are so little known in England.

† Gillman's *Life of Coleridge*, vol. i. p. 309.

‡ *Études d'histoire religieuse*, pp. 311—12.

(coloured and directed, though not created, by the mediæval reaction in the Established Church), which drives so many persons to give up society and family life, and to surrender themselves to attendance on poverty and disease—prove that the stress of outward existence upon the mortal spirit is not less real now than of old, when it drove men by thousands into the desert.*

These illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely, but they are sufficient to show that the impulse of which asceticism is the expression is a much larger and commoner fact than Mr. Lecky supposes, and that its causes are to be sought deeper than in "an ardent desire for those sufferings which were believed to lead directly to heaven," in the reaction against the extreme luxuries of the great cities, "the security it furnished to fugitive slaves and criminals," the "dignity of the monastic position," the Decian persecution, or the desire to escape the fiscal burdens, or the barbarian invasions (vol. ii. pp. 109, 110). These and other causes, no doubt, determined the character of the early Christian asceticism, but they do not account for the movement itself. What then is this impulse, and what are the conditions under which it acts? It seems to be both selfish and self-sacrificing. Selfish in its counsels of perfection, and in its abstraction from common human effort, and yet mortifying and denying itself to the last degree in its isolation. It is not so much a peculiar form of morality as a substitute for all forms of it. For it presupposes the absence of all those social relations in the right and healthy condition of which morality consists. It is a process analogous to that of the digestive secretions, which, in the absence of proper nutriment, prey upon the organism itself.

Institutions are at once the support of the individual life, and the expression of that higher and better self in man which he longs to realize. They are his own work, and yet, at the same time, something above him, which he feels constrained to obey. They are the meat and drink of his individual being, its atmosphere, and its resting-place; but are these only on condition of his sacrificing, not them to himself, but himself to them. He has created, and can modify or destroy them; but, on the other hand, they make him what he is. Thus only is man free in a moral or spiritual sense. Not by virtue of the power of doing what is pleasant, of indulging the feeling of freedom, but by obedience to a law, of which he is the law-giver, and which is adequate to his whole nature.

* The interest excited by books like Curzon's "Monasteries of the Levant," by Montalembert's "Moinés de l'Occident," and Mr. Algernon Taylor's somewhat insupportable description of his tours among the religious houses, seems to indicate that the patience with which the details of the Saurin trial was listened to and read, did not arise from mere curiosity. Compare also a curious article indicating the same feeling in the *Daily News* of May 15.

Now in this reflex process, which in greater or less perfection underlies the fabric of all societies, we have expressed on a large scale, and in a normal exercise, the same impulse which is manifested on an attenuated scale, and in violent or morbid exercise, in asceticism. In both, the individual seeks, consciously or unconsciously, the life of perfect freedom; in both, the individual is sustained by the sacrifice of the lower elements of his nature to the higher. But in the one case, his higher nature finds expression in society, and self-sacrifice to it becomes positive disinterested effort for the good of others, and of the community as a whole; in the other cases the higher and larger Will finds no embodiment in ordinary life, and can only express its supremacy by the purely negative act of mortifying the lower. Instead of a mutual interchange of body and soul, of the desires and the will, through the medium of institutions, resulting in the elevation of the whole man, the conflict between them becomes internecine. "Quanto magis homo exterior patitur, tanto amplius interior viret."* It is through the institutions of the family, and the State, that the moral nature of man is prevented from feeding upon its own vitals. Unable to find freedom in the passions, by spiritualizing them in marriage and civic life, the ascetic seeks his freedom by abstraction from them, and by the destruction of them.

If the preceding be a correct view of the nature of asceticism, it would seem to follow that the ascetic tendency might be expected to appear when institutions are in decay, or when they have become so hardened by custom or external force that, from being the medium of the moral self-government of the private person, they become an impassable obstruction to it—

"Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life."

It ought also to disappear as soon as a healthy social organization is restored. And this is found actually to be the case. Mr. Lecky speaks of the "profound discredit thrown upon the domestic virtues" by asceticism, and of the "depression" and "extinction of the civic virtues," as due to the same cause. "Nec ulla res aliena magis quam publica," to the ascetic. But it would have been more correct if he had called attention to the fact that family life and public virtue had been already ruined throughout the Roman Empire by the causes which are explained in his second chapter, and that the avenues of a common effort being closed, asceticism naturally and inevitably arose † over a large area: Similarly, the "ferocity," "ignorance,"

* Vita Barnabæ. *Vite Patr.* x. c. 10.

† In India, asceticism arose not so much upon the ruins of institutions, but was a protest, as already pointed out, against the unyielding hardness of the Brahmanic ordinances; the Essenes were an analogous case in Judæa. Greek and Roman asceticism, the Pythagoreans, Socrates, the Cynics, the later Stoics, are the expression of a social

and "bigotry," of which Mr. Lecky complains in the early hermits, are no reproach either to Christianity or the Eremitic life, but simply the result of the decay of those social influences which make men tender, and enlightened, and charitable.

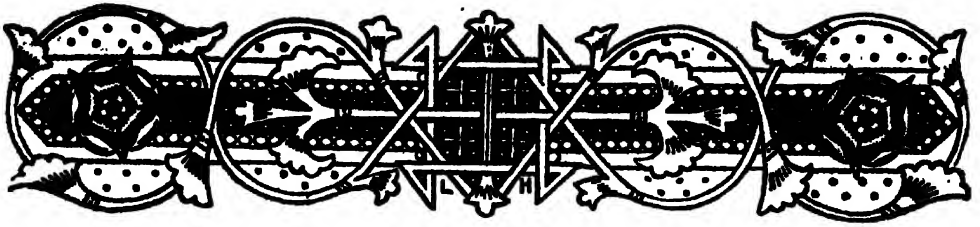
But not only does asceticism take the place of the empty hearth or the silent council-chamber, it passes away naturally as institutions revive. For the same reason, its extreme form, the naked and emaciated hermit, belongs almost exclusively to the East, where political and family life can scarcely be said to exist. In the West, on the other hand, so soon as it was propagated thither in the train of St. Athanasius, it had immediately to compete with the new Teutonic institutions which soon began to rise. No longer purely anachoretic or solitary, it begins, like the insect on the flower, to simulate the colour of that new social life from which it draws its own. One of the most curious contradictions of history is that of asceticism, itself the negation of all institutions, and all civilization, becoming an instrument of civilization, and organizing itself in an institution. In a time of anarchy, and in the region of pagan decay, it has been anachoretic, and maintains its true character to the present day. In contact with the beginnings of feudalism, it becomes itself associative and proprietary; it becomes feudal, as it attracts the English aristocracy into the cloister; it becomes the owner of land and of serfs. As feudalism consolidates by the subordination of tenure and subtenure, monasticism organizes itself in large groups on the "congregational" system. In a learned age, it becomes learned; and Monte Casino is the first centre of literary industry in Europe. In an age of chivalry, again, it is chivalrous; the monk and the soldier become one, to recover the holy sepulchre from the hands of the infidel. When the Papacy consolidates the kingdoms and churches of the western world under its sway, a monk ascends the first throne in Europe. And lastly, amid the dawn of science and democratic ideas, asceticism once more, in the mendicant orders, becomes scientific and democratic. It identifies itself with every institution as it arises; nourishing its tender years, developing its maturity, prolonging its existence. Itself the negation of institutions, it becomes an institution; and by becoming so perishes; but shows thereby in the clearest manner that it is an outcome of the same qualities in man as those from which society itself proceeds. The effort of monasticism to maintain itself as an institution since the Reformation has failed. The possibility of suppressing religious

decay. The ascetic tendency of the present time probably owes its origin to a combination of these causes. Old things are passing away without becoming new; and, on the other hand, there seems an inability to get rid of many feudal arrangements, the significance and life of which has long deserted them. ;

houses, whether in England in the sixteenth century, or in Italy and Spain at the present day, without any appreciable shock to the public conscience, shows that the cloister stands "out of gear" with ordinary secular existence in a different way to that in which it stood formerly, differently, too, from that which is normal to the solitary spirit. It cannot stand its ground against the consummation of a vigorous national life, because it no longer represents a conservation of the vital forces of society, during an epoch of decay and barbarism, but rather an useless and selfish diversion of that spiritual power in the individual which in an age of high civilization is drawn ultimately from society, and to which, therefore, society has a claim. The ascetic impulse itself, on the other hand, is as old as mankind, and will last as long as society itself. If a large portion of the civilized world were again to fall into the abyss of anarchy, into which the Roman world fell during the centuries between Augustus and Charlemagne, before the German race had given its institutions new meaning and vigour, it seems probable that asceticism would again assume a "world-historical" importance. This is, happily, not probable; and the position of the modern ascetic in relation to society is that of a critic rather than an exile. So long as human arrangements are imperfect, so long the infinite demand made upon them by the spirit of man will remain unsatisfied; and asceticism is the natural and normal expression of this dissatisfaction. As Montalembert said, "monks and oaks are immortal."

We should have been glad to have touched upon Mr. Lecky's history of the persecution and of the alteration in the moral position of women, did space permit. The fifth chapter, which treats of the latter subject, would have been better for the omission of Mr. Lecky's speculations on the propriety of concubinage. We think, too, that the degraded views of women in the decay of the empire are unnecessarily attributed to the influence of asceticism, which certainly had some share in producing chivalry, and the elevation of women of which chivalry was the cause. In preparing a second edition, which no doubt will soon be called for, we hope Mr. Lecky will restore the German barbarians to their historical position in his period.

C. E. APPLETON.



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—THEOLOGICAL.

The New Testament of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, after the Authorized Version. Newly compared with the Original Greek, and revised, by HENRY ALFORD, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. London: Strahan & Co.

IT must be confessed that at the present moment any man who attempts to improve upon our Authorized Version of the Bible finds it difficult to obtain a fair hearing. Political and ecclesiastical agitations preoccupy many earnest minds in a way which indisposes them (it may be feared) to close and patient study of any kind. Religious minds shrink even more than usual just now from the thought of any change in that which is so associated with the religious impressions of their whole lives as the language of our English Testament. Those who have sufficient scholarship and knowledge of the original text to be competent judges of the necessity for improvement, and the benefits which may reasonably be expected from it, are the few, not the many. Exaggerated language has been sometimes used by the advocates of revision. Still oftener their intentions have been misconstrued by their opponents, in a way which has added to the amount of inevitable and almost insuperable prejudice which encompasses the subject.

Still, as no competent judge can deny that, admirable as the Authorized Version is in general, it represents an original text which can be clearly proved to be in many passages incorrect, and often, when it represents a true text, fails to convey the true meaning of that original distinctly to any ordinary English reader, it ought to be admitted that a revision is greatly needed. Men as little given to rash change as Bishop Ellicott and Archbishop Trench feel this as strongly as the Dean of Canterbury. Reasonable and good men, aware of the want, should welcome this attempt made to meet it by one whom a life spent in the criticism and interpretation of the Greek Testament has qualified pre-eminently for the task.

It will be best to give in the words of the preface the editor's own explanation of the design of the volume:—

“It is necessary to premise a few words regarding the view with which this Revision of the Authorized Version has been undertaken.

“It seemed to the Reviser, and to some others, that the time was ripe for an effort to be made to publish the English New Testament in a form more consonant to the now ascertained ancient Greek text, and with corrections of inadequate renderings.

“This had been already done in the case of the Gospel of St. John, the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philipians, and Colossians, by ‘Five

Clergymen,' of whom the present Reviser was one. The fruit of their joint labours has been kindly placed by his colleagues at his disposal; and those books appear, with the exception of a very few passages in which his own view differed from that of the majority, simply as a Reprint from the former Revision. . . .

"The present Reviser has simply thrown himself into the gap, that the work might be accomplished at all events on the basis of the experience already acquired. He utterly repudiates for his Revision any aim to be adopted in any place as a substitute for the Authorized Version. It is impossible, to say nothing more, that *one man's work* can ever fulfil the requisites for an accepted Version of the Scriptures. If there was one lesson which the 'Five Clergymen' learnt from their sessions, it was that no new rendering is safe until it has gone through many brains, and been thoroughly sifted by differing perceptions and tastes.

"His wish mainly is to keep open the great question of an authoritative Revision; to shew the absolute necessity of such a measure sooner or later; and to disabuse men's minds of the fallacies by which the Authorized Version is commonly defended.

"At the same time he is not without hope that this Revision may serve the cause of God and His Word by presenting to the English reader the sacred text in a form which, however far from perfection, yet more nearly approaches that in which the faith was once for all delivered to the saints."—Preface, v., vi.

It will be seen from the above statement that the Dean of Canterbury, though he has availed himself of the labours of his former associates in the work of revision, has exercised the right of abiding by his own opinion when that has differed, after reconsideration, from theirs; and, consequently, that even in the books which are nearly a reprint from the work of the "Five Clergymen," the responsibility of the present revision rests entirely with himself.

It is impossible to test the success of such a work without a very lengthened and careful examination; for which time has not yet been given. Nor could the results of such an examination be exhibited within the limits to which this notice must be restricted. We can only attempt to say what seem to be the conditions to which revision should conform, and how far, speaking generally, the present attempt satisfies those conditions.

¶ The first of the many difficult questions which must be answered by every reviser is, from what text shall he translate? Certainly not from the *textus receptus*, in any one of its slightly varying forms. Neither can any private reviser honestly take his stand, with our present knowledge, upon any provisional text, like Griesbach's, based upon the *textus receptus*, though with its grosser errors corrected. A large body of revisers, clothed with official authority, might possibly be compelled to accept such a basis, by way of compromise, and in the absence of any text generally accepted by scholars everywhere. A private reviser, fettered by no official responsibility or need of satisfying colleagues, must take as his basis that text (whether another man's or one formed by himself if he feels competent to the task) which he himself believes to approach as nearly as the present state of evidence will allow to the original. For this, as well as for many other reasons, it is well that the work of revision should, *for the present*, be left to private enterprise. Probably in a few years' time there will be a far more general consensus of Greek Testament scholars than can be alleged at present in favour of the principle that the reading of the most ancient authorities is almost always likely to be the true one. Dean Alford, acting by himself, could not possibly have translated from any other text than his own. He has usually given concisely in a note the grounds of any material departure from the common Greek text.

Supposing the text which is to be represented in English to have been definitively settled, we have next to decide whether the translation (which it is assumed will be intended for popular use) shall aim to be an altogether new one, or a correction of the Authorized Version. On this point all rightly thinking men are now agreed. Scarcely any one wishes to do more than to correct where the present translation either represents a text different from our standard text, or renders incorrectly, imperfectly, or unintelligibly the reading of that text. Again, all are agreed that wherever we alter, our alteration must be as nearly as possible in the style of the original building. Without the gravest necessity, which will scarcely ever arise in practice, no word or idiom is to be introduced which is not sanctioned somewhere by one or other of our existing English translations, or at any rate, which is not in perfect keeping with the somewhat antique character of the work with which it is to be incorporated. And further, it will follow from the assumption that our

Revised Version is meant for popular use, that even where strict scholarship might require a change in the version meant for scholars, none shall be made if the real sense of the original is conveyed to ordinary readers with substantial correctness by the existing form of expression. The Dean of Canterbury would, we believe, entirely accept the above as the true principles of revision: indeed, he has enunciated most of them in this Review.*

But the real merits of a revision, after a few general principles have been settled, will depend upon the care and skill with which these principles are applied in practice to the decision of the infinite variety of questions of detail which will arise in the execution of the work. Judged by this test, the revision before us seems in the main a very successful one. As far as it has been possible to examine it at present, we can say that it has been executed, as we should have expected it to be, with great care, sound scholarship, and excellent tact and sense. The volume will be a most useful help to every English student of the New Testament.

Of course we do not think this praise everywhere equally well deserved. Sometimes it seems to us that the Dean has altered when alteration was needless, and sometimes that he has left unchanged what might well have been improved by change. Sometimes his alteration gives a meaning to the passage of which we think the correctness open to so much doubt as to render the alteration inadmissible, except as a marginal alternative. We will jot down a few instances to explain our meaning. In St. Matt. v. 22, it is assumed that *μωρὸς* represents the Hebrew word used for rebel in Numb. xx. 10, instead of meaning "fool!" This is, to say the least, a doubtful interpretation, and was not preferred by the Dean himself as lately as in the fifth edition of his Greek Testament, vol. i., 1863. If symmetry was wanted, it might have been better gained by translating *Raca*, than by introducing another word equally unintelligible to English readers. The other possible meaning of *μωρὸς* might have been given in the margin. In St. Matt. vi. 11, *ἐπιούσιων* is represented by "needful," without any alternative stated. It seems scarcely desirable that a question which has perplexed interpreters and translators, at least since Jerome's time, should be decided summarily in favour of the very anomalous derivation from *εἶμι*, to be, and against the etymologically far more likely one from *ἐπιούσα* (*sc. ἡμίφει*), without any notice of the possibility of the latter, which usually, though not always, satisfied Chrysostom. In St. Matt. viii. 6 ff, the centurion's *παῖς* is translated his "boy," which is quite inadmissible, in serious English, as an equivalent for "servant," which St. Luke vii. 2, 7 shows clearly to be the meaning of *παῖς* here, as in so many other passages both of the New Testament and LXX. Possibly the servant may have been himself a soldier, and so not *δούλος* in the strict meaning of the word. The same word is rendered "young men" in St. Luke xv. 26, which seems an unnecessary change. On the other hand, in Acts iv. 30, the substitution of "servant" for "child" is evidently right. In St. Matt. xviii. 17, we do not think that the rendering "congregation" should have been adopted, unless the Dean were prepared, with Tyndal, to translate *ἐκκλησία* uniformly by "congregation." It is of real importance that the English word church should have the same breadth of meaning with its Greek equivalent, which it cannot have if it continues to be employed in some, not in all, the passages. In Acts iv. 34, *note*, we would venture to suggest with great diffidence, as a possible rendering which would preserve the form of the imperfect in the original, "kept selling," or "were (continually) selling." In Acts xxvi. 28, we think there can be little doubt that the general meaning of Agrippa's words is that assigned to them by the Dean, and none that it is not that which our Authorized Version expresses, and which has furnished a text for innumerable sermons on the "Almost Christian." They are evidently a more than half sarcastic protest against St. Paul's supposed intention to claim King Agrippa as a fellow believer. But we fear that the word "lightly" scarcely retains enough of its ancient meaning to be a generally intelligible rendering of *ἐν ὀλίγῳ*. And with regard to the reading of the original, we venture to remark that if, as the Dean suggests in the note in his Greek Testament, *ad loc.*, the reading of the Vatican and the Sinaitic MSS., *ἐν ὀλίγῳ με κείθεις χριστιανὸν ποιῆσαι*, is a confusion of the two readings *κείθεις χρ. γενισθαι* (reading of E, &c.), and *κείθῃ χρ. ποιῆσαι* (reading of A), each of those readings must have existed

* See *Contemporary Review* for July, 1868.

before either of those MSS., i.e., at least as early as the fourth century. Consequently the principle of ancient evidence fails to decide our choice between them, and we must be guided wholly by internal considerations. If so, much might be said for the reading *γινέσθαι*. And if that reading were retained we might perhaps render "In small space thou art persuading me to become a Christian." * If, with the Dean, we take the readings *πισθῆναι* and *πισθῆναι*, we think the translation must be not "canst make me," but "hast made me," the perfect being here, as usually when it expresses *past entrance on a state which continues*, the only idiomatic rendering into English of the Greek aorist. In Rom. iii. 30 we are sorry to find in the Revised Version the unmeaning antithesis of "by faith" and "through faith" left in possession of the text. Surely *ἡ πίστις* is here as in Gal. iii. 23 ff. † used in its objective sense. God will justify the Jew, like Abraham his forefather, *καὶ πίστις*; the Gentile, in like manner, through that new and better dispensation of which faith is the characteristic principle. It seems to us as impossible to deny that *ἡ πίστις* has this objective meaning sometimes, as to maintain that it never has any other. The context must decide in each instance, and would here decide us to translate "through the faith." In Phil. i. 22 there is a well-known difficulty in determining the point at which the apodosis begins, and filling up the ellipse accordingly. The Dean translates "But if to live in the flesh, [if] this be to me fruit of my labour, then what I shall choose I know not;" thus commencing the apodosis with *καὶ*, and virtually supplying the ellipse by the rendering of *καὶ* as "then." Our own view of the construction and translation have been sufficiently explained in a notice of Professor Lightfoot's recent work on Philippians, in the number of this Review for November, 1868. We decidedly prefer commencing the apodosis with *τοῦτο*, and translating "But if to live in flesh [is appointed for me] this is to me fruit of labour, and so what I shall choose I know not." The expression "fruit of labour" is scarcely intelligible in English; but it is not easy to find any rendering of *κάρπος ἔργου*, which shall be perspicuous without being too paraphrastic. It seems to us that the Authorized Version here is happier than either the Dean's or Professor Lightfoot's. It gives the sense demanded by the context, and has hit upon the construction which is least open to objection. In Phil. ii. 12 the rendering "carry out" seems to us every way inferior to "work out."

We are well aware how imperfect and fragmentary these few remarks on the rendering of different passages are. We offer them as a worthier expression of respect and gratitude for the work which the Dean of Canterbury has done, than indiscriminate praise couched in general terms would be. We only beg that it may be remembered that our dissent from the reviser's results is the exception, not the rule. We cannot express too emphatically our conviction that *upon the whole* his revision represents with admirable fidelity and judgment a Greek text as nearly correct as can be formed from our present materials.

E. T. V.

The Open Secret: Sermons dealing mostly with the Heart of Christ and Christianity.
By the late Rev. ALFRED J. MORRIS, formerly of Holloway. London:
Arthur Miall.

A CHILD-LIKE spontaneousness and modest simplicity; a large-eyed, intellectual openness to all sorts of new ideas and influences; a buoyant, elastic temperament, with peculiar capacities of sudden recoil; and a keen eye for the cardinal laws of human motive and conduct—these seem to us to have been Mr. Morris's leading characteristics; and they were combined in such peculiar measure as to yield, now, a something captivating, through its fresh, almost youthful, tenderness; and, again, enlivening, through the subdued gleams of quiet, unconscious humour that would suddenly shoot over the verge of the most familiar picture or statement. His writing reminds us often of the old Puritan divines—if it a little lacks the poetry, it not seldom has the pith and point. Mr. Morris had read much in books, and had mastered most that he had read; but he had read in men's hearts still more; and his sermons, whilst sound in

* It may, perhaps, be worth considering whether an admissible rendering is not "In small space thou art persuading me that I am become a Christian;"—taking the *με* as virtually *both* subject to *γινέσθαι* and object to *πισθῆναι*.

† Where, however, the Dean has translated *ἡ πίστις* by "the faith" only in ver. 23 and ver. 26.

doctrine, are packed with wise reflections, happy characterisations, and genial insights. His great gift was his power of throwing sudden gleams of quickening human sunshine over whatever tends to become merely hard and doctrinal, and to breathe on the dry bones, clothing them with life. He was quite the man to raise a London congregation, and gradually, by dint of sheer overcoming sweetness and force of character, to elevate it both morally and spiritually, as we learn, from the touching little memoir—doubly touching in that it tells, with loving reticence, of the terrible trouble which for long years hung over the preacher's life—that Mr. Morris actually did. Such sermons as, "The Secret Out," "Christ Alone with his Disciples," and "Natural Varieties in Religion," are the work of a man who, had he enjoyed better health, and been granted a longer life, would certainly have attained no second place among the preachers of the time. We almost wish we could quote the whole of the first sermon, "The Secret Out." The best we can do instead is to give some morsels from it:—

"The consciousness of evil leads to self-vindication; the consciousness of innocence is slow to suspect a charge. If you ask a man, how he is, and he answers, 'I am sober,' you are tempted to suppose that he must have indulged too freely; and, if enquiring what he is carrying, he replies that it is his own, you fancy it possible that he has made too free with his neighbour's goods. Why should a man deem it needful to defend himself, unless he is attacked? and if there is no attack from without, is it not likely that there is one from within, and conscience does the office of accuser? . . . Adam's eagerness showed his fall. God did not accuse him, He simply asked him where he was. He might have been among the trees innocently enough; he probably had been there before, and God asked where he was, not why he was there. . . . It is useless for us to speculate what notions our first parents must have had of God. It does not look as if Adam was created the finished philosopher and theologian that some have supposed. It savours more of the infancy than of the manhood of our race. It looks as if the divine revelation was such as we are wont to make to children. God appeared in the likeness of flesh, and dwelt with him, and spake to him as a man; and Adam thought that he could conceal himself from God among the thick trees, and that there might be some use in telling God lies. But whatever he knew not, he should have known that he had no right to be afraid of God. Fear was no feeling for 'man new made.' If a child dreads its parent, the child or parent must be wrong. . . . The worst kind of indelicacy is in being shocked at what is natural and proper, in being so far 'better than God.' For that indelicacy is in the person that is shocked, not the things that shock. This was Adam's. He was 'naked and not ashamed' while innocent. He became, or professed to become, squeamish when he fell. And so it always is. . . . 'Unto the pure all things are pure, but to them that are defiled and unbelieving nothing is pure.' Time was when speech was much plainer and freer than it is with us, when great divines as well as unregenerate playwrights talked in a style that would now expel from all respectable society, when they translated God's everlasting word in a way to scandalize all genteel souls; but who shall say that we eschew their speech because we have improved upon their morals? Who told us that there needed a clothing for some ideas and things? Have we eaten of the tree? Like Adam we have created a necessity for clothes by sinning; and to the wise of heart, what we deem the proof of our refinement and delicacy, is really the consequence of our *knowing too much*. Unsophisticated children are by no means so particular as worn-out debauchees, and pure-minded maidens are often quite a scandal to painfully-proper prudes. Adam the sinner was disgusted with the ways of Adam the innocent."

• And this, expressing an idea to which he delights to return:—

"I love to look upon the Gospels not as records only, however faithful, of things which have been, but as pictures most precious of things which are to-day; things which were in Judæa long centuries since, because they were to be, and to the end of time, in another and a better way. The Gospels would, like all other records, lose half their interest, if they were merely ancient histories. But they are ancient histories because they are everlasting types—types, that is, in the only sense in which anything is typical. They are not forms of future realities, understood and complete, but the realization in forms imperfect and adapted to the times, of things which should afterwards appear in higher forms: a sort of metempsychoses of ideas and powers. The oldest things are the newest: what never began to be never becomes old: it is the recent that becomes old and passes away. The 'good news' of Christ's history is an 'everlasting Gospel,' and the interest of it is derived in part from its being a revelation of the permanent providence of Christ and of the character of man."

One or two of the sermons are little more than pulpit skeletons, which makes us regret very much that something completed did not occupy their place; but the volume is one to interest thoughtful readers, and to suggest many fresh ideas.

H. A. P.

The Small Glory: Life of the Blessed Virgin. By ANTHONY STAFFORD. Together with the Apology of the Author, and an Essay on the Cultus of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. London: Longmans, 1869.

FROM this title, the character of the book might be guessed. But our readers are perhaps hardly prepared to hear, that among the devices which it bears on its resplendent white, blue, and gold cover, the following shines conspicuous:—"MOTHER OF GOD, PRAY FOR US." We were not quite aware at what point of the series "the Movement" had arrived: but certainly this distances all our previous observations.

The Rev. Orby Shipley seems to be put forward as the experimentalist of the party. He must be a very curiously constructed person. We do not know when we have seen anything closer to a caricature than the following:—

"The Fathers of the Pan-Anglican Synod have happily given an indirect sanction to pay (*sic*) due honour to her whom the Spirit of Inspiration has declared to be the 'Blessed among women.' In the address of the bishops, the Fathers of the Council entreat the faithful to guard themselves against growing superstitions and additions; especially mentioning 'the practical exaltation of the Blessed Virgin Mary as mediator *in the place of her Divine Son*; and by (*sic*) the addressing of prayers to her as intercessor between God and man.' By the limiting of her office of mediator and intercessor by the words we have marked, 'in the place of her Divine Son,' the Council implicitly acknowledges her mediation and intercession in an inferior degree. It is only the putting of the Mother 'in the place of her Divine Son' that is condemned, not the cultus of S. Mary, or (*sic*) the assertion that prayers may be addressed to her; and we are further confirmed in this explanation by the fact that Archbishop Manning declared that there is nothing in this expression that an orthodox Roman Catholic could object to. This explanation has never been contradicted by any member of the Anglican Council. We are justified therefore in claiming the consent and approval—both positive and negative—of the Synod for a Cultus of the Blessed Virgin."

Was ever anything more foolish, or more disingenuous if not foolish, than this miserable stuff? It is really difficult to believe, that an educated Christian minister can have penned sentences which every person of fairly constituted mind must read with pity and disgust. They even surpass that notable masterpiece of the "Tracts for the Times,"—the assertion that because an Article of the Church spoke of the "*Romish doctrine of Purgatory*" as "a fond and foolish thing," any doctrine of Purgatory *which was not Romish* was not thus stigmatized by the Article, and might therefore be held by members of the English Church.

Our readers may perhaps be instructed by another extract from Mr. Orby Shipley's Preface:—

"It is not the open denial only, it is the unexpressed unbelief of popular Rationalism, common to all sects, and we must needs confess, too common in our branch of the Church, that is gaining ground. Nor do we hesitate to say that one of the most powerful means to counteract this is the revival of the Cultus of the Blessed Virgin. Nay, we say further, that unless Anglicans exert themselves to re-introduce this Cultus, they must expect to see more and more the spread of Rationalism and unbelief.

"This is matter for profound thought among the leaders of the great Catholic Movement of the day. When that Movement first took place, it was confined to a return to Anglican Doctrine and form of Worship, such as was laid down by the great Divines of the seventeenth century. This was soon found to be wholly inadequate, as well as unfitted for the wants of the age. It was the late Archbishop Wilberforce who pointed out the real deficiency, and to a certain extent supplied it, in his two great works on *the Incarnation and the Holy Eucharist*. He then found out how wholly insufficient was the mere Anglican idea of twenty years ago for a Catholic; he sought something deeper in the Roman. Fourteen years of active Church life have developed the mere Anglican into a true Catholic; but yet the fulness of the reality of the Incarnation and of the Holy Eucharist is not yet perceived by the mass of English Churchmen. Something more is needed to bring out the truth in its fulness; and that, we believe, is the Cultus of the Mother of God. This Cultus is now, in the minds of most persons, so closely connected with the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, that we must examine the latter doctrine more carefully."

Of this examination we can only say, that St. Bernard (!) is quoted as a supporter of the doctrine. The singular bad faith of this quotation is especially to be noted:—

"St. Bernard, in his celebrated letter to the Canons of Lyons, writes thus:—"I firmly

believe, with the Church, that she was sanctified when in the womb of her mother, and so came to light sightless."

Would the reader imagine by this, that St. Bernard in these words is arguing *not for*, but *against*, the Immaculate Conception? Yet so it is.

"Si igitur ante conceptum sui sanctificari minime potuit, quoniam non erat: sed nec in ipso quidem conceptu, propter peccatum quod increat: restat, ut post conceptum in utero jam existens, sanctificationem accepisse credatur, quas excluso peccato sanctam fecerit nativitatem, non tamen et conceptionem."

Really, this is little short of absolute mendacity; and may serve as a caution to the advocates of "the Movement," and all others, how they believe anything which Mr. Orby Shipley may choose to assert. After this, the result arrived at by his examination of the doctrine matters but little.

We must confess, that Mr. Orby Shipley's Preface is by far the worst part of the book. Old Stafford's "Life of the Blessed Virgin" is full of interest. It is written in the quaint Euphuistic style of his time (1635), and though elaborated with every kind of excessive panegyric, is kept within far more modest limits than are observed by his modern editor. There is nothing of the cultus of the Virgin; nothing of any honour to be paid to her beyond the enthusiastic tribute of excessive admiration. The fabulous portions of her story, though dwelt on with delight, are yet touched with an avowedly uncertain hand.

If Mr. Shipley would omit his own preface, and make his book look less like a prune-box, we might venture to thank him for having republished an interesting specimen of the exuberant churchmanship of the early days of Charles I.

H. A.

II.—BIOGRAPHICAL.

Count Bismarck. A Political Biography. By LUDWIG BAMBERGER, Member of the Zoll Parliament. Translated from the German by CHARLES LEE LEWES. Breslau: Ernst Günther. London: Trübner and Co.

THE author of this work is a member of the party known in Germany as the "National-Liberal," and in it the curious position of that party in relation to Count Bismarck is very strikingly brought out. The desire to work by moral means is here seen struggling with intense exultation in the strides towards German unity made by "the war of '66;" and the love of freedom and constitutional government contrasts strangely with the half-suppressed admiration for the old enemy of the Prussian constitution.

There may be said to be two main objects in the book—one to show that Bismarck is not now merely carrying out a scheme which had been devised from the beginning of his career, but has distinctly undergone a change in his political creed; the other, to draw from that career the moral that revolutionary ends must sometimes be accomplished by means which cannot be called revolutionary in the conventional sense of that word.

In order to bring out these points, the writer is obliged to go back to the last century, and to show how the vacillating policy of the Prussian kings, after the death of Frederick the Great, had gradually lost them that initiative in German affairs which that unscrupulous monarch had so nearly attained; while the one tradition which they had inherited from him—that of looking with suspicion on all popular movements—had been exaggerated by them into excuses for treachery and cowardice of the meanest kind. This tradition (already so basely carried out in 1813 and 1848) Count Bismarck, as a Junker, inherited; but with the thoroughness and vigour of his character, he threw aside the shilly-shallying policy which had made the Prussian kings the laughing-stock of Germany, and carried his principles out to their logical conclusion—servile submission to Austria.

From 1847 to 1851, Bismarck was not only (to use the words of a friendly critic), "the leader of the conservative party in its narrowest and most bigoted sense, the chief of the extreme right, the advocate of patrimonial jurisdiction and trade guilds, the most obstinate adversary of democracy and parliamentary government, and the most zealous worshipper of solidarity between

the autonomy of the sovereign and the privileges of the aristocracy," but also the most devoted champion of Austria.

"In a speech made in 1850 he openly avowed that in his opinion the mission of Prussia lay in subordinating herself to Austria, and fighting at her side against German democracy. In the same speech he insisted on the necessity of terminating the then existing occupation of Schleswig-Holstein, which he designated as a stupid undertaking, into which the unfortunate policy of 1848 had drawn Prussia; and, to crown all, he ended in these words: 'Owing to some singular modesty, people refrain from calling Austria a German Power, because she has the good fortune to exercise dominion over other peoples. For my part I cannot admit that because Slaves and Ruthenians are subject to Austria, it is they who principally represent that State, leaving the German element only a subordinate part to play. On the contrary, I respect in Austria the representative of an ancient German Power.'"

Such, then, were the opinions of Bismarck on German politics when he was appointed by Baron Mauteuffel as First Secretary of Legation to the restored Diet at Frankfort. This was the turning-point of his political life. From whatever cause it came, it seems to be generally agreed that it was during the discussions of this Diet that the great change in his feelings towards Austria was first developed.

"Count Bismarck and his apologists," says our author, "are fond of representing that it was in consequence of the opportunity which he now had, for the first time, of observing Austria's system more nearly, that he came to see through her objectionable and dangerous policy; in short, that the conversion of the politician was principally the result of the moral indignation of the man. We already know enough of the personage we are studying to be careful how we accept explanations which savour rather strongly of idealism. Properly understood the statement amounts, without however losing its value, to this: that the new ambassador, with the energy and faculties we know him to have possessed, was urged, from the very beginning of his career, by the irresistible impulse to be something, to do something in the world. Far less vigour and fire than he possessed would have been quite enough to provoke a collision with the Austrian stubbornness; more especially as this stubbornness, which generally proceeded from sheer force of inertia, was to be found in the present instance in men who were not deficient in aggressiveness. It did not suit the nature either of the Prime-Minister, Prince Schwartzberg, or of his representative, Herr von Rechberg, to assume an air of good-natured stupidity and pretended cordiality, the mask under which formerly the Emperor Francis had concealed from the world the cunning and malicious character of his diplomacy. The too easy victory of Olmutz was followed by one of those strange moments of illusion at Vienna, in which the Austrians—drunk with the recollection of their proverbial good fortune—gave themselves up to a fit of that irresistible bragging of which the orders of the day of General Benedek have since furnished so wonderful a specimen. In the drawing-rooms of the imperial palace Prince Schwartzberg had thrown out the phrase, 'Il faut avilir la Prusse d'abord pour la démolir.' Things of this kind were snapped up by the lesser German princes, who vied with each other in the amusement of letting fly the shafts of their humour against Prussia—the smallest of the Great Powers, as it was the fashion to call her—who had taken into her head to attempt to play a part in Germany. Imagine a man of the temperament of Count Bismarck reduced to the position of a jeered-at Masetto in the illustrious Frankfort Diet, and it will be readily understood that this was sufficient to incense him beyond bounds, and to open his eyes to the abject character of the policy he represented."

Whatever was the cause of this change, it soon became apparent in his private correspondence, and with it the change which he saw must eventually become necessary in his relations to more distinctly internal questions.

The following letter on the Zollverein was written in 1850 from Frankfort:—

"Our position in the Zollverein is altogether a bungle. I am convinced that we shall be obliged to terminate the treaty as soon as the period arrives for doing so. To continue it is absolutely impossible so long as, in addition to twenty-eight governments, some fifty independent corporations, governed by private interests, exercise a liberum veto. The equality-frenzy of the German governments drives them to use this as a means for making themselves important. In order to avoid these rocks I think that in a reformed Zollverein, after 1866, we must, for the exercise of the right of consent which the corporations possess in Zollverein matters, borrow an idea from the unionist projects of 1848, and establish a kind of Customs Parliament. The governments would be strongly averse to this; but with boldness and perseverance we might effect much. The Chambers and press might be of the utmost assistance to our foreign policy; they would have to discuss the organisation of the German custom-house from the Prussian point of view, broadly and without reserve. Then the attention of Germany, now flagging, would once more revive, and our chambers would become a power in Germany."

Perhaps few things could bring out better the haughty and essentially anti-popular spirit which has always distinguished Bismarck than the discovery that so long before the German war of '66 he should have seen the necessity of working with the popular forces in Germany, and yet that this discovery should have been followed by the struggle between him and the Prussian "Abgeordnetes Haus." He looked upon them as necessary tools, but could not bring himself to trust them as fellow workers; and, as our author admits, he is still paying the penalty of that distrust in the half-confidence which the Liberals of Germany give him, and the hatred which numbers of the Prussian "Fortschritt" party still feel for him. But his change of policy towards Austria was the result of far stronger feelings than a cold sense of necessity; and it soon became evident in the influence which he successfully exercised in favour of non-intervention during the Austro-Italian war of 1859.

So decided, apparently, were his views on this question, that his government thought it better to remove him from the Diet and send him to the court of St. Petersburg; bringing out thereby once more that striking contrast which has so often shown itself in later years between the unprincipled cowardice of the Prussian crown and the unscrupulous courage of its ablest adviser. The latter quality appeared even more remarkably in a letter addressed by Bismarck from his new post to Herr von Schleinitz, the Minister for Foreign Affairs at Berlin—a letter which, as our author justly remarks, "deserves to be called historical." Its arguments are founded on his experience in the Frankfort Diet.

"In the Eastern question," he says, "the princes declared from the outset that they would side with Austria, although this was unquestionably an overstepping and violation of the federal law. Did they ever do the like for Prussia? Certainly not; for it is their interest to oppose every development on the part of Prussia, and we shall never be in a position to conquer this resistance unless we emancipate ourselves from the situation made for us by the existing treaties."

And he concludes in the following words:—

"I think we should hasten to take up the gauntlet, and I should regard it as no misfortune, but rather as a salutary crisis and a means of progress, if the majority at Frankfort were to pass some resolution in which we could discover an attack on the principle of the Confederation, an abuse of power, and a violation of the treaties. The clearer the violation the better for us. Neither Austria, France, nor Russia will readily present us with so favourable an opportunity for improving our position in Germany, and our allies are on the high road to offer us most righteous motives, without our being under the necessity of stimulating them to further excesses. Even the *Kreuz-Zeitung* is beginning to be angry with their proceedings."

How evidently he was looking forward towards a breach with the Junker party, we can see from the contemptuous allusion to this well-known organ of Prussian ultra-Toryism, which, in a later part of the letter, he classes distinctly with the partisans of Austria. The suggestion of the usefulness of "righteous motives" is creditable to the shrewdness of a man who has since shown that he is ready to use, when necessary for his purpose, either the most reckless insolence or the meanest legal quibbles.

And, indeed, he already seems to have foreseen that the cowardice of the Prussian government would allow this opportunity to slip, and that more questionable means must be used for attaining his end.

"I perceive," (he says in this very letter) "something defective in our position in the Bund, which sooner or later we shall be obliged to repair, *ferro et igne*, unless we submit it in time, and at a favourable opportunity, to serious treatment. I believe that if the Confederation were put an end to this very day, and were even not replaced by anything else, this negative result alone would suffice in a short time to establish better and more natural relations between Prussia and her German neighbours."

But already he was feeling the effect which his early policy had produced on the minds of the Liberal party, and he meets their suspicion characteristically—merely by sneers at their stupidity. "Those silly geese in the German press do not see that they are defeating whatever is best for their own efforts in attacking me." His scorn for the attacks of his former partisans is still more profound and more bitterly expressed:—

"If I were an Austrian statesman, or a German prince and Austrian reactionist, like the Duke of Meiningen, our *Kreuz-Zeitung* would have taken me under its wing, as it has

done him. The mendacity of these suspicions is well known to all our political friends, but as I am only an old member of their party, who has in addition the misfortune of having peculiar views on many points, they allow people to slander me to their heart's content. The inquisitor is most stern to those on his own side; and friends who have long drunk from the same cup are more unjust than enemies."

It was at this time, when he was suspected alike by his old friends and his old enemies, that Count Bismarck seems to have made the first great attempt to drive his ideas into the head of his royal master. The scene of this Herculean effort was Baden-Baden, where, in 1861, Bismarck succeeded in bringing together the liberal Grand-Duke of Baden and King William. If we are to understand that the letter to a friend, which our author quotes as written "soon after this visit to Baden," contains the same ideas as those propounded to the king, it certainly gives one a startling sense of the courage of the writer:—

"We need as much as our daily bread a firmer consolidation of our powers of defence; we need a new and pliant system of customs and numerous institutions in common to protect Germany's material interests from the disadvantages resulting from her unnatural configuration. We ought to clear away every species of doubt as to the sincerity and earnestness of our intention to forward these objects. Moreover, I do not see why we should start back so coyly at the idea of a representation of the people—be it in the Diet, be it in the Customs-Parliament: an institution which is legally established in every German state, and which we Conservatives would not wish to do without in Prussia, can hardly be attacked as revolutionary. In national matters very moderate concessions have hitherto been always recognised as valuable. We might create a thoroughly Conservative national representation, and yet earn thanks from the Liberals."

These were the kind of measures which Bismarck desired to carry out in spite of the terror of the Junkers, the suspicion of the Liberals, the obstinacy of the king. We can hardly wonder at Herr Bamberger's remark that—

"The antagonistic elements with which he had to deal are not sufficient to justify Count Bismarck's proceedings, but they perhaps explain why only a man of his stamp had any chance of impressing the mind of the king with the necessity of combating the doctrines of Divine right by the side of Garibaldi and Kossuth."

Yet we cannot help noticing that the chapter which closes with this remark is followed by the account of a period (and that the best-known period) of Bismarck's life, which suggests, at any rate, how all that has been done for German unity might have been done earlier, and with less sacrifice of honour, justice, and liberty, if the Minister had really had the smallest sympathy with freedom, had understood in any degree the meaning and worth of parliamentary government. Even Herr Bamberger, anxious as he is to accept Bismarck now, admits this when he says of the misunderstanding among the people as to the object of the war of '66, "a serious mistake, indeed, but solely to be ascribed to the attitude which the king and his ministry had adopted from the time of the coronation till the events of the year before last." The particular measure which gave rise to the well-known struggle between Bismarck and the Chambers was, of course, especially likely to excite liberal fears and suspicions towards a government whose tradition had always been to consider officers of the line as a peculiar kind of aristocracy, and who were supposed to be desirous of entirely dispensing with the popular institution of the Land-wehr. And now came out that want of capacity "for internal affairs" which Bismarck on one occasion admitted, or rather, boasted of. Every insult was heaped on the Deputies, while the ordinances of the press and the tampering with the tribunals are only too well remembered even now. The description of Bismarck's style of oratory, which Herr Bamberger quotes in an earlier chapter, seems to suggest an additional reason for his unpopularity:—

"No oratorical ornamentation, no choice of words, nothing which carries the audience away. His voice, although clear and audible, is dry and unsympathetic, the tone monotonous; he interrupts himself, and stops frequently; sometimes even, he stutters, as if his recalcitrant tongue refused obedience, and as if he had difficulty in finding words in which to express his thoughts. His uneasy movements, somewhat rolling and negligent, in nowise aid the effect of his delivery. Still, the longer he speaks, the more he overcomes these defects; he attains more precision of expression, and often ends with a vigorous, sometimes, as every one is aware, with a too-vigorous peroration."

The wild blunderings of his home policy were even at this time being repaired by the vigour and ability shown in his negotiations with the Austrian Minister,

Count Karolyi. The "cynical frankness" which had so signally defeated its own object in his attempt to bring round the Chambers to his side, told with wonderful effect when pitted against the ordinary wiles of diplomacy. He had found that "the relations between the two powers" (Austria and Prussia) could not "continue on the same footing," and told Count Karolyi so plainly. After a summary of the misunderstandings both as to German and foreign policy between the two powers, he added:—

"It rests with Austria to choose whether she will continue her present anti-Prussian policy of forming a coalition of the lesser States, or seek an honest union with Prussia. That she should choose the latter is my most sincere desire. But this can only be obtained by giving up her inimical policy at the German courts."

And further on he speaks more plainly still:—

"I did not conceal from Count Karolyi that the continuance of the majority in a course pronounced by us to be contrary to federal law would place us in a very disagreeable position; that we foresaw as a consequence the rupture of the Bund; that Herr von Usedom had left Herr von Kübeck and Baron von der Pfordten in hardly any doubt as to our view of the matter, but had received answers to his intimation which showed no desire for compromise, inasmuch as Baron von der Pfordten pressed for the delivery of our minority vote."

And, lastly, we have from Count Karolyi's lips the mention of Bismarck's famous alternative:—

"Finally, Bismarck placed before us in so many words the alternative of withdrawing from Germany, and of transporting our centre of gravity to Ofen, or of seeing Prussia in the ranks of our enemies on the occasion of the first European war."

Then comes the first open contest between the two great German powers. Austria proposed to the Diet her scheme of sending delegates from the chambers of the various states, which should have power merely of deliberation. The Prussian ambassador at the Diet answered by demanding the convocation of a real German parliament, threatening that, in case the states attempted to force their half-measures, Prussia would cease to recognise the authority of the Diet. The "half-measures" were withdrawn; then came the great spectacle organized by Austria at Frankfort in 1863, and the small states seemed to be gathering round Austria, when the sudden death of the King of Denmark turned the current of events. The story of the Schleswig-Holstein war and the Gastein Convention need not be retold; nor need we recapitulate the events which immediately led to the war of 1866. Enough has been said to show the way in which the life of Bismarck is treated by Herr Bamberger. A chapter, headed "Germany, France, and the Revolution," which appears at the beginning of the original work, but which the translator has removed to the end, brings out still more clearly his view of the necessity of accepting Bismarck, and he even seems to find a justification of his party's change of programme in the abandonment of their traditional admiration for the Terrorists by the later Republicans of France. Perhaps the analogy will hardly seem obvious to either Englishmen or Frenchmen. This chapter, however, is made additionally interesting by a reproduction of some articles of Edgar Sinnet. In conclusion, I have only to say that the book is evidently written with the greatest care, and if it does not justify all the conclusions which it seems meant to establish, it is at least interesting and instructive.

C. E. M.

Lucrezia Borgia, Duchess of Ferrara: a Biography. Illustrated by rare and unpublished Documents. By WILLIAM GILBERT. London: Hurst and Blackott.

OUR only complaint against this book is that we get too little of Lucrezia Borgia herself, and perhaps somewhat too much of her surroundings. Mr. Gilbert appears to have been unduly apprehensive of the charge of having evolved a Lucrezia from his own consciousness; otherwise, with the psychological power which he possesses, we are convinced that he might have given us from the materials of which he has made himself master, a far more vivid and life-like picture. But he is provokingly careful in keeping a tight hand on his imagination, and the result is, that although we are told much *about* Lucrezia Borgia, we are not made to see and realize her. At the same time, though the book may lose in force and attractiveness by what we venture to think a mistaken stretch of conscientiousness on the part of Mr. Gilbert, we

have, as a set-off, the satisfaction of feeling that what we have before us is hard, historic fact, and that the colours have not been softened or heightened to suit artistic effect.

Without professing to pass judgment authoritatively on the obscure and difficult question, What manner of woman are we to consider Lucrezia Borgia to have been?—a question now, one would say, beyond the reach of any decisive solution—Mr. Gilbert states the case fairly and skilfully, and his view may, we think, on the whole, be accepted as being as near an approximation to the truth as we are ever likely to get. The problem is indeed one of hopeless difficulty. We have descriptions of the character and career of Lucrezia Borgia from many contemporary writers, and whilst some represent her as an habitual poisoner and murderess, and unchecked in her unbridled profligacy by the closest ties of relationship, others can find no praise strong enough to do justice to her many virtues. The worst charges against her relate to her conduct while resident at Rome, at the court of her father, Alexander VI., from 1493 to 1501; that is, from her sixteenth to her twenty-fourth year. During this period she was twice married, first in 1493, to Giovanni Sforza, a brother of the Duke of Milan, from whom she was divorced four years afterwards; and then in 1498 to Alfonso, Duke of Bisceglie, a natural son of the King of Naples, who was assassinated in the following year, there is strong reason to imagine at the instigation of her brother, the infamous Cesare Borgia. Mr. Gilbert admits that it is hardly likely that at such a court as Alexander's, which is justly described as "a hotbed of lust, perfidy, and cruelty," Lucrezia altogether escaped contamination; but he points out how vague, improbable, and contradictory is the testimony against her. As to murder, no one specific charge has ever been brought against her by her bitterest traducer; neither has any name been associated with hers as that of her paramour. The most formidable witness against her is Burchard, who was her father's chamberlain, and whose memoirs breathe a spirit of the bitterest hostility against the whole Borgia family. But even he says nothing whatever of an incestuous connection between her and her brothers Cesare and Giovanni, although, had such a horrible rumour prevailed with any shadow of foundation, he must have known of it, and would plainly have been too glad to make use of it. In 1501 Lucrezia was married for the third time to Alfonso, the son of Ercole, Duke of Ferrara, whom he succeeded in 1505. From the time of her marriage to her death, in 1519, she lived constantly at Ferrara or its neighbourhood, and all who have occasion to speak of her during this period are unanimous in their praise. She seems to have been pious and charitable, to have been warmly beloved by her husband, by Duke Ercole, and by her sister-in-law, Isabella, Marchioness of Gonzaga, who was at first strongly prejudiced against her. She also succeeded in gaining the affection and respect of her subjects, and her name, Mr. Gilbert tells us, is still a favourite in the vicinity of her castle of Belreguarde, where the greater part of her time used to be passed. But the best and most authentic evidence in her favour are her own letters, of which no less than three hundred and thirty-nine are still extant in various libraries and public collections in Italy. They extend from the year 1501 to a little before her death. Mr. Gilbert seems to have examined them carefully, and declares that it is altogether contrary to what we know of human nature, that the woman who in them paints herself so spontaneously and undesignedly, could ever have been the abandoned creature her detractors would have us believe. We think most people will be disposed to agree with him; at any rate, he has made out a very good case for his client, and furnished a useful contribution to our knowledge of mediæval history.

G. S.

My Reminiscences of Mendelssohn, and his Letters to Me. By EDWARD DEVRIENT. Translated from the German by NATALIA MACFARREN. London: Bentley.

THIS is neither a biography nor a book of scattered notes; but it is a kind of narrative, giving a connected and vivid impression of Mendelssohn as he appeared to one of his most intimate friends, from a very early age to the time of his death. Nothing so real and life-like about him has yet come before the public. "Ecolampadius" only professes to give a sketch. Mr. Benedict's Life is but the shadow of a sketch. The two volumes of Mendelssohn's own letters are, of course, priceless; but Elise Polko's anecdotes are almost disfigured by enthusiasm. Edward Devrient is content to draw very fully, as far as he could

see it, the picture of one who was more than a brother to him,—whose genius he profoundly revered, whose character he understood perhaps better than anybody now living whose virtues he never ceased to extol, but whose faults he never attempted to conceal. Some will doubtless consider that the additional letters of Mendelssohn, now published for the first time, are the most valuable portion of the book; and indeed they possess in the highest degree all those qualities which drew the public towards the first two volumes. The little vivid touches of description betray the same poetic heart and facile pen:—

“I send you this from Styria. The convent is quite enclosed by green wooded hills—there is a rushing and murmuring on every side, and the consequence is trout for supper. It is now only seven o'clock, and already quite dark. This reminds one of autumn, no less than by day do the thousand tinted hills, where the red of the cherry trees and the pale green of the winter corn gleam gaily through each other. I went in the twilight to the convent, and made acquaintance with the organ.”

It is a pity that such charming writing should not be thought worthy of better translation. Nothing could destroy the picturesqueness of the above, but we protest against a sentence like the following being called translation at all: “It is going on too long now that we hear nothing of each other” (p. 112).

Educated with an almost Spartan rigour—early brought into contact with every department of human knowledge, and associating constantly with his elders, Mendelssohn nevertheless retained throughout his life the simplicity and impulsiveness of a child; yet his career is full of manly energy, enlightened enthusiasm, and the severest devotion to the highest forms of art. He had a passion for cakes and sweetmeats, and a detestation of every kind of meanness and hypocrisy. He could romp like a child, but shrunk from anything like dissipation or excess. Nothing can be more genuine than his indignation upon one occasion when his anxious friend Devrient, hearing of the adulation lavished upon him in London, wrote to warn him of the dangers and seductions of London society. Mendelssohn was then a very young man, and his older friend might well be excused some little anxiety on his account.

“If you were here I might walk up and down your room, and vent my vexation about many things, but it will be some time till we meet, and if you have not full reliance in one whom you should know, you will have cause enough hereafter to feel uncomfortable about him. Now I should be sorry for this, and very sorry if anything again were to be useful or hurtful to me in your good opinion, or that you thought I could ever change. Upon my word, Devrient, when I improve or deteriorate I shall let you know by express. Till then believe it not. Of course I mean as to certain things usually called sentiments.”

Mendelssohn's very weaknesses were lovable. If he was sometimes sharp with his friends, it was because he could not bear the shadow of suspicion; if he was sometimes suspicious himself, it was because his sensitive nature was too open to sudden and often one-sided impressions; if he could not pardon jealousy or meanness in lower natures than his own, it was because he was incapable of understanding them. His want of resolution is sometimes charming. When Devrient had persuaded him to go to old Zetter, his beloved master, in order to try and win him over to the production of Bach's “*Passion's Musik*,” Mendelssohn characteristically says at the door,—

“If he is abusive I shall go. I cannot squabble with him. He is sure to be abusive,” said I, “but I will take the squabbling in hand myself.”

What delicate little touches of character are these!—

“He came to us at twilight to say good-bye, anxious and cast down. I went with him across the court, and we walked up and down a long time under the projecting eaves by the summer drawing-room, as there was a gentle rain. Felix poured himself out in almost infantile lamentations; he wept, nor was I able to comfort him.”

He had little coaxing ways with his friends, which made them love him with something like a child's love. When in company with Devrient he would sometimes pronounce his name with an affectionate and lingering drawl, “Ede-ward,” *à propos* of nothing in particular, and gently stroke his head or lean confidently upon his arm. Devrient tells us with emotion how, years later, when much had passed between them, many things had changed, and he sometimes fancied his friend was not the same Mendelssohn of old times, the old word, pronounced in the old loving way, recalled him to himself, and almost brought tears to his eyes.

Mendelssohn's brain was from the first over-stimulated. But nature had prepared remedies for him—remedies which could not prevent premature decay, but which no doubt lengthened out his short life. Trifles sometimes excited him almost to frenzy; he could not bear disappointment or opposition. On one occasion when there was some likelihood of a royal summons interfering with a little domestic *fête*—

“His excitement increased so fearfully that when the family was assembled for the evening, he began to talk incoherently and in English, to the great terror of them all . . . they took him to bed, and a profound sleep of twelve hours restored him to his normal state.”

It was by these sleeps, often almost like death in their silent torpor, that nature recreated a frame constantly overtaxed to the extreme limits of endurance by nervous excitement. His appetite also never failed him; he could eat almost at any time, and, according to his own playful admission, to any extent.

With such a temperament there was keen joy, much work, and great suffering for him in life; and deeply he drank of each cup until one by one he put them down empty, and composed himself for his last deep sleep. It has been the fashion to say in England that Mendelssohn was not a good conductor; that he was too irritable and exacting. The same was said in Berlin; but this was never said at Leipsic. No doubt when out of a sympathetic atmosphere, when contending at his desk with the obstinacy of the Berliners, who looked upon him as an interloper, and the stupidity of the English players, many of whom thought him an upstart, he failed sometimes to conciliate the orchestra or to conquer its defects. Yet it is allowed that with the most stubborn materials he wrought wonders in England; and although he was never appreciated at Berlin, he always had the greatest difficulty in escaping. Devrient is probably right when, admitting his excessive irritability at times, he speaks of his conducting when surrounded by those who loved to play as quite perfect. He declares that the way in which he was able to infuse himself into the band was little short of magical, and at times he would leave off in a kind of trance, and listen with his head a little on one side quite rapt with delight at the band itself having become Mendelssohn, and therefore hardly needing Mendelssohn's baton for the time.

But there are pages in Mendelssohn's life which have never been filled up, and points of interrogation which have never been answered. His relations with his wife Cecile *née* Jean-Renaud appear to have been tender and satisfactory, and yet her name is hardly ever mentioned in any letter or book of reminiscences which has yet appeared. She seems before her own death to have destroyed all his letters to herself, and with the exception of a few casual, but affectionate remarks in some letters written very soon after their marriage, Mendelssohn does not allude to her in his published correspondence.

A change, which Devrient himself can only partially account for, seems to have passed over Mendelssohn on his return from England in 1848.

“I became clearly conscious of a change that had come over the sources of his inner life. His blooming youthful joyousness had given place to a fretfulness, a satiety of all earthly things, which reflected everything back from the spirit of former days. Conducting concerts, everything that savoured of business, was an intolerable annoyance to him; he took no longer any pleasure in the conservatorium; he gave over his piano-forte pupils; not one of the young people inspired him with any sympathy; he could not bear to see any of their compositions.”

If there is any explanation of this change beyond disease of the brain, which seems to have been hereditary in the Mendelssohn family, we shall probably not know yet awhile, or indeed until some of his contemporaries, who may have the keys of the enigma in their hands, have passed away.

He never got over the death of his favourite sister Fanny. He went to Interlachen with his family, and worked hard at the education of his children, the unfinished *Lorelei* and the unfinished *Christus*. Soon after at Leipsic, working with ever more and more application as he felt the night approaching, he was seized with a fatal pain in his head. A relapse followed.

“On the 5th, I went in the evening to Bendemann, where I hoped to learn the latest

tidings from Leipsic. There came Clara Schumann with a letter, weeping; Felix had died yesterday evening, Nov. 4th."

We must conclude with a few more of Devrient's own touching words:—

"Hensel led me to the corpse, which he had thoughtfully decorated. There lay my beloved friend in a costly coffin, upon cushions of satin, embroidered in tall growing shrubs, and covered with wreaths of flowers and laurels. He looked much aged, but recalled to me the expression of the boy as I had first seen him. Where my hand had so often stroked the long brown locks, and the burning brow of the boy, I now touched the marble forehead of the man. This span of time in my remembrance encloses the whole of happy youth in one perfect and indelible thought."

H. R. H.

III.—POETRY, FICTION, AND ESSAY.

POETIC FAILURES.

Sibyl of Cornwall: a Poetical Tale. The Land's End, St. Michael's Mount, and other Poems. By NICHOLAS MICHELL, Author of "Ruins of Many Lands,"

"Pleasure," "The Poetry of Creation," &c. London: Chapman and Hall.

The Vision of Socrates, and other Poems. By CHARLES WOOD CHAPMAN. London: Provost & Co.

MR. MICHELL has been before the public for several years, and has issued a great many volumes of verse. Mr. Chapman, so far as we know, is a new writer—indeed, we feel quite sure he is. We put the two books together, because they both belong to that class of writing in verse about which there cannot be two opinions among judges of poetry. If they were the productions of uncultivated writers—above all, if they had been written fifty years ago—there might be some reason for pausing over them. But as matters stand there is no such reason. In both of these volumes there is something here and there of feeling for what is poetic, and there is some degree of literary skill; but these are ordinary commonplace matters. In neither Mr. Michell's nor Mr. Chapman's volume is there any poetry.

With regard to Mr. Michell, there is something very unpleasant in saying this, because he has apparently spent his life in cultivating the art of writing in verse. Accordingly, he writes very well. But he never surprises you; never gathers a sudden secret of meaning or of music; never makes you see something you never saw before. It is from no prejudice in favour of the subjective school of poetry that we write this; on the contrary, if Mr. Michell wrote good objective poetry, we should be only too glad to welcome his workmanship. But he must be so accustomed to hearing that he does not write poetry at all, that he will not be annoyed—certainly he will not be surprised—to hear one more voice added to the general *consensus* of opinion which, with whatever regret, excludes him (as far as anybody's judgment can exclude him) from the company of singers.

As to Mr. Charles Wood Chapman, the verdict must be instantaneous, nor need it be coloured with much regret—unless, indeed, the volume were the work of some poor, half-taught young man. Then, to be sure, there would be something more to say, and one might dwell on a certain directness of manner and freedom of versification (as if the writer had graduated under Dryden) as hopeful signs. There are some few reasons for fancying that Mr. Chapman may not be a man of culture. It is difficult to conceive any well-educated man, in these days, writing as if he fancied "sun" and "sung," and "supreme" and "green," were rhymes. Again, we often find, in really good poetry, elements so incongruous as to make what is good in it utterly distasteful to readers with a swift, imperious sense of truthfulness or congruity; as, for example, the modern subjective method, with all its tender grace of metaphor, in a Scandinavian story. But it is next to impossible to suppose a writer who has read much *in our own days* introducing Bacchus and Venus into a poem about Hengist and Horsa:—

"Rowena, the pride of the King, sat in state,
And round her the fairest from Germany wait;

The King of the Britons stood bound like a slave,
By the girdle of love, by the glances she gave.
And Venus, the goddess, is reigning supreme,
O'er the minds of the revellers, met on the green.

"The bowl passes onwards,—away and away
Fly the dreams of the past, fly the cares of the day;—
They rise and they fall, and they shout in their glee,
As free as the winds, or the waves of the sea.
And Bacchus, the god, is reigning supreme,
O'er the minds of the revellers, met on the green."

These lines, from "The Saxon's Banquet," are sufficient to show that, unless Mr. Chapman is very young and very ignorant, his is a hopeless case.

For the life-long devotion of a man of culture like Mr. Michell to an art in which the most thoughtful critics give him no encouragement, it is not easy to account. Lord Lytton sometimes comes so close (in "The Boatman" it is admitted that he has touched, though not crossed, the boundary line) that we can understand *his* case. But Mr. Michell has always been *far* afield—the late Mr. Ernest Jones was an Apollo to him—and all we can do is to put him, rather sadly, aside, among the inscrutabilities of life, as a metrical rhetorician, of by no means high rank in that order, who has gone on, year after year, challenging a reception which, if he were gifted with eternal youth, and were to go on writing all his life, would never be accorded to him. B. W.

Robin Gray. A Novel. By CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "Dangerous Connexions." Three vols. Blackie and Son.

THIS novel has been so plentifully reviewed already that probably most of our readers know what it is about, and what are its general characteristics; so that there is not much left for later reviewers to say of the three pleasant volumes which bear this old familiar title.

To get rid of the blame first. Beyond question it was a mistake, however nearly Mr. Gibbon has justified it by his success, to name a novel after a familiar song which contained a story. It interferes with the illusion, and it looks like catching at extraneous help. There is another reason why such a story as that of "Robin Gray" cannot be made the ground-work of a novel with perfect satisfaction to the reader's heart and imagination. In the song the dreadful crisis of the narrative is just touched, and away; the suggestion is here and gone in a moment; and we almost forget, in our tears, to think of the future. In the novel, where, instead of the infinite, vague suggestion of poetry, we have a painful story told at length, and the crisis dwelt upon, the case is very different indeed. For purposes of pathetic effect, Mr. Gibbon had better have cut his work as short as possible after the worst was disclosed, and left his readers with a vague pain in their minds; a text without comment, without speculation, without moral; but, instead of this, he writes a postscript, in which he sets the minister and the lawyer to argue the matter out. There is humour in the clergyman telling the lawyer not to be sentimental, and the whole dialogue is as well managed as it could be. But no human being with a soul above buttons will be satisfied with this sort of philosophy:—

"Hoot, toot, Carnegie, you would fill the world wi' misanthropes. Man, our capabilities of enjoyment are mercifully unlimited. There never was a wound—mind, I make a distinction between wound and disease—there never was a wound, moral or physical, that time could not heal. We part from old friends and old associations, and we feel a sting at the off-going. But in a wee while we form new friendships and new associations, and are just as contented wi' them as we ever were wi' the old ones. You're no sentimental, are ye?"

There is no doubt that a very strong liking, the thing that is known as passion, and is, in fact, capable of producing powerful effects upon character, may die out, and be superseded. But in proportion as character is subtly woven, this becomes impossible. Attachments—friendship as well as love—are taken up into the very tissue of the soul, and made part of its moral and spiritual life. In this case there is more than impossibility—it would be very unworthy if an attachment were ever wiped out of the heart. And then arise all the countless subtle difficulties of complications such as are painted in this novel:—

"Praise be to love, whose wild excess
Reveals the honour and the height
Of life, and the supreme delight
In store for all but him who lies
Content in mediocrities.
. . . . Besides, you dread,
In Leah's arms, to meet the eyes
Of Rachel somewhere in the skies."

No novelist, so far as we are aware, has succeeded in making a second love pleasant to the reader.

However, all this might perhaps be fairly waived aside by Mr. Gibbon, because of the avowedly homely texture of his work. Homeliness is, indeed, the chief characteristic of this story. There is even a certain homely self-content in the author himself—something like *bonhomie*. If he has felt any indecision, he has carefully hidden it from the reader. For such a work, the story contains plenty of what is now called "sensation"—in the few sea-scenes in which appears Ivan Carrach, the villain of the narrative; and the mind rather resents the intrusion of anything like a "plot" within the precincts of the story made sacred by the poem. But of this we have already said enough, and perhaps, in a first or second novel like this, Mr. Gibbon has gained more than he has lost by what is, undeniably, bad art.

One of the best of the casual criticisms which we noticed observed that "Robin Gray" contained no descriptions of scenery. The fact, however, is, that it contains several, and quite enough for the purpose. The following is perhaps the nicest of them all:—

"The village, or town as the inhabitants invariably called it, consisted of about a dozen rows of houses running in irregular lines from the shore, half way up a broad hill, which was one of a range stretching east and west. The houses were of all sizes and shapes, from the low-built brown thatched cot of the fisher to the two-story sandstone mansion which had been erected for the bank. They were with few exceptions whitewashed, and covered for the most part with red tiles or thatch. They were huddled closely together as if for protection and warmth, consequently the streets or lanes were narrow and pervaded with the smell and signs of the chief article of trade in the place—fish. Heads, tails, and sometimes whole skeletons of fish of every kind were plentifully strewn about, until a shower of rain fell and swept the streets clean down to the shore, where the sea lapping the shingly beach murmured its plaintive song of hope and warning to the wives and bairns of those who were out upon its broad bosom. Boat-building was the next important business of the little place, but that was confined chiefly to the making and repair of the fishermen's smacks, or an occasional job with some of the craft which put in at the port. The coopers did a thriving business; and on market-days the two inns barely afforded accommodation for the custom of the farmers and cattle-dealers who gathered on those occasions.

"Just outside the village, and overlooking the beach, stood a square whitewashed cottage, with blackened thatch, square windows with small diamond-shaped panes, two rough cut fir poles standing as a sort of porch in front of the squat-looking door which opened in halves and admitted one straight to the kitchen. Half a dozen oars of various lengths leaning against the porch, the walls hung with nets, an old boat lying bottom upwards, cocks and hens pecking about, a cow grazing on the bit of grass by the roadside, and a general air of cleanliness about everything—such were the chief characteristics of Adam Lindsay's home."

But those who wish, at one stroke, to taste Mr. Gibbon at his best, should turn at once to chapter eleven of the first volume, in which Robin brings his wife home.

Those who know more of the Highlands than we do (a thing which may very easily happen, for we know just nothing about them), inform us, with one accord, that the Highland character, as well as the dialect, is happily hit off by Mr. Gibbon; and, also, which is less agreeable, that some of the humorous touches are likely to be lost on Southrons who are not up in the niceties of Scotch manners. In fact, "Robin Gray" is a study as well as a novel; and, in the latter capacity, when you have once compounded with the difficulties which we indicated to begin with, nothing remains for you but about as much pleasure as could well be got out of a novel. Besides having high merits of its own, "Robin Gray" contains promise of a kind which is much wanted—promise of power to relieve the gray Jane-Austenism of modern story-telling with plot-power and play of incident. One figure in these volumes, Ivan Carrach,

a very fishy monster indeed, deserves high praise as a portrait of a thoroughly unconscious scoundrel of a type by no means common. The reader will not require to look out for the pathos—its homely simplicity will sometimes be as much as he can well tolerate from a story-book; but the humour is not always so obvious. Old Girzie, the fishwife, enraged when her idiot son, who has been frightened, runs up against her, exclaims, "Ye daft idiwut, *has ye gam clean crack a' thegither?*" There is a depth of fun in the idea of her feeling a sort of property in the boy's very small stock of wit, and being violently displeased with him for parting with even that trifle. M. B.

Netherton-on-Sea. A Story. London: Tinsley Brothers.

THE literary merits of this novel entitle it to very high praise. But inasmuch as the stream of action never flows rapidly, nor throws itself headlong over perilous rocks, according to the present approved method, we fear it will fail of securing the audience it deserves. In fact, it partakes more of the idyllic than the dramatic; and this suggests at once its merits and its defects, notwithstanding that much of the machinery of the story—the fire, the flight of "Pak," and the final meeting of the lovers on the Continent—is too arbitrarily melo-dramatic for a work which professes to confine itself within the grave limits of real incident. And we fancy a man who has occupied the high social position which Tiffy had occupied, could not so easily dispose of his child, assume an eccentric disguise, find out the boy, and live and wander about with him for years, and yet not be traced out nor identified. Through a large portion of the story, too, the lovers seem to yield themselves up so much to other influences, while no correspondence passes between them, that we almost forget the tender idyllic pictures which charmed us in the first volume, as we follow the separated fortunes of the hero and heroine.

And this, further, by way of blame: some at least of the episodes which are most powerful and beautiful in themselves, rather dissolve the main interest than sustain it. This is specially true of the account of the great French curé. Admirable as this is in itself, only a very few readers would not wish that some doubt or misunderstanding had arisen between the lovers, to make another sort of conversation at that important moment dramatically necessary. Throughout the work the author (or, should we say authoress?) shows himself more at home in painting the varied aspects of external nature than in delineating the involved motives and subtle traits of human character. Indeed, there is all along an overruling simplicity of conception. Some of the dialogues are exceedingly good, and yet they are often broken off so short as to give the reader a sense of inadequateness, and make him feel regretfully that the author has not allowed himself full swing. But his sketches of natural scenery are masterly. We believe that a series of as fine word-pictures could be gleaned from "*Netherton-on-Sea*," as from any book recently published. But perhaps the most racy and individual thing in the story is the "Notes from Rome," sent by Tom, the footman, to his sweetheart Amy. They are so original, and have such a smack of unconscious native humour, that we cannot part from this pleasant book without giving our readers a taste of Tom's quality. This is the opening part of his first dispatch:—

"DEAR AMEY,—This comes to you from a great ways off, hoping you are well, not with standing. It is to tell you that me and the Cornel and the misses is very well. This place is one as needs a deal of reepare. But when the Cornel asked me what I thought on it, and I told him so, he said as he wouldn't have a stone on it touched for the world. And so I thought, Amey, that forrin puts alters gen't'folks, for you know how partic'ler neat and tidy he is at home. We goes most days into places as is downright shameful for ruination, great blocks of building tumbled about no how, and the Cornel and the ladies don't seem never to see it. . . . We mostly goes to great houses full of picters, platzos they calls 'em. And you may depend, Amey, them picters is odd ones. They've a got a way here of painting folks either getting up or going to bed, an' their things mostly off. An' at first, I thought it was rather qucer for young ladies to look at; but, Amey, if they don't mind it, I don't, not with standing. . . .

"And there's lots of places, filled wi' broken bits of gods and goddesses as they used to worship here, and they're a sight better out, I heard the ladies say, than them as they worship now. Amey, I'll tell you all about that by and by. They are funny, I warrant, some of them broken-up gods. Why, if Miss Lucy and Miss Emmy didn't sit for an

hour a-copying of an old chap as were broken off below his arms and above his knees, and a'must black as 'black wi' smut. Well, Amey, but I said I'd toll yo about the dollotry, so here it is. (Loss by this place as has the gods and the headstones is the big St. Peter's Church. It's a fine piece of building, you may suppose, but the tower isn't to my liking like Netherton, for it's got its top corners cut off, and ends round, like a dish-cover. Well, you don't go in by a door, but there's a precious great roosha-leather mat hangs afore the doorplace, and how ever the ladies would a got in if I hadn't been there, goodness knows. Well, when you're in, Amey, it is a big place, like out o' doors w' a top on; you might 'a stood Netherton Church inside, and never grazed the crown of his hat, as a man may say. . . . Well, we went on, an' we saw about a dozen folks a-kneeling afore a dirty old black image, and then they'd go up one after another and kiss its toes, as was wore quite shining, like a brass door-handle. I had my thoughts, you may be sure, Amey, but I kep' 'em to myself, 'cause the Cornel, when he told me how to go on out here, said I worn't to interrupt folks at their prayers."

A. S.

Moral Uses of Dark Things. By HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D., Author of "Nature and the Supernatural." Strahan & Co.

It will be a great pity if English readers allow themselves to be so much repelled by the rather Transatlantic style in which these essays are written as to fail to find out their real ability. The author's leading idea is, that all which is dark, that is, which seems difficult or evil in the world, subserves some wise and beneficent purpose in God's moral discipline of mankind; and that it is worth while to trace out in detail the special purpose of each painful or perplexing group of facts, whether in the physical world or in the history of man, and to show in what way it helps to work out the great moral purpose of the whole. The idea is very far from new; but there is much vigour and freshness both of thought and language in the way in which facts and their moral results are presented, and the general impression left is one of very considerable power and originality of mind in the writer.

But, in truth, the spasmodic energy of the style is a very real difficulty in the way of the reader's enjoyment. There is an ambitious effort to be startling and vivid everywhere which becomes wearisome; and both the imagery and the language in which it is conveyed sometimes sully offend against good sense and good taste. As we read on, either these faults become less glaring, or we become more reconciled to them by use. But it is rather distressing to meet, on the threshold of the first essay, with such a sentence as the following, which is really by no means a *strong* instance of what the first two or three essays afford:—

"That the philosophers discard them" (*i.e.* final causes) "ought, accordingly, to cost us no concern, for they" (*i.e.* the said final causes, not, the philosophers,) "have a wondrously copious ability to assert themselves; which they have kept on doing, and will, rolling in their tidal sweep of conviction from every point of time, and all structural things, and organic workings of the creation. Speculation can as well keep out the sea" (p. 2).

Faults of this kind, however, though they diminish the pleasure with which the book will be generally read, do not prevent the writer's real powers from showing themselves when he has fairly entered upon his subject. The following is a better sample:—

"If our state of want galls our pride and sometimes worries it quite down, if it checks our presumption, tames our passion, makes us little and poor and weak, what are we doing but trying to make a god of this world, and what is more necessary or fit than to starve our god and bring leanness into his worshippers? And it is none the worse if our state of want is more than disregarded in this manner—inflamed, exasperated, and made conscious Groat wants, a consciousness of want gaping wide as the sea, is but the yearning of a nature felt to be as great, and crying after God, who alone can be the possible complement of its desires; which want itself is even a kind of luxury, and poor indeed are they that have it not" (pp. 47, 48).

Perhaps the third essay, entitled, "Of Bad Government," exemplifies, as fairly as any, the strength and the defects of Dr. Bushnell's mind and style. The aim of the essay is to meet the difficulty of reconciling with the truth of God's controlling beneficence, the manifest fact, that through long periods of time, and in large portions of the human family, government has been in such hands, and

so exercised, as to seem rather a curse than a blessing. The difficulty is not removed, Dr. B. argues, if we answer that any government is better than none; and, therefore, that the "ordinance of God," however administered, is still evidently beneficial; for the difference between good government and bad is still admitted to be enormous. Why not give us always the former? Rather, we must answer, first, that though the power is from God, its abuse is not; that is but one instance of the great mystery of the human will. God has seen fit to leave man free to will, and therefore capable of misusing his liberty. We must answer, secondly, that when the bad gain power, or keep it, they do so because the weakness and wickedness of other men have given them the opportunity: that weakness and wickedness are thus made to be their own chastisement and correction. And, further, it is well that human nature should be revealed to itself as the weak and evil thing it is, at least on one side, in a way in which it could not be if some bad men were not sometimes allowed to be placed on high, lest capable of misusing great powers, and freed from nearly all external restraints.

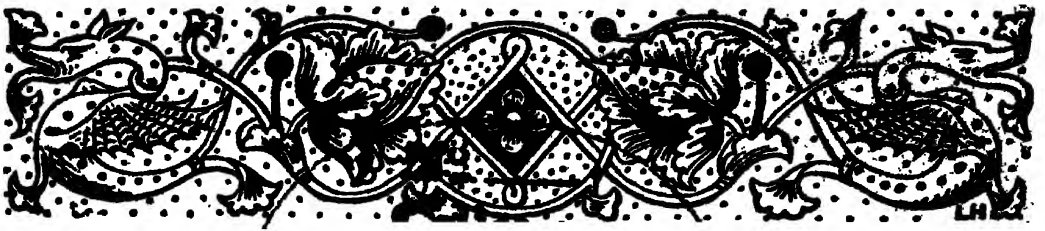
The author is not a profound or patient thinker. He writes too ambitiously, and sometimes oversteps the interval which separates the sublime from the ridiculous, the vivid from the extravagant. But, in general, he thinks justly, always aims loftily, and often writes with real eloquence. This specimen will show that there is much in the volume which will amply repay those who read and judge for themselves:—

"Evil is scarcely to be known as evil, till it takes that condition of authority. We do not understand it till we see what kind of god it will make, and by what sort of rule it will manage its empire. So it results, that bad men get their ascendancy, because there is badness in the world; and then they rule the world as tormentors and tyrants, because they must needs act out the evil that is in them. In this very simple statement we have the short account of how large a part of the world's bitterest woes! . . . The feeling brought forth in this manner, and kept in painful tension, under almost all experiences of power, is the feeling of wrong, bitter oppression and abuse, mockery of right and reason, and the cry goes up, audible or silent, to God—'O Lord! how long, how long?'

"What now is this but a conviction impressed, or revelation made, of some dreadfully malign principle in our humanity? It cannot bear elevation. Power makes a demon of it. And yet we go on trying to make society safe, and organize some kind of power that will save us from the abuses of power—a task that is, alas, how difficult! But this one grand fact or issue is at least made sure, and it is of greater moral consequence than success itself would be; namely, than in all our nations and families that class above the grade of barbarism, we are kept in continual stress, or strain, to conquer a condition of right and self-protection. Hence all the struggles, agitations, and great revolutions for liberty. . . . The struggle has been going on, everywhere, in every age, to heave off the burdens of oppression and pluck down the oppressors, and conquer, if possible, some state of law and liberty; for what we mean by liberty is not release from law, but a state of security and sheltered equity under it. Such liberty how dear to man! made dear by what ages of trial and sorrow under the loss of it! The very idea of such liberty is moral, and the grand struggle of the ages to gain it is a struggle after moral ideas and the sublime, divine equities of law. And just here all the merit of God's plans, as regards the permission of power in the hands of wicked men, will be found to hinge; namely, on the fact that evil is not only revealed in its baleful presence and agency, but the peoples and ages are put heaving against it, and struggling after deliverance from it."

The essays are all the more interesting as written from an American point of view. The more we and our brethren of the West communicate with and come to understand each other, the better will it be both (as we hope) for them and certainly for ourselves.

E. T. V.



DR. BENCE JONES ON MATTER AND FORCE.

Croonian Lectures on Matter and Force. By HENRY BENCE JONES,
A.M., M.D., F.R.S. Given at the Royal College of Physicians
in 1868.

THIS book savours of Comtism, but not so decidedly as to prove that the author is a professed disciple. One's first feeling on reading it is a wish that the Positivist Hierarchy were established and in full operation; in which case the book would certainly have been suppressed, and Dr. Bence Jones inhibited from further teaching: for no one is to be allowed to profess chemistry or biology without having been first well-grounded in mathematics and physics. Yet, if we look no further than the third appendix to these very lectures, we see that in his own department, where dexterous manipulation, the balance, and the electric light are of more value than a clear insight into first principles, he can turn out very good work; and if he could but have resisted the wish to "be thought more metaphysical than physical," and to display "clearness and breadth of ideas" beyond his colleagues of the Royal College of Physicians, the practical advice he had to give them, if really needed, was in itself judicious. So we may rest content with anarchy, only wishing men may tire of printing so much.

If, as a mere layman, I may venture first to disengage the ground and substance of the exhortation *ad clerum*, which takes up about one sixth part of these lectures; it amounts to this:—

1. When our knowledge of general Physics and Chemistry was far behind its present state, these sciences were found to be not only inadequate, but misleading guides in the investigation of the laws of living or organic bodies, animal or vegetable; and so such special conceptions or principles had to be sought out and adopted as were

suggested by the phenomena, even though they should ultimately prove to be derivative and subordinate. In particular it was thought that the existence of *life*—that, whatever it is, which makes the difference between the lowest living protozoon or protoplasm and the same matter *dead*—is necessary to the production of those peculiar chemical compounds which are, in fact, nowhere else found in Nature; and, moreover, that these substances behave differently as to chemical reactions, according as they are within the organism or in the laboratory. But modern chemists are succeeding day by day in manufacturing more and more of these so-called organic substances artificially; and something, it seems, has been done towards showing that, under the same circumstances of proportion, heat, &c., their behaviour is the same in the organism and out of it.

Hence Dr. Jones anticipates that “ultimately, when all the circumstances under which vital *chemical* actions occur are fully made out, there will be found to be no difference between them and those which can be made to take place where no influence of life can be supposed to exist.” Until the goal be actually reached, it is still lawful to believe that an impassable barrier must somewhere or other intervene; but, no doubt, we should continue to follow this road as far as we can, and the further we can go the less empirical will the practice of Medicine be.

2. He also thinks that the doctrine of the *Conservation of Energy* (which, whether in Physics or Physiology, was not much more than a vague instinctive feeling in the minds of men, until the laws of the production of heat were discovered in the present century) has not yet had due weight given to it in Therapeutics.

But the lectures have a further scope. *Cuique in sua arte credendum*. When Dr. Bence Jones tells the president and members of the College to their face that a belief in John Hunter's *materia vita diffusa*, not as a mere phrase or image, to stand for “a property we do not understand,” as the Cyclopædias say it was, but as expressing the real nature of the principle of life, is now become among them “almost a part of the *religio medici* ;” that “vital force in disease” is “regarded as an imponderable material capable of varying in quantity and quality” (a very odd opinion in all ways; for if there is any essential quality implied in the word matter, it surely is that its quantity is unalterable):—when we hear all this on such authority, we can only believe and wonder. Howsoever this may be, windmill or giant, Dr. Jones undertook his lectures to upset this error, and to substitute for it his own doctrine of “the union of ponderable matter and force,” from which he expects much fruit; and his object in now republishing them (they were first printed in a medical journal) “will be obtained, if the idea of the separability of matter and force is made clearer, or even if the confusion that exists in the use of the

word Force, or the indefiniteness in the use of the word Matter, is lessened."

To begin with the less ambitious aim. As to the use of the word Force, it is incomprehensible how he can imagine he has done anything but worse confound any existing confusion. In the body of the lectures he uses it, without any attempt at discrimination, in every sense in which it ever has been used, and I believe in some of his own device to boot. Thus Light is force, and Fire is force, without note or comment; Time, Night and Day, the Heaven, the Sea, Darkness, Life, are all either "forms" or "forces" of matter; but the audience or reader is left to discriminate which are which. Then we are taught that "molecules have been endowed with forces, which give rise to various *chemical qualities*, and *these* (forces or qualities?) never change either in their *nature* or in their *amount*," with no hint how amount is to be measured.

Again, "if it were possible to take the *ultimate atom* of any one of the elements, we should find"—by what test?—"that the chemical force which constitutes and determines its nature, would be absolutely inseparable from the matter of which the element" (the atom, I presume) "consists." Dr. Jones, in Laputa, bent over his ultimate atom, analyzing it to discover whether it is carbon or what else, then exhibiting it with all its native forces inherent in it, and defying any rival professor to separate them, might not make a bad picture; but how does it remove any confusion? And even when he comes to the force of gravity, as to which any decent text-book will furnish all needful explanation, he only darkens counsel by words without understanding. "Matter without *weight* is not matter at all; the weight belongs to the matter, and cannot be taken from it. . . . We cannot *think* that the matter can exist without the force of gravity being always acting, or ready to act, in each atom of it. Nor can we think that any *portion of the force of gravity* can be separated from the matter." Now weight, as tested by the effort required to support a given mass and prevent it falling, varies with the latitude or the height at which the experiment is made. And if "the force of gravity" be taken to mean, not the weight of a particular mass at a particular place, but the invariable *law* of gravitation, then what is meant by a "portion" of this law?

In none of these passages is there any indication that he was aware of any looseness of language, or any confusion to be avoided. But in the preface, and at page 35 of the lectures, he implies that others have erred by not distinguishing between the *cause* of motions and the motion itself, and, again, the *effects* of that motion,—between "the attractions (*sic*) that start the cannon-ball, the motion of the ball, and the blow it gives." This is possible; but one perceives that he is really thinking of the confusion that has occa-

sionally arisen by the use of the word force in two different technical senses, as Newton's Moving Force, and Leibnitz's *Vis Viva*, the modern Energy. This is a complete misapprehension of the case: this difference is not that between cause and effect, but between *intensity*, or *time-rate* of change, and the total *amount* of change which can be got out of a system before its power is exhausted. The moving force on a clock is the weight itself; its energy is represented by that weight multiplied by the number of turns you have given to the key.*

The "indefiniteness in the use of the word matter," so far as Dr. Jones specifies it, originates "in the assumption of some stuff as the essence or vehicle for light, heat, electricity, magnetism, the inter-stellar ether, and for life."

No doubt the notion of Caloric, or of the Electric Fluid, as matter concentrated in practically inexhaustible quantity in the pores of sensible bodies, without any test of how much there is in any body at the beginning or end of any action, is essentially indefinite. This theory of Caloric is quite abandoned; and that of an Electric, or a Magnetic, fluid (in this sense) is, I believe, nearly so. One is sorry to hear that the case is otherwise with the vital fluid; but it must have always been so entirely the creature of imagination, with no experimental ground whatever to suggest it (as *material*, I mean), that we may hope even Dr. Jones's weak words may be sufficient to rouse his colleagues to expel it. But the conception of an "ether," as a vehicle for light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, not condensed in, but freely permeating the pores of solid bodies, is not liable to the same objection; and is becoming less and less indefinite under the hands of our mathematicians. It is as definite as the Ptolemaic System. I am not inquiring whether it is reasonable to surmise that it may be proved to be as unreal. Only, Dr. Jones is wrong in both the arguments which he brings against this, as well as against the other supposed fluids; viz., 1st (as already quoted), that "matter without weight"—taking him to mean matter not subject to the law of gravity—"is not matter at all;" and, 2nd, that "spectrum analysis has given us no evidence of the existence of this ether." True it is that matter without *inertia*—without a quantitative relation to every moving force that can act on it—is inconceivable without a complete revolution in Dynamical science. But the subjection of all matter to the particular law of gravity is only an experimentally ascertained fact, and might be found to be limited: and, moreover, there is no occasion to suppose the molecules of the

* The subject has been brought before the public over and over again. Dr. Jones has probably heard Helmholtz, Thomson, and others expound it at the Royal Institution, of which he is Hon. Secretary. And I may be permitted to refer the reader to an article in this Review, May, 1868, "Professor Bain on Mind and the Correlation of Force."

ether not to be subject to the ordinary law ; for the enormous elasticity which the theory necessarily assigns to it would prevent any sensible variation of its density in free space, which would be the only effect of gravity irreconcilable with known facts. And as to the failure of spectrum analysis, the argument is as if one were to deny the existence of water in a river because, wherever there are no stones or other obstacles, there is no interruption in its equable flow.

With such careless reasoning, and such unscrupulous use of terms, it is very easy for an author to run up a goodly theory. But the conscientious critic has to bear in mind Mr. Mill's admonition, that a proposition is not necessarily either true or false: 'Abracadabra is a second intention,' is neither one nor the other, but simply unmeaning. We must first try and discover some distinction between force and abracadabra before we can pronounce Dr. Jones to be either right or wrong.

His theory is partially historical, with a strong affinity to Comte's, and runs as follows:—

He divides science into the Abiological, that of the inorganic world ; and the Biological, that of the living organized world. And he teaches that in the progress of each we may clearly recognise three distinct stages of ideas or epochs of thoughts : only the latter science has limped with unequal steps after her sister, and is now barely at the second stage, while the elder is fairly established at the last. These stages are—1st, "The *authoritative* stage, or that of complete separation between the ideas of ponderable matter and force." But there seems to be some confusion here. For we have already seen that he treats ponderation as a force: he, then, who has an idea of ponderable matter, has already, partially at least, conjoined the ideas of matter and force. 2nd. The second stage "is marked by the incomplete separation between the ideas of *ponderable* matter and force: force is held to *be imponderable* matter, or to be inseparably united with imponderable matter." 3rd. The third stage, as we have seen, "is characterized by the complete union, or perfect inseparability between the ideas of ponderable matter and force."

These views are illustrated and enforced in small space, but with an overwhelming display of learning. If his brethren of the College neither laughed nor felt insulted, they must have been much edified. Genesis and the Vedas, Confucius, Zoroaster, the old Egyptians, Pherecides (*sic*) Syrius, Empedocles ; modern savages of all climes ; then Kepler, Descartes, Leibnitz, Newton, and the other scientific worthies of Europe ; and so on to Grove, Faraday, and all the latest lecturers at the Royal Institution, are passed in review, to elucidate the progress of Physics ; and then, besides many of the same authorities, Brahmans and Buddhists, Thales, Anaximenes, Heraclitus,

Democritus, as well as more strictly medical and physiological writers, are cited for corresponding doctrines in Biology.

A slight, and even a second-hand, acquaintance with some small portions of this vast field may justify the critic, without breach of modesty, in thinking Dr. Jones's authority good for nothing, or no better than his own. But he must entreat the reader to believe that, in what follows, his meaning is only to offer suggestions for a counter theory. If he should seem to speak dogmatically, it is because he must be brief.

"What," asks Dr. Jones, "are our present ideas [of force]? Whence have they come? Whither are they going?"

I answer very much as others have done before me. The idea of force comes from man's personal experience; it may be said to have been originally a biological term. Man may know more or less of the course of Nature, according to circumstances. But he cannot but know some things about himself, and his own powers over Nature. He knows he can, when he chooses, unless specially hindered, walk; open or shut his eyes to the outer world; throw, stop, or support a stone. In some of these actions he is conscious of *exertion*, the sensation accompanying the strain or impulse by which he effects his purpose, and the reaction of the external object; and he can make some rough estimate of degrees and proportions in these experiences: in other cases he makes no exertions, or none adequate to the effects. The former class furnished man with his first notions of Force and Resistance; the latter he classed as natural, or as fortuitous, events.

But in all its physical circumstances, the wind blowing against a tree, and the tree resisting, are obviously analogous to like contests between man and natural agents; and the same words would be applied in describing either; and with the words the ideas would be assimilated. Probably the most Positive of philosophers, when he sees stretched india-rubber, cannot altogether divest himself of a feeling that it is *struggling* to recover its natural state. And this may be the source, or rather one source, of that "stage of ideas" which has undoubtedly left its mark on language and legend, and the working of which may still be here and there discerned, in which natural objects are *personified*—honestly, and without metaphor, believed to be living beings.

This, which Comte chooses to call the earliest "theological stage," Dr. Jones adduces as one example of his "stage of complete separation between the ideas of matter and force." But, first, there is no such separation; the bodily things themselves are alive, just as we are, and exert force when there is occasion for it. Men's ghosts, in Homer, are *ἀμειψιὰ κάρηνα*, of the same stuff that dreams are made of; but there is no occasion to speculate on what the ghost of the sun or a river might

have been, for they did not die. And, secondly, it is an anachronism to treat this idea as specially a theory of force. The idea of force was not then co-extensive with that of action in general; nor was it in the way towards becoming so. Rivers, Winds, the Sea, or Mother Earth, like men, were occasionally violent, exerted themselves; but, besides, they followed their nature, married, gave birth to vegetation and other objects, or even to heroic men, and in general behaved very much as their human prototypes. And, lastly, why call this "the authoritative stage?" It seems to me one of the most spontaneous of outbursts of natural feeling.

Dr. Jones's next instance of what he considers to be the same stage is whimsical. He apparently believes himself that light or fire is force. And, therefore, when in Genesis light is created after the heavens and the earth; or when Empedocles taught that there are four material elements—fire, air, earth, and water—of which all things consist, we are to understand it to be asserted that "force is separate from matter." I need scarcely say that the orthodox modern conception of light is neither as matter nor as force, but as a motion of some kind or kinds of matter, caused by some force as all other motions are.

Had Dr. Jones read the fragments of Empedocles, he would have found something much more to his purpose. That philosopher did imagine entities apart from elemental matter, very much akin to what in modern language might be called attractive and repulsive, or, may be, centripetal and centrifugal force. But it was not fire; and it was a fancy of his own, not adopted and carried on into the main current of Science. Aristotle charges these early physicists with too much neglecting inquiries about the origin and causes of things, except what concerned the material of which they are made. His own philosophy, though essentially one of Causation—or of the Greek notion we thus translate—yet deals but scantily with *efficient* causes, which is the only class at all resembling forces, as we conceive them; and with him Force (*βία*) is distinctly opposed to Nature. Nor will any one, I presume, say that Nature is, with him, separated from Matter. And it was Aristotle, not Empedocles, who summed up ancient speculation, and passed it on to Christianity and the Middle Ages.

Fortunately for the reviewer, Dr. Jones spares us the history of thought during these ages, and lands us at once at the second, or transition stage of ideas on matter and force (of which he makes Newton the Eponymus!), without telling us how we got there, or whether there is a road or a chasm between it and the region where we lately left humanity at work. Only, the enunciation of the theory and the course of the story require us to conceive that the charm by which the notion of Imponderables gained such sway lay in their very levity and tenuity, giving them, as it were, a nature half-way

between spirit and matter, and making of them a fit bridge for the intellect to pass from one to the other. And it may be well to clear up this point first, before examining what the idea of force had come to.

The simple truth is that, however mystical or scholastic jargon may have been mixed up with the matter in this or that man's brain, the supposition of molecules or fluids other than the sensible elements was made and obtained credence, because it seemed the best explanation of certain ascertained facts; and that levity and tenuity were then necessarily attributed to them, because no one could detect their existence by weighing or other mechanical test. Newton would have been delighted if he could have discovered that a battery of light would set a pendulum vibrating. Meantime, the fact that light emanates from bodies, travels in straight lines, is reflected from the surface, or is bent in passing through the substance, of other bodies, seemed to him best explained by supposing it to consist of molecules, impelled by some force out of incandescent matter, and acting and acted on by other bodies in some such way as magnets are known to act on iron or other magnets. In this instance Newton was not dreaming of accounting for force. With him, as with Empedocles, light was a kind of matter. So again of Heat, passing from one body to another, as water from sponge to sponge; so of Electricity discharged (as one pours water) from one receptacle, and accumulating in another. In these cases, too, when dynamical effects, attractions or repulsions, were under consideration, the necessary forces were superadded, and suited to the observed actions. So, once more, the modern "ether" is supposed to have a peculiar elasticity, and, may be, peculiar relations to the molecules of other bodies. But the same is supposed of oxygen and all other forms of matter. None of them was ever proposed (in physics) as *being* force, or as monopolizing that entity. So far, the theory of Imponderables forms an interesting chapter in the history of hypotheses, but has no special bearing on the notion of Force.

But Kepler's fancy (which Dr. Jones seems to mistake) of something emanating in rays from the sun, whirling round with it, and dragging the reluctant planets after it; and Newton's better informed endeavours to attain to some explanation of his own Law of Gravitation, by referring it to the pressure of an elastic fluid;—these conceptions really had their source in the primeval notion of force, not as immaterial, but as necessarily exerted, by strain or impulse, by and between bodies *in contact*, immediate or mediate. Newton's great and enduring work was to show how the motions, past and future, of the masses of the Universe, however distant and unconnected by any apparent medium, can be calculated by certain rules, if we know their condition at any one moment, without in any way troubling ourselves to know why or how these rules come to be observed. But he could

not bring himself to believe that this *law* is the ultimate fact, beyond which the human mind cannot get. Such also was Faraday's feeling; and such, I believe, that of some other eminent men. It is, indeed, questionable, whether men will or ought to acquiesce in any positive empirical law as final and barring further inquiry. "*Gliscit intellectus humanus, neque consistere aut acquiesce potis est, sed ulterius petit;*" I will not conclude, as Bacon does, "at frustra:" for I can assign no limit *à priori* to the reach of human faculty. But the point to note is that Newton would have been content, if he could only have resolved gravity into a case of Pressure, or strain of matter on contiguous matter. As a mathematician he knew perfectly well what he wanted, and was not content with anything less; and so, not succeeding according to his wish, he confessed himself ignorant of "the cause of gravity." But so far is it from the truth, that "Newtonian ideas," meaning this scepticism about gravity being an ultimate fact, "have continued, *in consequence of his authority*, down to the present time," that his editor, Cotes, in his own lifetime, is at all the pains in the world, in his Preface, to discountenance any such speculation; and Faraday, trying to revive something like Newton's ideas, complains that any man who ventures to inquire into "the physical means which cause *distant* bodies to affect each other," is apt to appear "ridiculous or ignorant before the world of science."

Dr. Jones's second stage, then, tumbles to pieces on examination. Indeed, he himself prefixes to his second lecture a passage from Bacon (the senior contemporary of Kepler, whom he makes the originator of that phase of thought), as the best exposition of the third stage. He might have quoted a shorter one, "nothing exists in nature except individual bodies, acting according to *law*." But there is another passage of the "*Novum Organon*" (Book ii., aphorism 37), so remarkable and so apposite, that I must quote it, though rather long. I follow, mainly, the recent translation.

"Again, let the nature investigated be corporeal nature and natural action. For natural actions seem not to be found except as subsisting in some body. Yet we shall perhaps be able to find an Instance of Divorce in this matter: I mean the magnetic action, by which iron is drawn to the magnet, heavy bodies to the globe of the earth. There might also be added some other operations performed at a distance. For such action takes place both *in time*, occupying moments [quantities, however infinitesimal], not a mere *point* of time; and in space, passing through degrees and distances. There is therefore some moment of time, and some distance of space, in which this virtue or action *remains suspended between* the two bodies producing the motion. The question therefore is brought to this: whether the bodies which are the limits of the motion dispose [strain] or alter the *intermediate bodies*, so that the virtue passes from limit to limit by succession and a true *contact*, meanwhile subsisting in the intermediate body; or whether there is no such thing, but only the [two] bodies, *the virtue*, and the distances? Now, in rays of light, and sound, and heat,

and certain other things acting at a distance, it is probable that the intermediate bodies are disposed and altered; the more so because they require a medium qualified for carrying on the operation. But that magnetic or attractive virtue admits of media as though indifferent, nor is the virtue impeded in any kind of medium. And if the virtue or action has nothing to do with the intermediate body, it follows that *there is a natural virtue or action subsisting for a certain time and in a certain space without a body*; since it neither subsists in the limiting nor in the intermediate bodies."

How would Dr. Jones class this idea? By what it suggests it should belong to the "first stage," though as remote from primitive thought as possible. But its whole spirit entitles it to be placed in the same rank, whatever that may be, with the cognate speculations of Faraday, or of Mr. Kingdon Clifford (cited by Dr. Jones), and, if I mistake not, of some leading electricians of the mathematical school. So little are "ideas," apart from methods of testing and applying them, subject to chronological laws of succession!

But what are our present ideas of force, and whither tending? We have, popularly at least, extended our notion of force to all cases in which the presence or state of one body is found to influence the state of another, without thereby assuming that there is contact. And, though we have come to distinguish some threescore different *natures* of bodies, yet we find that nature exhibiting itself only in the way of *force*, as just defined—that is, in the way of actions and reactions between the different bodies. Oxygen and carbon are to us those kinds of matter which act and react thus and thus. And so, in a loose way, we may speak of the "chemical force" of oxygen.

But there is no scientific use in this phraseology. When we can reduce these actions to some quantitative measure, or connect them with quantities of *dynamical force*, or of *dynamical energy*—and the latter equivalence is in a great measure established through the laws of the production of heat in chemical combination—then the phrases, "chemical force" or "chemical energy," as the case may be, become technical and valuable. Meantime, all that there is of latent meaning in Dr. Jones's formula is much better expressed in a sentence he quotes from Faraday: "A particle of oxygen is ever a particle of oxygen. If it enter into combination, and disappear as oxygen; if it pass through a thousand combinations, animal, vegetable, and mineral; if it lie hid for a thousand years, and then be evolved, it is oxygen *with its first qualities*," ready, that is, to go through a similar round of changes according to the same precise invariable *laws*. The permanence of the laws of change, according to the *actual*, and independent of all knowledge of the *past* state of any system of unorganized bodies, seems to be the final, or the "modern stage of ideas."

If Dr. Jones's contribution to the history of Abiological Science is worthless, it would be lost labour to follow him through his attempted parallel in Biology.

No doubt the science of the organic or living kingdom (apart from Consciousness and all that involves that idea), is more imperfect than what we call Physics. It must be so, unless the former can be revolutionized from its first principles onwards. To go no deeper into the matter, in a science in which Darwinism is (whether true or not), at all events, a presentable theory, it is inconceivable that we can get to anything but rough approximations to rational principles and laws. For to prophesy accurately what is to come, say, of an egg, or a young plant or animal, we must know the previous history of the organisms from which it has been derived, backwards and backwards, up to the first protozoon whence they sprung: it is conceived that every past event in the series has or may have an influence on the coming one—a proposition the very reverse of that above quoted from Faraday regarding chemistry.

With such a fundamental difference in the sciences, it would be strange if any close analogy could be traced in their respective stages of progress. But where they come in contact I know no reason for saying Biology has been less ready to accept new views than Physics. By all accounts, Aristotle was a better Zoologist than Astronomer or Chemist. Descartes proposed to explain the circulation and other vital functions by what he knew of dynamics and chemistry (see "Discours de la Méthode"). And so it was by a justifiable and salutary reaction against this overhaste in the application of physical ideas that Haller (I quote from "The Penny Cyclopædia") "investigated independently the laws of the animal economy, and, excluding all metaphysical explanations, and all those deduced from mechanics and chemistry *which were not clearly sufficient for the phenomena ascribed to them*, sought for powers peculiar to the living body, which he believed must govern the actions which he found occurring only in it." This Hallerian "stage" may possibly, in some individual cases, have promoted a tendency to mysticism and to acquiescence in a convenient phrase instead of diligence in pursuing inquiries to the utmost. But I doubt whether the charge can be proved against many men of note. At any rate, the latest acquisition to general science, the true theory of heat, and consequent extension of the doctrine of Energy, arose independently and contemporaneously in the minds of Physicists like Mr. Joule, and of a practising physician, Dr. Mayer, who was led to it by physiological research.*

One other point in these lectures requires notice—the connection which Dr. Jones asserts between these several supposed stages of

* Until this theory was established, there was nothing more paradoxical in the biologist's belief that the living body could generate motion, than in that of the physicist's, that impact could annihilate it. No one that I know of ever thought that Newton's third law of the equality of action and reaction, the only general law then established, could be set at nought in the living body.

thought about matter and force, and certain corresponding ideas about "spiritualism."

The doctrine of inseparability, which he holds to, "may be called materialism if, in the definition of *matter*, the definition of *force* is included; or it may be called spiritualism if, in the definition of *spirit*, the definition of *matter* is contained." His only attempt to define matter is "as that which can exert or resist force." Just before this (p. 92) he mocks at those who "think they know more of force than as that which gives energy to matter." So that a definition of matter "involving a definition of force" seems to be "that which can exert or resist that which gives energy to itself." The man then who thus thinks of matter is a materialist, unless he also defines spirit by some form of words which "contains" this, or some other definition of matter. But no indication is given how we may accomplish this!

But let not the reader imagine that Dr. Jones is anything more dangerous than a trifler with words and phrases. In the opening of the second lecture, after quoting Faraday as an authority for separating the studies of natural science and religion, he points out that by Life he means that which is common to all animal and vegetable organisms; and that what he has to say about this can have nothing whatever "in common with any question regarding the existence of the immortal soul." And at the conclusion of the course he says that those persons "who think little of scientific truth, but, comparatively speaking, care much to recognise the Almighty Will as the primary cause of all things, will find that this power and will are shown in the inseparable union of ponderable matter and force quite as much as if He had willed to make them completely separable." So that by "spirit" he means something quite different from either our own immortal souls or God; and does not mean to deny the existence of either.

But such trifling is not free from danger. Although he told the assembled physicians that they did not need the caution which he yet gave them, there are others who do. It may be well therefore to ask whether by "Spirit," in common language, we do not mean "that which is Conscious?" Or if this definition be objected to, whether it errs by being too extensive; whether it should be "that which is immortally conscious?" Is not the materialist—in the sense we blame—he who teaches, or is on the way towards the doctrine, that "the brain secretes consciousness?" Is not he a spiritualist who, at the least, believes consciousness to be a primary irresolvable fact, even though he believe also in space and matter as independent of our perceiving them?



GIRLS' GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

IN 1865 the Schools Inquiry Commissioners instructed me to examine into the condition of girls' schooling in London. My instructions required me to give my chief attention to the schools attended by the children of such of the gentry, clergy, professional and commercial men, as are of limited means; and, in accordance with these instructions, I visited a number of girls' schools of this class in London and its suburbs, and examined the pupils in some of them. I also received returns, in reply to a minute form of inquiry, from upwards of two hundred such girls' schools in the same district; and had, besides, some correspondence and many conversations with the proprietors, teachers, and promoters of such schools. The results of this inquiry are printed at some length, and with a large number of tables and other statistics, in the seventh volume of the Reports of the Commission. But it has been suggested to me that it would be useful to bring before the public the conclusions at which I arrived at the close of the inquiry in a somewhat more popular form than that in which a blue-book presents them; and I have been induced to adopt this suggestion partly by a consideration that the number of the volumes issued, or to be issued, by the Schools Inquiry Commission is so great as to discourage many people who feel only a general interest in this subject from reading them; and partly by a belief that the

subject of good and cheap schooling for the daughters of persons of this class is of such great and growing importance that it is better to run the risk of being accused of needlessly reproducing parts of a public document than to lose a fresh chance of enlisting sympathy and interest in the great cause of a reformation of women's education. The following pages, therefore, give, with slight additions, the substance of the conclusions to which I was brought, at the close of that inquiry, into the means and condition of school education in London for the daughters of gentlemen of limited incomes, between the ages of about twelve and nineteen.

Among the practical puzzles which present themselves to married professional men living in London, with incomes ranging from £600 to £1,500 a year, or to civil servants and others with fixed and moderate salaries, there are not, perhaps, many which are more difficult of solution than the education of their daughters. Suppose the case of a young married physician or lawyer, with a practice or a partnership of £1,000 a year; of a grammar school master, or a civil servant, with a salary sliding within certain limits, and averaging about £800 a year; and suppose that such a man has two or three young daughters, one or more of whom will, in the course of a few years, require more education than the mother or the daily governess is now able to give them. Suppose, too, that the father has had a public-school and University education; and that while at school and college he was taught by some of the highest and most lucid intellects that England can show; and suppose that now, when he is plunged into the vortex of practical life, he looks back upon the days of his youthful education, and feels how great were his advantages; recognises how he was influenced by that daily intercourse with minds and characters far superior to his own, and how the whole tendency of that education was to develop his faculties, to stimulate and expand his intellect, to chasten his passions, to quicken and enlarge his sympathies; in short, to make him desire to be, and to help him in his efforts to be, a good and noble man;—is it not next to impossible that such a father should not wish his children to enjoy the same advantages? Must he not ardently desire to give them what he feels to be the inestimable blessing of a liberal education? Such a man as this can hardly be content that his daughters should grow up the silly, frivolous creatures that he sees so many girls are; that they should care for nothing so much as novels and flirtation; that their minds should be so ill-disciplined that they cannot take a continuous or masterful interest in any difficult subject. He desires, of course, that they should be cheerful, bright-minded, graceful, and womanly; but he wishes them also to have well-trained and thoughtful minds; to be *well-informed* in the

older and best, not the modern, sense of the word. Above all, he steadfastly desires that they should not be brought up with the belief, unconscious or expressed, that the marriage market is the first thing to be studied by a young woman in her teens, and that that is best for her to learn and do which will make her most attractive to rich young men, or earn her the approval of match-makers and leaders of fashion. On the lowest utilitarian grounds he objects to this; for he sees that it is a mode of speculation which as often fails as succeeds. He remarks that, even on the hypothesis that a rich or an adequate marriage is the happiest estate for a woman, it is by no means certain that to neglect the subjects of a sound liberal education and pursue the "accomplishments," is the best method of securing such an establishment. He doubts whether a girl so brought up will, even if she succeeds in marrying "well," be so happy as an unmarried, but educated, woman; while if she fails, the prospect before her of a frivolous and discontented old maidenhood is terrible. He wishes, therefore, to bring up his girls to be self-dependent, self-respecting, and able to command the respect, enjoy the conversation, and share the pleasures of intellectual and cultivated men.

But how is he to secure this object? What are the best steps for him to take to get for his daughter a really sound, liberal education up to the age of eighteen or nineteen? He can follow one of two courses. He can engage a resident governess, or he can send his daughters to school. Of these two courses he would, on many grounds, much prefer to take the first. He would prefer to keep his girls under his own roof, in an atmosphere and among associations the moral and physical healthfulness of which he can personally superintend. But the supply of really good governesses is very limited, and they are difficult to discover. If he takes a foreigner he may, if he knows where to look, and is really fortunate, get one who, besides being really well educated, and a clever teacher, is also satisfactory in tone and disposition. But the search for such a teacher is a great lottery. The few real prizes which may be secured are secured more by chance than by any recognised method, and when secured they are very expensive and very troublesome. He finds it impossible to compete with the nobility and wealthy gentry, and with rich men of business, for the services of really talented foreigners; and as for English governesses, though the supply of them is plentiful, he can hardly find any that have been trained to their profession; hardly any that are capable of teaching even the accomplishments with precision, method, and thoroughness; and still fewer who have themselves had the scholar-like and sound liberal education which he wishes to give to his girls. Besides, being a Londoner, he probably has not a large house. With two or three children, and an

income of £800 or £1,000 a year, he is not likely to have more than one spare room; and if he is to lodge a resident governess, he must give up the pleasure of ever receiving a college friend or a brother or sister-in-law to stay with him. Moreover, there are some advantages in class or school teaching which even the best domestic tuition cannot give. It may be that there is an interval of three or four years between the ages of two daughters, so that they cannot well be taught together, and that the elder of them is naturally indolent and self-indulgent, and requires, within reasonable limits, the stimulus of competition and intellectual pressure. These reasons, or some of them, may make him feel that the education he wants for his girls cannot in his case be secured by engaging a resident governess. He must adopt the second course, and seek a good school.

But at this point his difficulties seem only to have begun. There are, it is true, in London and elsewhere, plenty of boarding schools of good reputation. But they are generally very expensive, and expense is with him an important, and if he has a salary, or other fixed income, it becomes every year a more important, consideration. It is not with him as with the merchant or the landlord, whose revenues increase as commerce and industry are developed. His salary may be one the rate of which was settled some twenty or thirty years ago, and was settled on what was then a sufficiently liberal basis. But circumstances have deteriorated its value. Prices rise, wages rise, house-rent rises, the style of living among his equals rises, the wear and tear of brain and body increase, every year more work is expected of him, and there is more necessity for travel and change of scene during his brief holiday. On all sides expenses are multiplied, and meantime the value of gold, and of his fixed salary, keeps falling. It is positively impossible for him to afford an expensive boarding school, and good boarding schools have always been expensive in England, and their cost is rapidly rising in most foreign countries. He must endeavour to find, if such a thing exists in England, a school where a really sound liberal education is given to girls, similar, *mutatis mutandis*, to that which is given at our best grammar schools, and other less expensive public schools, to boys, and for about the same prices; that is to say, at a cost of from eight to twelve guineas for instruction, with an additional fifty or sixty pounds if board and lodging are required. What chance is there of his finding such a school?

The public provision for such education is most inadequate in London. Putting out of consideration such institutions as royal asylums, orphanages, and others which are not intended for the use of the general public, and a few institutions designed for the special training of governesses, there are scarcely any public schools for the

education of girls of this class in all London, except the Queen's College, in Harley Street, and Bedford College, in Bedford Square. Even these two institutions have not at present any endowment for their maintenance. Their only endowment consists of certain scholarships tenable by the pupils, which do, indeed, attract pupils to them, and thus indirectly augment their funds, but which cannot otherwise be reckoned in their revenue. The cost of education in these two colleges is, considering the solidity and breadth of the course of study offered, decidedly reasonable in comparison with the general cost of education in girls' schools of this class, yet it is much more dear than it ought to be in London. Why should a citizen of London be able to educate his sons at such schools as the "City of London School," the "Tower-Hill Grammar School," the "Mercers' School," and the like, at an annual cost ranging from nothing to nine pounds, without any extras, while for the education of his daughters, in the only existing public colleges, he must pay from twenty-two to twenty-three pounds annually, exclusive of extras? There are also very few private day schools for girls of this class in London. The greater part of the school education of such girls is at present conducted in boarding schools, or in schools where day scholars and boarders are combined.

The cost of education in the schools which do exist is very high. A few private day schools may be found in which a sound and well-arranged course of instruction is given for about twelve or fifteen guineas a year; and the instruction given in Queen's and Bedford Colleges is to be gotten at the cost of from twenty to thirty guineas a year; but these are almost the only opportunities which exist for parents in London of obtaining instruction for their daughters as day scholars, at a cost nearly as reasonable as that for which they may educate their sons. All through the east, south, and west of London, there is an almost total want of the means of day-school education of a high and sound character, at a reasonable cost, for daughters of the upper middle classes between the ages of twelve and nineteen.

The buildings and premises of most London girls' schools, whether day or boarding, are most unsatisfactory. Very few of them are held in a building which was designed for scholastic purposes. Most of them are carried on in private houses, which have been converted with moderate success into schools; and even the colleges in Harley Street and Bedford Square are no exception to this rule. The best premises belonging to London girls' schools are those of a few private boarding schools in the suburbs, such as Sydenham and Blackheath, where, the houses being built at wider intervals, and often surrounded by private grounds, means have existed, and

have occasionally been used, of adding a fair-sized schoolroom or dormitory to the original building. Occasionally, also, a school is held in an old mansion which has large and lofty rooms, and in which, therefore, the allowance of cubic feet of air to each scholar is healthy, though in other respects there may be great defects in the premises. But such cases are, of course, comparatively rare in London; and as a general rule, the premises of girls' schools of the first grade are worse than those of similar schools for boys. The scholars are generally overcrowded in class and in dormitory. The sizes, numbers, and dimensions of the rooms are not such as to suit the best classification of the school; and the school has therefore generally to be classified in accordance with the exigencies of the building. The rooms are not suitable in shape for scholastic purposes, and are seldom furnished with the best, or, indeed, with any especial scholastic furniture. Among all the schools which I visited in the course of my inquiry, I can scarcely recall more than two or three instances (except at the two colleges) of a class-room furnished with parallel desks, black-boards, easels, and the other essential apparatus for effective class-teaching. Ordinarily the class-rooms of these schools are furnished only with common chairs and tables of household use; at which the pupils sit in disorderly array, some with much, some with little room for writing; some leaning on the table, others resting against the wall; some fronting the teacher, others turning their backs towards her. Occasionally, even in some of the better day schools, a class-room is supplied with nothing but a bench round the wall on which the pupils sit, while the teacher occupies a chair in the middle, and if the pupils write at all, they do so on little scraps of paper held in the hands on a book or slate.

One of the most serious defects of these schools, and particularly of those within the more closely populated parts of the town, is the want of play-ground. There is a great difference between different girls as to their physical capacity for continuous study; and in this respect great changes take place in girls at different periods of their girlhood. Hence arises the great difference of opinion between different persons as to the amount of intellectual pressure to which a girl of twelve and of sixteen years old may with prudence be respectively subjected. It seems, however, to be agreed that greater caution is required in applying mental pressure to girls than to boys, and that the instances of injury from overwork are more common in the case of girls than of boys. This danger, which, though often exaggerated in individual cases, is real, and cannot be ignored, is due no doubt mainly to physical causes. But it is aggravated in very many instances partly by want of sound early mental training, and

partly by the neglect of physical education. Girls who have been brought up in the country, and have been badly taught, so that their mental powers are undisciplined, and they do not know how to make the best use of them, are sometimes suddenly introduced to the classes of masters, and to all the excitement of intellectual competition. They become suddenly interested in study; they pursue it with feminine ardour and impetuosity, and as a natural consequence their untrained mental faculties find the burden to be greater than they can bear. Want of well-regulated continuity in study is the cause of many of the present evils in the education of girls, and particularly of frequent failures in health. But a still more potent cause of such failures in health is the neglect of physical training.

In many girls' schools in London callisthenics are now used, and a belief in the necessity of some system of physical education is no doubt increasing among principals and teachers of girls' schools. At present, however, there is not much appreciation of this necessity among parents of the upper middle classes, and as many systems of callisthenics are expensive, parents often object to pay the necessary extra fee. In some schools, too, which profess to use callisthenics, the exercises consist of little more than the ordinary lessons in dancing and deportment; and in very few schools is there to be found a regular system of physical training based upon a study of physiology, and adapted to the exigencies of girls' schools. It is much to be desired that girls should have an opportunity when at school of attending and being trained at a regularly furnished gymnasium (such as that so well known to English residents in Brussels), under the careful superintendence of a professional and well-educated trainer. And if such schools of physical education could be established in different parts of London, the pupils from neighbouring schools would have an opportunity of exercising at them at a cheap rate. The expense of erecting a good gymnasium at a school is great; and besides, most schools have not space enough on their premises for such purposes. Moreover, the presence of a skilful and judicious expert is required to superintend the exercises, and of course this could be best provided by the girls attending at a common centre.

But the weak point of all, even the best, callisthenic exercises in girls' schools is, that they are conducted in-doors. Even supposing the best system of callisthenics to be established at schools, and all the pupils to be required to go through a regular course of physical training, there would still be one great want or defect in girls' education remaining—namely the want of suitable out-door exercises. Boys have, in their schools, this great advantage over girls—

that, when they come out from class, they can generally fall to some game in which they take the keenest interest, and become so absorbed that they forget their lessons for the time. Indeed so much organization and skill are required for some boyish games, and so keen is the interest taken in them, that at some of our public schools the games are considered by the majority of the boys as of far more importance than the studies; and the whole hearts of many boys are so wrapped up in cricket that it is most difficult to win their attention to grammar or algebra. But the great interest attaching to these games has one immense advantage—it causes the game to divert the mind as well as exercise the body. Boys who are engaged in cricket, football, rowing, fives, and similar games, during the intervals between school hours, not only have their bodies well exercised, but also have their minds diverted from their studies into a totally different channel; and thus those among them who are diligent and studious are prevented from over-tasking their brains, and are forced to give them some rest. Girls have not this advantage. The out-door exercises which they get are not generally such as to thoroughly divert their minds whilst exercising their bodies; and consequently many girls, even if forbidden to read books during the intervals between school hours, and forced to go out of doors, cannot prevent their minds from running on their tasks. In the great majority of girls' schools there is no out-door exercise except that of walking—a most inadequate provision both for exercise of the body and for diversion of the mind. To some schools situated in the suburbs of London there are grounds attached, in which the pupils can obtain out-door exercise; but even in these the only games used seem to be such as croquet and *les grâces*. Most of these games are too desultory, and require too little organization, to afford any real diversion to the players' minds; while croquet, which is no doubt a game of some skill and much interest, is said by some medical men to be an unhealthy game,* because it necessitates much lounging and standing still, and a good deal of stooping.

The quality of the teaching in these schools is unsatisfactory. The teachers in London girls' schools may be divided into two classes: the visiting teachers, and the permanent teachers. There are some day schools in London in which there are no permanent assistants, and in which the class-rooms merely serve as reception rooms for the "professors" who attend at stated intervals and instruct the pupils; and there are also some boarding-schools, sometimes called "finishing schools," in which the whole of the instruction is conducted by these visiting "professors," the lady-principal and her assistants

* This view is supported by the evidence of Miss Beale, the Principal of the Cheltenham College for Ladies, in vol. v. of the "Schools Inquiry Commission," p. 740.

simply "superintending and directing" the studies of the pupils, but not taking part in their instruction. In most schools, however, there is a staff of permanent governesses, who are supposed to prepare the pupils for the "professors" and to supplement their work.

In speaking of the qualifications of teachers in these schools, it is right to distinguish between the permanent governesses and the visiting professors. The number of subjects of which it seems now to be thought desirable that an accomplished young lady should know a little,* makes it necessary that her instruction should be conducted by a great many different teachers. In some small schools the number of persons engaged in imparting instruction (including the visiting as well as the permanent instructors) is actually greater than the number of those receiving it, while the proportion of one teacher to every scholar is by no means uncommon. It will be obvious that many evils result to the education of girls from this state of things. But one of the worst of these evils is, that the girls are not brought for a sufficient length of time under the influence of any one powerful mind. They are passed so rapidly from one teacher to another, that they fail to receive those important impressions which might elevate and fashion their characters, and which boys at school and young men at college so often owe to some one or two great master-teachers. The visiting teachers are of two classes: those who teach the solid subjects of education, such as the classical and modern languages and literatures, arithmetic, mathematics and science, history and geography; and those who teach "the accomplishments," such as dancing, instrumental music, flower-painting, &c. The universal demand for "accomplishments" in girls' education, and the very high prices which parents are willing to pay in order to secure that their daughters shall be "accomplished," have attracted very able teachers of these subjects to the first-grade schools. It is not too much to say, that some of the highest musical and artistic talent in Great Britain is engaged in giving instruction in these subjects to pupils at these schools. But the same value has not been hitherto attached by society and by parents to instruction in the solid subjects, language and literature, arithmetic and mathematics, history and geography; and parents are often unwilling to

* In the Ninth Appendix to my Report to the Schools Inquiry Commissioners, vol. vii. p. 554, is published an analysis of the returns from 100 private girls' schools in London, with an introduction explanatory of some of the bearings of that analysis. It will be seen that this analysis shows that the number of subjects taught in such girls' schools of the first grade (which represent the class I am considering in this paper) is, on an average, 18; and that the proportion of teachers to scholars is about one to every three. Whatever be the amount of *instruction* imparted to a girl under such a system, it is impossible that any valuable *educational influence* can be exercised over her by her teachers, such as that which some great minds exercise upon young men at Oxford or at school.

pay an adequate price for instruction in them. Consequently, the visiting teachers of these subjects at first-grade schools are often comparatively inferior to those who come to teach the "accomplishments." The want of really first-rate scholars to teach such subjects as Latin, French, and mathematics at these schools, is one of the greatest existing defects of female education. Very seldom are the names of men who have taken the highest honours in the examinations of Oxford, Cambridge, or London, to be found on the list of teachers even of the best of these schools; and when they do undertake this kind of employment, as at Queen's and Bedford Colleges, it is generally considered as condescension on their part to do so. On the whole, except at Queen's and Bedford Colleges, and at a very few private schools whose principals have determined to make a stand against the frivolous character of girls' education, and to secure really able masters for Latin and mathematics, the quality of the visiting teachers of language and science is very inferior in girls' schools in London.

The character of the instruction given by the permanent teachers, or governesses, at these schools is also generally far from satisfactory. In most private schools the education of the pupils is conducted by a combination of the teaching of visiting masters with that of resident governesses. In the rare cases where the lady-principal thoroughly understands her business, is a woman of superior information and ability, is devoted to her work, has a faculty of organization, and has surrounded herself with her own pupils as assistant teachers—this combined system works well, and is the best that can be adopted in the present condition of women's education. In such a case it is the duty of the resident governess to see that the pupils prepare their work soundly and thoroughly for the masters; to insist upon accurate knowledge of the rudiments of each subject; to go over the elementary portions of the work carefully and repeatedly with the slower or more careless pupils; to see that the knowledge of back work is carefully kept up; and, generally, to secure that the pupils are in the best possible condition for profiting by the higher genius of the master. But in many schools this work of the assistant governesses is not properly done. Many lady-principals are so defective in their knowledge of the art of organizing and administering a school, that they neglect the most obvious and essential details of method. In one of the best schools which I examined, I found a visiting French master really teaching a junior class remarkably well in the irregular and reflective verbs, and the rudiments of composition. His method was catechetical, his knowledge of English remarkably good, and he kept the whole class interested and attentive while insisting on

accuracy and exactness. After his lesson was ended we gave the class a little piece of composition to do, which they did on the whole very well. Then we examined them in the regular verbs and earlier part of their grammar, when, to the great annoyance, and to the evidently genuine surprise of the master, they were found to remember next to nothing of the back-work. At first I was at a loss to account for this; but afterwards I found that it was owing to the want of proper arrangement between the visiting master and the resident governesses. I found that the master had no knowledge of what the governesses were doing, but supposed they were revising and reviewing the work which he did, and that they did not know in what part of the grammar he was working; so that, far from co-operating with him, the governesses might, for aught he or they knew, be actually thwarting his efforts. Yet the arrangement of a plan of co-operation would have been a very simple matter, had it only occurred to the principal. But it is astonishing how often in girls' as in boys' schools, the principals and teachers seem to be ignorant or careless of the most elementary principles of method. This want of organization in working the "combined" system of instruction is very injurious to the advancement of the pupils. Girls' education is, at best, multifarious, and confused enough without the additional evil of want of co-operation and harmony of system among their numerous teachers.

The defects in the teaching of these governesses seem principally to arise—

(a) From want of knowledge of the art of instructing a class.

(b) From want of breadth and accuracy of scholarship.

(a) *Want of knowledge of the art of instructing a class.*—From what has already been said of the furniture and arrangement of many of the class-rooms in girls' schools, it will be gathered that the mistresses of such schools are often placed under great disadvantages in their class-teaching. It is, of course, impossible to engage and maintain the attention of a class, if its members are not arranged in an orderly and systematic manner. And, indeed, it is one proof of the want of knowledge of the art of teaching prevalent among governesses in schools, that they do not seem to care for their class-rooms being properly supplied with desks and other suitable furniture and apparatus. There is no doubt that in some London schools the lady-principals would readily supply what is requisite if the governesses showed by their representations that they knew exactly what was wanted, and why it was wanted. The truth is that, in respect of knowledge of the art of teaching, the governesses in secondary girls' schools in London are, on the whole, inferior to the mistresses trained in our best normal schools for elementary

teachers. For several years I had an opportunity of officially watching the results of training mistresses at a very excellent little normal school in the north of England. The teachers who came from that normal school had, of course, no acquaintance with foreign languages, and were inferior to the governesses in middle schools in their general culture and reading; but they taught what they had to teach very much better, partly because they knew it more thoroughly, partly also because they had been for two years engaged in constant study and practice of the art of teaching. An opportunity of learning their profession, similar to that afforded by such normal schools to elementary teachers, has of late been offered to governesses in secondary schools, on a very small scale, and experimentally, by the Home and Colonial Institution. This society has recently taken up the question of secondary education, and is making efforts to improve the quality of the teachers in secondary schools for girls. The means whereby the society is endeavouring to effect this improvement are chiefly: (a) by giving to acting teachers, and persons desirous of becoming teachers, an opportunity of special study in the subjects which they are required to teach, with a view to improving their knowledge of such subjects; (b) by instructing them in the theory of teaching; (c) by giving them opportunities of practising the art of teaching in a mixed secondary school held on the premises of the society. Through these means a course of training is provided for governesses analogous to that provided for teachers in elementary schools, but not generally lasting so long; in few cases more than twelve months, and in some not six months. In January, 1866, there were forty-four students in this branch of the Home and Colonial Institution. They were chiefly daughters of professional men—such as solicitors, medical men, clergymen, &c.; of small manufacturers, tradesmen, and agents: and there were also apparently some daughters of skilled artisans among them. Their average age was nearly nineteen years, and all except two were destined to be teachers. These two were sent for the sake of the education afforded in the course and were not intended to be teachers. The attainments of all these were ascertained by examination on their admission to the institution; and the secretary reported that only ten out of the forty-four could be considered to have been fairly instructed for their age. Of the rest the intellectual condition of twenty-five was more or less unsatisfactory, showing different stages of ignorance and want of sound instruction; while that of the remaining nine was extremely bad. There was scarcely one among them who could be considered to be so taught as to have had her mental powers really well trained and developed for her age. And it must be remembered that these girls would probably be favourable

specimens, being either themselves anxious, or daughters of parents who were anxious, for their improvement in sound knowledge, and comparatively indifferent to "accomplishments."

The instruction in the art of teaching and, above all, the opportunity of practising in its secondary schools afforded to governess students by this institution are of the highest value, and it is easy to see in any school where these trained governesses are employed, how much confidence and tact in handling their classes may be given by even a short course of training. There are several other institutions in London which are engaged in preparing governesses for the duties of their profession, and in this respect, and this one only, secondary education of girls has a little advantage over that of boys in London; namely, that some attempts have been made to afford to mistresses of secondary schools the means of learning the duties of their profession, and of preparing themselves to discharge those duties properly; whereas young men who intend to be masters in grammar-schools and other secondary schools have no such opportunities whatever. Of course the means at present existing for the training of governesses, even if they were more generally known and valued, are totally inadequate to the requirements of the country; and, of course, such training as that afforded by the Home and Colonial School Society will not remove the grand defect in governesses, namely the want of sound superior education. Six months', or even twelve months', training and instruction at the institution in Gray's Inn Road, or elsewhere, will not convert an ill-educated girl into a sound scholar; and the want of sound general education is a far worse defect in a teacher than the want of professional training.

(b) *Want of breadth and accuracy of scholarship.*—Owing to the entire absence in this country of any public means of superior education for women, of any regular facilities for their extending their education beyond the age of seventeen or eighteen, there is a lack of that general diffusion among them of accurate study and scholarship which must prevail before there can be an abundant supply of women qualified to teach well in girls' schools. In the case, no doubt, of certain girls who are brought up from girlhood to become teachers, fairly adequate education is provided by a few educational homes and other special institutions. But the effect produced by these praiseworthy societies is like a drop of water in the ocean. The vast majority of female teachers take up employment against their will and unexpectedly. Few women become teachers if they can avoid it. Most of them have been driven by misfortune, death of a professional parent uninsured, loss of moneys insecurely invested, heartlessness of relations who have preyed upon them, "not being

left so well-off as they expected," disappointments, in short, and accidents of all kinds, more or less unexpected, into tuition. Few girls belonging to the middle classes can feel quite sure that they will not some day have to make their own bread. And if they do so, it is most probable that they will have to do it by tuition. In illustration of these statements I may refer to the evidence supplied to me in the course of my inquiries by the Governesses' Benevolent Institution. The main objects of this institution are to raise the character of governesses as a class, and thus to improve the tone of female education. The institution endeavours to do this, among other means, by providing elective annuities for the benefit of aged governesses.

At the election of annuitants, held in November, 1865, there were 140 candidates for seven vacancies. Of these vacancies four were for annuitants of £20, and three for annuitants of £34 2s. 6d. Some of those competing at this election had been candidates for more than ten years. The list of the candidates on this occasion, printed by the society, gives a short account of the circumstances and career of each of them. It shows that scarcely any of them had been destined or educated for the profession of teaching, from childhood. A few examples out of the whole 140 will exhibit the kind of circumstances under which the majority of English lady-teachers have taken to the profession. These examples are fair specimens of the whole :—

"1. Miss —, aged 51. Father an officer in the East India Company's service. Became a governess at seventeen in consequence of her mother having been left with five children and but limited means. Assisted in support of an invalid sister now dead.

"2. Miss —, aged 61. Became a governess at seventeen owing to her father's loss of property in the Irish rebellion of 1798. Expended her salaries for the first years of her work in lessons in accomplishments and languages.

"3. Miss —, aged 69. Left home to support herself and help her family, upon her father, a manufacturer and a merchant, losing everything by unfortunate speculations and the failure of a bank. Kept a school to make a home for him and her brothers, and also for her sisters when not employed as governesses.

"4. Miss —, aged 60. Her father inherited an income of about £300 a year. She became a governess owing to the embarrassment of his affairs at his death when she was left an orphan at sixteen. Helped her brothers when able.

"5. Miss —, aged 62. Became a governess owing to her father, a gentleman farmer, having left his family without provision. Brought up four nephews and nieces and greatly assisted other relatives.

"6. Miss —, aged 69. Father one of the oldest members of the English bar, but who died blind and left no provision for his daughter. Twenty years a governess, spent fourteen of them in situations in South Africa, where she suffered much from the effects of the climate, which permanently injured her health. Assisted an aunt who brought her up.

"7. Miss —, aged 54. Compelled to become a governess by the loss of a property left her by her father, but which she never received.

"8. Miss —, aged 52. Compelled, on the death of her father, to become a governess for maintenance. Supported her mother for many years till her death in 1864, and assisted a brother, through whose speculation some property left her in 1844 was lost.

"9. Miss —, aged 58. Became a governess on the death of her father, a surgeon, leaving her mother and herself quite unprovided for. Supported her mother, who had very bad health, for more than twenty years.

"10. Miss —, aged 51. Father, an officer in the army, became blind while serving with his regiment in Egypt; this and the bankruptcy of a West Indian merchant occasioned a loss of property and compelled her to become a governess. Devoted all she earned to her parents and assisted to educate two cousins.

"11. Miss —, aged 58. Was in affluence until her twentieth year, and became a governess owing to her father's loss of property by unfortunate speculations. Entirely educated a younger sister, and gave all she could earn to aid her parents in the support of an invalid sister at home.

"12. Miss —, aged 61. Father, a clergyman, died when she was a child. Left home to assist her family. Afterwards, with her mother and elder sister, conducted a school with much success for many years, but the competence which they had saved was all lost, by being placed in insecure hands, and speculated with unknown to them.

"13. Miss —, aged 67. Became a governess in consequence of her mother's second marriage, and has been teaching for thirty-five years. Brought up and educated two orphan nieces from the ages of four years and three weeks, and helped a younger sister.

"14. Miss —, aged 72. Became a governess to help a sister in providing a home for their father, who had been in the household of King George the Third.

"15. Mrs. —, aged 65. Became a governess owing to her father's embarrassments through a chancery suit. After five years, four of which he was ill, her husband died. Has worked ever since unceasingly and unsuccessfully for an independence. With a sister took the entire charge of three orphan nieces. Her health is now fast declining, and she has no resource but the hope of supporting herself by needlework."

A slight consideration of such facts as these will suffice to show the utter inadequacy of attempts to secure the competency of female teachers by providing governesses' homes and training colleges. There is only one mode of securing this competency, and that is by providing for all English women of the middle class the opportunity of higher liberal education. Culture must begin from above; and work downwards, operating first on those who have to diffuse it, and making knowledge more general and more cheap than it has been among women. We must begin by teaching not only all the actual, but all the possible teachers; that is, women at large. At present no sufficient means of higher education for women exist; and it is rare, and may be said to be accidental, to find a woman both willing and qualified by her study to teach in a scholarlike way. Moreover, owing to the want of any adequate test, it is extremely difficult for a principal to recognise the merit of a well-educated woman, if such an one should apply for an appointment. Proprietors of schools

frequently say that they are most anxious to secure the services of none but thoroughly qualified mistresses, but that they have no means of judging of such qualifications. It is true that some institutions, such as Queen's College, and many other private "colleges," and "collegiate schools," give diplomas, or "certificates of knowledge," to their pupils. But such certificates are, for obvious reasons, not satisfactory. What is wanted is a uniform, public, authoritative, and (above all) entirely independent test of women's knowledge, similar to the examinations of our universities for men. Until the higher education is amply provided, and the results of that education are authoritatively tested, there will be no adequate supply of well-informed governesses. This matter seems to lie at the root of all improvements in the education of girls. The experience of the Home and Colonial School Society shows how very defective that Society finds the education of those young ladies to be who enter the institution for the purpose of training and instruction. The evidence is the same from other institutions for training governesses, the same from the two colleges, the same from every well-informed quarter to which I turned for information; all complain alike of the want of sound grounding and thoroughness which they find in the general education of the young ladies whom they are preparing to be teachers. Nothing but a general improvement in the mode of educating girls of the middle classes can remove this fatal defect. And if this general improvement takes place, many of the other desiderata, such as increased appreciation of the value of sound education for women, increase of salaries of teachers, greater discrimination between good and bad teachers, the closing of the profession to persons utterly incompetent, and the elevation of really competent teachers to a higher social position, will soon follow.

To all these serious defects in the present condition of the education of daughters of professional men, and others in a similar social position, which result from the inadequate provision of schools and the badness of most of the existing schools, and of the instruction afforded in them, must be added another almost equally serious defect, which prevents even the few existing good schools from doing their proper work, and from reaching anything like a satisfactory standard of instruction. This defect is, *the want of continuity and regularity in the education of girls*. And it is a defect which is partly cause and partly result of the bad condition of most of the existing girls' schools. For if, on the one hand, there were a sufficiently strong feeling among a sufficient number of the parents of these girls that it is an essential to give regular and continuous instruction to their girls as to their boys, they would not, as they now so commonly do, remove their daughters at frequent intervals from one school to another, and again

from school to home, or send them to the houses of friends and relations on long visits, but would think it of the first importance to keep them steadily at work in the course of education provided for them; and thus the good schools would gradually begin to produce a certain number of well-grounded pupils, and their influence would reach, in a certain degree, even to the bad schools. And, on the other hand, if there were an adequate supply of good and cheap schools, established by public or other agency in London, the practice of constantly shifting their daughters would become less frequent among this class of persons, they would feel confidence that their daughters were doing well at school, and would be content to leave them to pursue a recognised course of education with continuity and regularity.

That this practice of shifting girls during that period of their life when they ought, like their brothers, to be continuously and regularly under instruction, extensively prevails, abundant evidence was supplied to me in the course of my inquiry; and some of it was stated in a tabular and detailed form, in the fifteenth and sixteenth appendices to my Report.* A lady engaged in managing one of the best girls' schools of this class that I visited in London, wrote thus to me on the subject:—

“We have usually a far greater number of the daughters of professional men than of those of tradesmen. I do not think we have ever had one pupil whose father belongs to the upper class of tradesmen as a student—their daughters are almost invariably taught at home for some years, and then sent to expensive schools. The daughters of the common class of tradesmen are almost always better taught than those of professional men when they come here—that is, they read, write, and spell better, having generally been to some school; whereas in the families of professional men (in our neighbourhood at least), the education of the girls proceeds in this fashion. The mother is supposed to teach the children till they are seven or eight—then the boys *must be taught*, and are sent to school. The girls meanwhile depend on their mother's instruction till ten or twelve, and she will generally say how impossible she found it to devote much time to them; at this age they will probably have a daily governess, either for a few hours every day (in which case she walks with them) or two or three times a week, preference being generally given, in the choice of a governess, to the one who will take the lowest remuneration; this may continue for a year or two, the governess constantly changing, as each gets the chance of a slight addition to her salary in some other family; these changes being considered troublesome the plan is given up, and a long interregnum succeeds; the girls are said to be *not strong*, or go to the seaside, or on very long visits to relations. After this they may have other daily governesses for a year or two, but if they have no younger sisters, it is not considered *worth while*, and they may come here for two or three classes for a year or two, missing a term occasionally, and varying the subjects frequently. This is so often the case with our ordinary pupils that having detailed the above as my experience to two mothers they each

* “Schools Inquiry Commission,” vol. vii. pp. 606 *seq.*

simply remarked, 'That has been precisely the case with my daughter.' Girls who come to us at fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen years of age generally spell and write badly, have acquired a slight idea of indifferent French, sometimes an equally small amount of German, and can play a little on the piano; they know nothing of arithmetic, sometimes but little of the multiplication table, nothing of grammar, could not define the parts of speech or parse the simplest sentence; the progress consequently in languages (the favourite study) is very slow and unsatisfactory, the exercises being frequently written *by guess*; the girls find it tiresome, and the parents think it a waste of money, and the class is given up. Many girls are so untrained that they do not know how to learn, and it takes them some time to get over this difficulty. Of course there are many bright exceptions, as to the interest taken in their studies: *not* many as to the previous want of proper training: a want regretted by many of our best pupils. If girls of fifteen were only thoroughly well grounded in general grammar, the first four rules of arithmetic, the French verbs, and could write and read well, with a little knowledge of common geography, we might soon have flourishing upper classes: but we are always obliged to go down as far as possible to meet the necessities of the pupils, several girls of fifteen being utterly unfit for even our lower classes. From among these uneducated young women, however, spring by far the greater number of resident and daily governesses, especially the latter; and here of course the sad consequences of a neglected education are felt in full force by governess and pupils intellectually and morally. I can form no idea of the number of instances in which parents have told me that *a change of circumstances* has made it necessary that their daughter should be fitted for teaching as soon as possible, and they wish her to attend *a course* here for a year for that purpose. The poor untaught girl has frequently left much sooner, unable even to understand the teaching here. Under these circumstances it is not extraordinary that so many people object to examinations as a test; governesses and their pupils object to them, as failure would entail serious consequence, and employers object to them, as they would do away with the mystery which generally envelopes the salary of a governess of this class, often wretched indeed."

A great quantity of such evidence as this came into my hands during the course of this inquiry; but I have selected the foregoing example because it came from one of the very best schools in London, and was written by a lady of very much experience in the question of education of girls of this class, whose testimony I knew from personal observation and acquaintance to be thoroughly reliable.

But to this testimony was added evidence of another and even more direct and interesting nature; namely, the statements made to me in writing by many of the pupils in such schools. These statements, which may be called the *educational autobiographies of young ladies in London schools*, seem to me particularly interesting documents. One young lady, aged fifteen, and the daughter of a wealthy farmer, who was in a very good school at the time of my visit to it, wrote thus:—

"I first went to a day-school when I was six years old, and stayed there till I was eight. I remained at home for a quarter, and then went to a relative's to be educated with a cousin for a year and a half; after that I was at home a quarter, then I went to a small boarding school, just estab-

lished at —, for one year and a quarter, where I learnt Darnall's grammar, French, English, French and Grecian history, Cornwell's geography, Guide to Knowledge, arithmetic, and writing. When I left that school I was at home without instruction for three-quarters of a year. After that a cousin came to teach me for a quarter, then I went to a boarding school at —, where there were about twenty altogether, for two years and a half; there I learnt Cornwell's geography and also Butler's, Murray's Grammar, spelling, English and Grecian history, heathen mythology, Chambers's 'Introduction to the Sciences,' astronomy, and an introductory book on globes, dictation, writing, arithmetic, which was not explained, drawing from copies, and Roman history, for a short time. French by a resident French governess. There was a great deal of learning by heart at this school, but very little explanation."

Now what is the summary of this young lady's educational history up to the age of 15? It is this—At a mixed day school from 6 to 8; domestic teaching, 8 to 9½; boarding school, 9½ to 10½; without any instruction, 10½ to 11; another boarding school, 11 to 13½; came to this London school at 15. The lady-principal remarked upon her case: "She was not well taught; at the last school the mistress set sums from a book, but could not explain them; and she says she now begins to understand the meaning of things she learnt before at school."

Another pupil at the same school, who was the daughter of poor parents, and aged 16, and who was destined to be a teacher, stated that she was at a day school from 5 to 6; at another day school three more years; at another school, 10 to 11½; at home one year; at a boarding school, learning music and French, one year and a quarter; with a nursery governess three-quarters of a year; and came to this school aged 15½. The Principal remarked upon her, that she was very inaccurate. *She did not know how to learn.* Much time and money have been spent on music, *which she has now dropped, as she has no ear for it.*

One of the most favourable cases at this school was that of a pupil aged twenty, the daughter of a medical man, who wrote:—

"Learnt at home English grammar, Latin, very simple arithmetic, English history, geography, music, and a little French. At eleven, went to a day-school, and learnt Latin, history (Greek and Roman), geography, arithmetic, and from masters at the school English grammar and composition, French, drawing, writing, and mental arithmetic. At fourteen, left school, and did a very few lessons at home, principally Latin with a master. At fifteen, went to a boarding school, and learnt history, and (from masters) Latin, French, drawing, singing in class, English literature, natural philosophy, arithmetic, a little algebra, and a little German. Left school at seventeen, and from seventeen to twenty at home; learnt drawing at a school of Art, and had lessons in music and singing (in class) from a lady, and in Latin and Euclid (first two books) for a short time. Studied German alone, and read a good many German and some French books. Came here at twenty."

The Principal remarked upon her case that "she has been well grounded, and knows a good deal. Her father and mother are superior people." It seems that, in the case of this young lady, the disadvantages of frequent changes of place of education had been mostly counterbalanced by the judicious selection of subjects of instruction which her parents had made, and the fact that while frequently changing the locality of her education, they had adhered with consistency to a definite plan of having her taught sound and solid subjects by carefully-chosen teachers, and had had the courage to forbear giving an undue preponderance to the "accomplishments." But even in such a favourable case as this the frequent changes of teachers and schools must have necessitated a certain loss of time and of power.

Any person who considers—

(1) The almost entire lack of any public provision for the secondary education of girls in London.

(2) The expensiveness and insufficiency of the existing private means of such education.

(3) The unsatisfactory character of the premises of existing girls' schools in London.

(4) The want of systematic and well-directed physical education for girls, which, coupled with the fitful character of their mental education, is often the cause of failures in their health, and renders them less able to study successfully than they otherwise would be.

(5) The multiplicity of subjects of which it is thought necessary that a girl should know something, and the consequent distraction of mind, and want of thoroughness in any one important subject; and subordinately, the time given to showy accomplishments to the exclusion of sound learning.

(6) The want of a stimulus to the girls when they are at school; the fact that scarcely any of these schools have any systematic, independent examinations; the fact that there is no provision for the higher education of women, and, consequently, no superior body which can set the standard of education for the schools or give point and aim to the work done in them; and thus that there is *no goal for the education of girls.*

(7) The want of higher education, cultivation, and information in the governesses who teach in these schools, and, akin to this, the low salaries given to them.

(8) The want, also, among these governesses of knowledge of the art of teaching.

(9) And, lastly, the practice of removing girls from one school to another, and again to home, or to their relations and friends on long visits, which is partly due to the indifference of many parents, and

partly to the want of public schools to set up a good type of education ; and the consequent want of continuity, regularity, and system in the secondary education of girls, which results from such and similar practices.

Any one who considers all these drawbacks in the present condition of girls' schools, will not be surprised to find that wherever the test of examination is applied to the existing schools, a most unsatisfactory state of results is disclosed. My report to the Commissioners* gives a detailed statement of the condition of the attainments of the pupils in some specimen schools in London, which were examined, in respect of (a) elementary knowledge of arithmetic, spelling, and grammar, (b) of more advanced instruction in language, science, and mathematics. It is there stated, and the statements are supported by numerous examples, and by tabular analysis of the results of examinations,† that, as regards elementary instruction, the attainments of the young ladies in many of these schools are decidedly inferior to those of the poor girls in the first class of elementary village schools under Government inspection in such counties as Cumberland and Westmoreland ; that these young ladies spell worse than such poor girls, that they cannot write such a good hand, that they are not at all proficient in the elementary rules of arithmetic, being both unskilled in the rudimentary processes of manipulating figures, and also almost entirely uninstructed in the science or principles of arithmetic ; that their answers to papers in elementary grammar, whether English, French, or Latin, show similar defects of instruction, since many of them can neither state correctly nor apply in composition, the rudimentary inflections of verbs, nouns, and pronouns, and the elementary rules of syntax and verbal construction in any of these languages which they may happen to be studying, while very few can give any account of the fundamental laws which underlie these linguistic phenomena. It is also stated, on similar evidence, but, of course, with less claim to certainty and accuracy, that the results of the more advanced instruction in many subjects are most unsatisfactory ; that very little algebra, geometry, or mathematics of any kind, are taught in these London girls' schools, and that when taught they are not taught so as to produce any adequate results ; that no substitute for mathematics, such as logic, is taught, with a view to training the reasoning faculties of the pupils ; and that the answers to examination-papers show a great want of such training of the reasoning powers. That the linguistic attainments of girls professing to be well advanced, in such a language, for example, as French, besides being extremely defective in respect of grammar, are equally defective on the side of

* Vol. vii. pp. 397—408.

† Vol. vii., Appendix xiv., p. 591.

philosophical study and culture; that the classics are almost wholly neglected, and that there is a low standard of scholarship, a want of critical study, and, in short, an almost entire lack of such linguistic culture as is given to the boys in the upper sixth forms of our best schools through the medium, principally, of the classical languages and literature.

The professional man, or civil servant, living in London, with such a position, income, and prospects as have been described at the commencement of this paper, may reasonably complain that this, the greatest city in the world, does not supply him, in whatever part of it he may be living, with a good girls' grammar school, situated within reasonable distance of his house, so that he may give his daughters a sound liberal day-schooling in it, conducted in airy and well-designed scholastic buildings, and either possessing a good gymnasium of its own attached to it, or having, within easy reach, one which can be used by the pupils. If such a man lived in the country, he would feel that it was an unavoidable necessity for him, either to entertain a governess, or to send his daughters away to school. But, living in a city of over three millions population, he thinks that he ought at least to be spared this unpleasant alternative. He feels that he ought to have the opportunity of getting good liberal education for his daughters, while not losing the happiness of having them under his care at the most interesting period of their lives; and that, if he has to bear the expenses and the trials of a London life, he might at least have the educational advantages which such a life should afford to a father of a family. This feeling of the hardship of his own case is not lessened when he remarks the case of his neighbour who has sons. He sees how these sons are educated, as day scholars, at such excellent schools as that of the City of London, for less than £10 a year. He hears that something is now being done for the superior education of women, and he reads in the papers accounts of the progress of the new college at Hitchin. He sees it advertised that admission to that college will be dependent on the results of an examination, which he feels, if the college prospers and becomes full, must before long become more or less competitive. He knows that all this is movement in the right direction, and he rejoices in it accordingly; but he cannot help looking anxiously at his own little girls, and reflecting how he shall afford to prepare them to reap the advantages of the hopeful future which is opening out before them. He therefore not unnaturally wishes for the establishment in London, and endowment, of institutions for the education of girls between twelve and eighteen years of age, which may afford to them the same advantages as are provided for boys in well-managed grammar schools.



PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

WE are really impressed with the importance of our task of writing a hasty critique on the Royal Academy in the year of its Hegira. Artists of the future will probably remember 1869 by some such title. The change is most satisfactory, of course, in as far as it adds to the comfort of the spectator; but there seems to be little variety from other years as to the treatment which some of the best of our struggling outsiders have received from the Academy. The public will be able to judge of its severity in some degree from the supplementary exhibition; though in a degree only, as many rejected pictures have already been sent to Dublin or elsewhere, and men who are working for their bread may fear to defy the now greatly-increased power of the Academicians, by appealing publicly against their fiat. Like others, we can only judge when we see the rejected pictures, and we have now to do with the accepted ones. A critique founded on natural selection of our own from about 3,000 pictures in various galleries must, we fear, require more previous apology than we have space for. One cannot help writing in a very staccato style, and can scarcely avoid giving an impression of haste, flippancy, and snappish epigram. But critiques must be written, and, if possible, read; and accordingly we are obliged to be as pithy as ever we can, desiring rather to be right. As several marked men have pictures or drawings hung in different exhibitions, we cannot, of course, confine ourselves to the Academy. Taking the Dudley

Gallery first, Mr. Clifford's severe "Angel," and Mr. Solomon's "Sacramentum Amoris" and "Saint of the Eastern Church," struck us greatly; and we are glad to see both these rising men on the walls of Burlington House also. So of Mr. Donaldson and Miss Madox Brown. We are rather confused among the various members of that gifted family, but the drawings, "Painting" (239 in the Dudley), and "At the Opera" (619 in the R.A.), are either by sisters or by the same fair and cunning hand. Mr. Jopling's "Félice" should be looked at, also his very difficult and partly successful "symphony in white" called "The White Rose." Miss Blunden's work is always worth careful inspection. Mr. Severn's "Sea" (297) is a grand work, and makes a long stride in advance. Two grave and deep-toned works by Legros give one an impression of power and solemnity which is hard to define. One of them rather suffers from its conventional road and figures. And Mr. Riviere's "Fox and Geese" made us laugh, the geese in conclave over the prostrate fox were so wonderfully goosy; they reminded us somehow of Dogberry and Verges. We are glad to see some more of Mr. Hamerton's etchings. But one of the most unpretending bits of observation, contemplation, and good work we ever saw is Mr. Wood's "Wonderful Disguises"—sleeping butterflies on folded flowers; quite undistinguishable from them. It gave us such a waft of early summer as was delightful indeed, all on a wild March morning in Piccadilly.

Two works in the French Exhibition require notice—one Mr. Ruskin's Meissonier portrait of Napoleon, the other M. Cabanel's "Aphrodite." They are well contrasted with each other. The former is the height of realism; a big fact surrounded and embellished by countless smaller facts. About its poetry and appeal to passion we do not know; but we are quite sure of its grave appeal to thought. This was the Emperor, the scourge of God, the greatest and the fellest man since Attila who ever held vials to pour out on Europe. Note the Etruscan or Southern Italian type of his face and form, his compact strength, vast bull-neck, and round-backed, but powerful seat on horseback; the sleeping fire of impatient genius, of inspiration and combination; the watchful and fateful eyes, the merciless Italian mouth of hatred, which could give command to the dagger as well as to the sword. Then look at the grey, and compare him with Landseer or Lewis. The picture, as one may expect, possesses every technical merit; and those who want to know what finish is, and how the greatest precision may be attained without real loss of boldness, will do well to look at the painting of the saddle, of the bits, the Emperor's cross, and particularly at the dull crimson fire of the horse's nostril, produced by light shining through the dividing membrane. M. Cabanel's picture may be considered to represent sensual idealism as distinguished from realism. What we

say of it will neither injure M. Cabanel's European reputation, nor moderate the transports of appreciating critics who write about its fruitiness, and juiciness, and pulpiness, and downiness, and peachiness. What strikes us most is its nastiness. We never saw shame painted more complacently. And we suppose ladies of the period will come and look in this mirror of degradation. *Ite domum saturæ, si quis pudor, ite capellæ.*

The French and Flemish Exhibition is all the more interesting this year, because so many of our artists seem to be studying continental methods, and submitting to a lower scale of colour for the time. We may compare M. Heilbuth's "Watteau" (118, F. Gallery) with Mr. Storey's two pictures (27 and 62, R.A.), in their oppositions of pink, white, and whitish-green. Also, Jules Breton (209, F. Gallery), with Mr. Leslie's most delightful work (281, R.A.), called "Cupid's Curse." Where that is in the picture we don't know; but the extreme beauty of the girl makes us hope she has no share in it. Great power in tree drawing is shown in all these works, clusters of leaves in foreground being very skilfully put in in perspective (see the "Watteau" in particular). Mr. Leslie and M. Daubigny seem also to make similar use of small quantities of bright orange and yellow in their grey-toned skies—see the "Sunset on the Oise" (158, R.A.), by the latter gentleman: note the correctness of his tree-forms with so little definition, and the great depth and transparency of his work, with its low key of good colour—all enhancing the pensiveness of river-side subject, which is always melancholy, because one's mind is led away on the unreturning flow of what Shelley calls the "homeless" stream.

The combination of well-drawn figures with careful landscape, where attention is directed to both, is so well understood in the French school, that many of our painters seem quite right in joining it for a time. And difficulties of tone in such combinations are so great, that long labour in quiet colour must be always necessary. But the French range of landscape subject, as well as of hue, is very narrow; and Continentals care so little for mountains, that we trust our own studies of pure landscape and natural colour will always hold their own. For the stubborn fact is, that the world is full of reds which are brighter than bricks, of yellows which are not drab, of unindigoed purples and glowing greens; and these are simply not in any continental picture of the year. The only pleasant or living green we remember was in M. Schenck's large storm, with the faithful shepherd's dog (13, French Gallery). We are sometimes compelled to wear blue spectacles in very bright east-wind weather; and as we wandered about near Oxford, the other day, in that dismal state of annular eclipse, we were struck by the sober resemblance of all nature to the tone of the pictures we had been studying in

town.* Taking these blue views of the light of heaven can only be good for a time, and for the sake of study; but we think our own landscape and figure painters will raise their scale of colour again in due time. Messrs. A. Moore and H. Moore, with their delicate preference for white* in figure subject and landscape, seem to us to have hit on a means of studying form in tender colour rather than in dull colour; and we feel proportionately interested in their works.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy contains a memorable number of good pictures. It also contains many and large works of a thoroughly depressing character; and as they are mostly hung in the best places, it is not easy to avoid them. Anybody who desponds about English art may judge of its progress by comparing certain productions of its earlier type with the works of younger men. But some Triarii hold their own, and lead the fight right royally, as they were wont. Mr. Lewis and Sir E. Landseer stand first, in absolute contrast of power. The "Swans and Eagles" is the popular picture of the year. Nobody exactly knows whether eagles over work more than two at a time; and we are ourselves uncertain about the action of the third, who is clutching and doubling up his swan in mid-air. By the little we have ever seen of hawking, we had an idea that he would be more likely to strike, once and no more, with the heel-talon. We have seen a peregrine falcon thus decapitate a pigeon with one blow; on other occasions she seemed to light on her quarry without much violence, and at once use her beak behind the head.† Be this as it may, all may take note of the power and rapid ease of this work. The painting is that of a pre-Raphaelite scene-painter, so to speak. How long did it take to create that eagle? Look at the wing-feathers, the gradation from opaque half-light on the shoulders to transparent brown in the shades; at the yellow lilies and reeds, swept in right at once and for ever; at the creamy white of the swans, and the close foreground touches on the water. That is power. The "Ptarmigan Hill" shows the same accurate audacity in its granite and vegetation; and as to the black and tan setters, we can only say they are what we have a right to expect of Sir Edwin.

Mr. Lewis's works require more time to observe, and space to describe, than we could give them. It does not matter, for they

* This prevailing tint in French landscape may be accounted for by the artists' too habitual use of the "Claude mirror."

† There is a picture, we think, in the "Birds of Hampshire," called "The Death of the Mallard," which illustrates this perfectly. The duck is falling, with his head nearly off, and the hawk is below him after his stroke, with his heel-claw bloody and full of feathers, and his cruel eye looking like any other keen hunter's. Observe in Sir Edwin Landseer's eagle, that level curve of the eyebrow, which gives their peculiar sternness to the eyes of all the hawk tribe.

are beyond praise—the “Intercepted Correspondence” scene in particular. Two of the sitting figures, the proprietor of the establishment and the reclining light of his harem, with the antelope, are repeated from one of the great water-colours. It is our fault for having such a memory, and Mr. Lewis will excuse our not forgetting his work, once seen. But the Copt girl laughing; the doggedly-pretty culprit; Mesrour behind her; and the clear beauty of the other women, are priceless. Let anybody who wants to see minute power look at all the *eyes*, animal or human, in all Lewis’s works. The slant Egyptian looks in the “Scraff,” are all marvellous; so is the minute street scene through the window (observe the dromedary); so is the old descendant of the Prophet, in his green turban; so are his flowers, so is his cat, so is his kitten—not yet quite taught to imitate her mother’s forbearance from the tame sparrows; so is the desert behind the Bey, and lovely landscape of the Lady of Yanina. This is English realism; and when it is compared with Meissonier’s it holds its own, contending with greater difficulties, and using a higher scale of colour; nor can we say more in its praise.

We are obliged this year to take works as we find them in the rooms—landscapes last; but we hold by our old plan of putting our favourite masters first. Now for the two Frescanti we love best. Mr. Watts’s “Deluge” has, we believe, been attacked for the straight lines of swell. They are not straight, really, but full of subtle curve; and we remember a calm in the Gulf of Issus, when we ourselves made water-colour notes of its extraordinary right-lines of long swell, as they seemed. The water is warm and clear, as if of rain-flood, rolling shallow over the graves of the drowned earth; the horizon is warm, and all gives sense of hope. In the “Red Cross Knight and Una,” each face is ringed with bright hair, as with the “Angel” in Mr. Ruskin’s possession. There is a beautiful girl’s portrait, which deserves close study, from the power and ease with which its features are modelled, and the light *dansante* figure it suggests. “Orpheus and Eurydice” we hardly appreciate, except in the contrasted flesh tints.

Taking the quiet portrait by Mr. Armitage first, look at the folds of the dress, and see what drawing is, and the truth of the painter’s maxim—“you are always getting on while you study drapery.” Then, in the “Sick Chameleon,” the severe lines grow more springing, the lavender-colour drapery becomes deep Egyptian indigo-purple, and the deeper-toned colour is relieved beautifully with oleander-flowers. Finally, there is Hero on her tower, perfect, statuesque, and pure, with dark, watching eyes of hope and joy, one of the loveliest figures in English art. To-night

And as this is a nude figure, and as we have spoken rather angrily about M. Cabanel, we should like to draw one or two distinctions. It seems to us that it will not take many imitations of that gentleman to throw back all noble and spiritual pursuit of art, and to arouse the suspicions, not only of ascetics, but of men of honour and modest women. And we think this is one of the objects contemplated by members of the ultra-nuditarian school. Undraped figures matter nothing, when their nudity is unconnected with evil thoughts in the mind of the painter. And when he is free from such association he generally shows it, either by the severity of his lines, like Mr. Armitage, whose keen outline makes Hero look like a living image, or by tenderness of colour, and careful abstinence from the "peachy and downy" style—that is to say, from that over-softness of texture which to many persons constitutes the correggiosity of Coreggio. This Mr. A. Moore has done with his "Venus" (699). We hazard the conjecture that he painted it on such coarse canvas on purpose that the nude figure may look like the picture of a woman, rather than like a woman, however perfectly drawn and coloured; at all events that struck us before the picture. "The Quartet" (483) is most beautiful, fiddles or no fiddles.

Two "Proserpines" there are, one by Mr. Poynter, the other by Mr. Spencer Stanhope. The first is an exquisite single draped figure, gathering her flowers, "where all the wan green places bear blossoms cleaving to the sod." The second is in the gripe of the black-haired * Hades, who has risen in earthquake through the corn-fields of Etna, opening a convenient kind of volcanic crack in them, which leads the eye right into the picture. It is a work of considerable originality and force, most unfortunately hung; but there is a good deal of grandeur about the dark strength of the gloomy king,—though young, intolerably severe; and the up-flying red drapery gives a good idea of his plunge, "like a plummet to the world below." The glorious figure of Icarus, looking sunward in dream, deaf to his father's wisdom, *vitreo daturus nomina ponto*, seems to us Mr. Leighton's best work this year, unless it be the lion in S. Jerome, with which compare Landseer's two studies. The tall Electra, in her vengeful mourning at her father's tomb, with lost beauty and shorn hair, is a faithful rendering from Sophocles: and the fourth picture we decline characterizing.

Our classical stop is now on, and Mr. W. B. Richmond (277) therefore must come next. His father's portraits, 403 in particular, are this year even beyond himself, and truly admirable, though we rather regret that he should have plunged so deeply into clergy. Looking on ourselves artistically, as objects reflecting light, we fear we can hardly be considered to possess sufficient abstract beauty to justify

* *μελανγαίρας*, Eur. Alc. 438.

him in spending so much time upon us. The "Dionysiac Procession" is a considerable work, though, perhaps, unequal. It is moving slowly across a loggia, or colonnade, above the summer sea, and against a great light which seems to bathe and penetrate everything, and shines through festooned vine-leaves and dead-ripe grapes, amber and amethyst.

"All speaks of Nature revelling in her strength; * the rich dark beauty which seems to gather round it all images of joy—purple vines festooned between the elms, the strong corn perfecting itself under the vibrating heat, round limbs beating the earth in gladness with cymbals held aloft, light melodies chanted to the thrilling rhythm of strings."

The picture is a beautiful comment on Greek nature-worship. Mr. Richmond appears to feel, at all events he suggests, how men who saw that human power, beauty, and delight at least were facts, argued from lower happiness to higher, from present gifts to their Giver, from the soul to its Maker. For the merits of the picture, warm light cannot be better painted, nor vines, nor young men and maidens; perhaps the youth behind the small coffer is the most perfect. The dancing figures seem to us hardly equal to the others; and those advancing on the right hand, stepping forward on the same foot, seem to lean all one way. But this is a great picture, and perfectly distinct from Mr. Leighton's grand procession with the leopards, two years back; so don't let us have any odious comparisons.† Mr. Prinsep's "Bacchus and Ariadne" is not so much to our taste as the red and white study, "Siesta," or his "Amateur Dairymaid." He appears in person, very like Saul, in the interesting Garrick-Club sketch by Mr. O'Neil.

M. Tadema's picture of the "Amateur Romain" is an interesting piece of antiquarianism, and skilful painting in a low key; but his "Pyrrhic Dance" (42) awakes the Spartan fire in great style. We never saw bronze armour so wonderfully painted. His spears seem rather short; but the pike of the Greek citizen-soldier was not so long as the "sarissa" of the Macedonian phalanx in after-days. Mr. Wallis's "Marsyas" is evidently inspired by Mr. Arnold in "Empedocles on Etna." And we get back from the old to the new by way of Mr. F. W. W. Topham's "Relics of Pompeii" (398), which seems to us a work well thought out first, and then right well painted. Sun and shade play in it over the faded frescoes of 1,700 years; and the children of the changed Parthenope go lightly, as of old, over ruin and volcanic ashes.

Some of the French and Flemish pictures are deservedly prominent in the Academy, and M. Tourrier is pre-emiuent in a humorous

* See Romola, p. 166.

† Since writing this, we have been informed that Mr. W. B. Richmond is a pupil of Mr. Leighton's. We fear that alters the case, and diminishes the originality of the picture.

Anglo-French style of his own. His "Louis XI." is certainly one of the most powerful pictures on the walls. It may be called Anglo-French, because its colours are so rich and varied, and its sentiment is so strangely divided between tragic scorn and dry unmitigated fun. Louis is in a collapse of abject supplication before St. Francis de Paul. His favourite attendants kneel behind him, each body endowed with a special awkwardness, and each face composed into a distinct hypocrisy, or writhed with a special mockery. One black-haired figure alone, perhaps Oliver le Dain, makes no grimace. Its owner is prepared for anything. Like a late Oxford dignitary, he has "purposely deprived his countenance of any kind of expression;" and we never saw deep, inner scorn, and profound amusement so marvellously made to exude from a man's whole bearing. Observe that nobody knows how to wear his rapier and poniard. The "Serenade" really made us laugh, which broad caricature seldom does; it is admirable as a night scene in a quaint old town.

The opposite pole of countenance and expression is M. Portaël's "Esther," a very lovely face of simple resolution, valiant for her people, acting in faith for life and death. We like Mr. Perugini's young lady and cherries, but why should he puzzle the public with the word *civetta*? We understand it to mean the owl-screen in his pretty portrait (34). Then M. Regamey's "Sentinel" is a fine opposition of eastern sand tint with that deep grey purple which so greatly delights the French School. The same effect is beautifully developed with the help of delicate greens and rose-tints by M. Leyendecker ("Origin of the Corinthian Capital," 64, F. Exhibition), and indeed by Mr. Armitage. M. Hémy's landscape is cool, clear, and quiet, full of air and light, and his canal boat makes us think of Maestricht as Hood did of Rotterdam, as "a sort of homely (not vulgar) Venice." Lastly, M. Edouard Frère excels himself, if that be possible, in the "Glissade," which has been already so amply and rightly described and praised, that we can only add our thanks to other people's in few words.

Returning to our countrymen, we like Mr. Cope's smaller pictures, "Home Dreams," and the "Child-chaplain," better than his larger work, "The Price of Victory." Veiling Agamemnon's countenance is a time-honoured practice, especially when it is impossible to set down a definite conception of what it really can have been like, convulsed with distress. Clearly it will not do to represent the Iron Duke with an immense tear on his cheek, like Guercino's Hagar. It is odd, however, that two of the most pathetic instances of unwonted weeping on record, should be connected with the name of Wellesley or Wesley, and that they should be marked in the same way. (See Catalogue.) John Wesley's preaching by pit-mouths, and the "white channels on the cheeks" of the repentant

colliers, may occur to one or two wandering minds besides our own. For the whole subject of representing humanity overpowered by suffering, we may refer to Lessing's "Laocöon," with which Mr. Cope is evidently familiar. Mr. Holman Hunt's portrait has a noble and intellectual face, and the painting of the peacock scarf is perhaps the greatest *tour de force* in the exhibition. We rather sigh over the intensity and gloomy laboriousness of his works—the results are great, but he paints like a soul in pain. Mr. M. Stone's picture somewhat idealizes Queen Elizabeth perhaps, but the result is beautiful; and Mary's face of implicit faith, severity, peevishness, and ill-health seems to us a powerful conception: we never saw the Roman Catholic precisian painted before. Mr. Storey's young lady is charming of course, but we wish he would get out of *genre*. Mr. Frith has nothing this year so beautiful as "Maria," in 1868. "Malvolio" and "Nell Gwynn" are capital, but we have seen the sort of thing so often before. And so it is with Mr. Ward's subjects. "Difficile est proprie communia dicere"—sometimes we wish it was impossible even to attempt universally-painted subjects any more, and henceforth we cannot promise to look much at any representations of Don Quixote, Charles II., the Vicar of Wakefield, Swift, Sterne, clergy in general, Oliver Goldsmith, Malvolio, or Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Faed has exerted himself to some purpose this year. Note the reflections in the wet pillar in "Homeless," the expression of the sad, resolute old face in "Only Herself," and the corresponding "male de cette femelle," called "Donald McTavish;" they are the best aged faces in the room, except perhaps those in M. Legros' "Baptism." We do not know if the mourning household in Mr. Holt's able and pathetic picture (210), is meant for that of a Scottish dominic or English curate; but it follows Mr. Faed in some degree, and has the merit which many of his works have, of making a trite subject impressive through unaffected feeling. Mr. Hook's year's work is much as usual: we like the "Cider-press" best, for its pleasant West-of-England landscape, and the pretty comparison of the red apple with the girl's cheek. This is paralleled very agreeably in the "Zealand Barber," by Mr. H. Dillens (90), where two smooth chins, masculine and feminine, are under inspection. Mr. Calderon's "Jacques Clement" has a face which would imply that Queen Margaret cannot have had much trouble in persuading him to murder—he might enjoy it more with the addition of fire, rape, and robbery. His face is a disturbed remembrance, we think, of the ideal of William the Conqueror. Much more to our taste are the lovers in the boat, under green boughs in the summer calm of a wooded river. When we were young! Then Mr. Maclise's "Cophetua" has all the usual merits of his keen drawing

(observe the oak-leaves in particular), only we have a right to wonder how anybody who appreciates him can object to the sharp definitions of pre-Raphaelitism. The "Prodigal Son" in Mr. Poole's picture (251) is attending on goats, not swine. Was the painter thinking of Mr. Arnold's verses on the ancient fresco of the "Good Shepherd," carrying "not a lamb, but a kid?" The parable may bear on the subject. For "Lorenzo and Jessica," we wish the white moonlight had been a little more chequered with shadow "or something," as it looks quite like snow on the distant hills. Even though it be true to nature, as we think it is, we should have been glad of a little more gradation. Both Mr. Poole's and M. Tourrier's works ably illustrate Mr. Hamerton's important observation, that moonlight effect varies and transforms colour instead of destroying it.*

Mr. Millais sends three pictures, of which we like the portrait of Mr. Fowler the best, "Vanessa" next, and the affected and unamiable-looking little girl who is slipping off the china stool the worst. Mr. Marks's minstrels are like Mr. Marks, especially the "violer" and the drummer. He is really M. Tourrier's equal, if he would choose his subjects as gallantly.† Mr. Mason sends only small works this year; we regret to hear of his illness, which has evidently not affected his painting. The two girls "dancing from the heart," as Mr. Helps says, are charming. Mr. Sandys' "Medea," excluded last season, has been admitted, as if by general petition of critics; it is a wonderful piece of painting, and we are not going to try to describe it after Mr. Swinburne; but we may call attention to the power and daring of the climax of light, where the white fire tops the scale.

Before we go finally into landscape, pure and mixed, we have only space to mention Sir Noel Paton's "Caliban," a wonderfully real ideal, fish-like in his wide piteous mouth, and the rudimentary fins on his shoulders, hardly so rational as Mr. Browning's speculative monster, and contrasted with lovely floating forms who make music round him in the air.

Mr. Walker's "Old Gate" is an evening scene, rather like the "Vagrants" last year, though quite new in idea; we greatly admire the labourer and the lady, and still more the impression of not-sordid neglect and quiet permitted decay, which is so rare in this over-swept and garnished land. Mr. Boughton's "Miles Standish" gave us great pleasure. Mr. Wade's (895) is a work of awful suspense. What can that magpie be going to do to those happy and unsuspecting infants? Mr. Wells' portrait of the three children is delightful; and, in speaking of juvenile pictures, one of the prettiest of the year is Mr. Heaphy's little maid complaining that her hair "won't come smooth,"

*] "A Painter's Camp," pp. 157-6.

† Mr. Yeames' "Alarming Footsteps" (432) seems almost the best piece of soft humour in the room.

in the British Artists. Eight pictures by the president, one of them containing numerous portraits of members of the Belvoir Hunt, show his accustomed power, like Vandyke's, of making ladies look like ladies, and gentlemen behave as such. Mr. Sant's portrait of the floating figure of Mdlle. Hilda de Bunsen is charming. There is a very beautiful walking girl's figure in Mr. Dever's "Shropshire Miners" (342). There is a capital small portrait of "Liszt," by Mr. Healy (90). Also there is a pleasing representation of the Tedsworth Hunt, who seem from it to be an awful lot of welters. Earth must shake and nature stand aghast to see such men and horses, as M. Gambado says, "straining across wheat in desperate hope to obtain a glimpse of a hound!" Mr. Archer has, we trust, made his fortune by the "Cavalier's Children marching against Cromwell," in their high walled garden, green and old. We do hope he will not begin to repeat himself for life, as his works, this year and last, prove him to be capable of almost any subject. Mr. Crowe's "Jacobite" is capital, as to the stern, old, racy Scottish face of the false "spinster," all in wrath, not fear; we do not think the soldiers quite worthy of their prey. And Mr. Lidderdale (701), "In Hiding after Culloden," hardly touches such a chord of the old feeling as he did last year, partly by calling one of the best ballads in the world to his aid. We wish he would go and see the Cage of Benalder, by Loch Erricht, and make a picture of that strange refuge and its inmates. Then there is Mr. Patten's "Copernicus;" and last, but not least delightful, Mr. Brennan's "Il Tamburino," where the old man's face illustrates what English travellers perhaps would see more of if they looked more for it, the tender good-nature of so many Italians. Great progress seems to us to be making, in comprehension of Italian scenes and character, and particularly in sense of the great light of the southern sun, and its peculiar gift of richness to the detail and still life of Italian houses and streets. It seems to take long residence in Italy, or else a journey to the desert, to teach a man what light is. Excepting Lewis's square inch of background, the only picture we remember this year which gives the real colour or glare of desert sand, is Mr. Herbert's "Antelope Hunters in Sahara." Almost everybody else who attempts eastern sand makes it like street dust, forgetting the light which makes it dazzle like snow, and burn like caustic. French artists fail particularly in this respect, as do Carl Haag's pictures of the "Syrian Desert," with all their other merits.* Of course we are speaking of Arab sands under torrid light, and without prejudice to Mr. Davis's beautiful and perfect little landscape "Dry Sand" (362).

* The valuable water-colour of the "Acropolis of Athens," (143, Old Water-colour Gallery,) fails in representing the peculiar clearness of Attic air, celebrated by so many, from Euripides to Milton, and last by Lady Strangford. The Athenians (Eur. Med. 829) are described as "*ἀσι διὰ λαμπρότατον βαινόντες αβρῶς αἰθήρος.*"

For florid colour of sunrise and sunset, Mr. Linnell retains his power, and just now his works are specially enjoyable. For grand landscape, we really must decline saying what we think of certain extensive continental canvases. If they deserve their places, then indeed Mr. A. Hunt, Mr. Inchbold, and Mr. Brett may have been rightly excluded from the exhibition to make room for them. To us it seems rather hard measure: we are sure that two specimens of each artist might well be hung in the space occupied by the vast and incongruous compositions of Count Kalkreuth, and should personally prefer the change. Of this hereafter: we have already given due praise to the genuine landscape work of M. Daubigny and others. There are two Anglo-realist pictures on a grand scale, which induce us to hope that our painters may gradually increase their size. One is the "Black Wood of Rannoch," by Mr. MacCallum—huddled trunks of the natural growth of the Scottish fir, such as, till the new railway, used to fill the whole of Upper Strathspey with their solemn sheet of fretted green. Herodotus' parable has come true,* and Cræsus has cut down our pine-trees, never to grow again. They are gone: we hope Mr. MacCallum's wood remains, and that he may illustrate it further. The inbreak of sunset light through some small breach in the matted roof, its wild play on the sand below, and a certain power and freedom about the whole picture, pleased us greatly. But Mr. MacWhirter's "Loch Coruisk" (though it is not equal to the consummate picture by right of which Mr. A. Hunt sits henceforth in Turner's chair) is perhaps the landscape of the Royal Academy Exhibition. A redder light would have been commonplace, or rather any rich colour would have withdrawn melancholy and depth from the effect. The hypersthene mountains are painted in their real blackness, the stormy sunset in its true watery glow, and clearness of the intervals of rain, the scant grass and heather in their subdued greens and browns, artfully varied and played with, the reflections in the dark mirror of the lake are tender and true—and what more can we say? He who has not seen Loch Coruisk has not seen a wonder; but he who has seen Mr. MacWhirter's picture has seen what Loch Coruisk is like.

We take Mr. Ansdell among landscape-painters, not the least in disparagement of his great powers of animal-painting, but because he has never neglected his landscape, and now often produces great compositions, like the Granada picture this year. Without supposing that a man who passes great part of his life in Lochaber is likely to be wrong about a stag at bay, we venture to say that we don't understand the action or position of the hart in No. 145. Has he just struck right and left at both dogs, and missed them? We

* Book vi 37. Cræsus' threat to the people of Lampsacus.

have slain deer; but never saw a good bay before hounds. A mighty hunter of our acquaintance tells us that a stag's tactics all depend on the distance of the dogs; that he prefers out-fighting, and using the "croc," or point of the horn, reserving the long brow antlers for closer combat. Or is it a sinking beast, with the arena swimming around him? Mr. A. Hughes's picture ought to be well looked at, as it is the only note in the rooms of the sharp early spring, when the blackthorn is in flower, and the tree-boughs are only dusted with green points. Of Mr. Lee's various works, we like the "Guardians of the Rock" best. Mr. Patten's "Zermatt" is almost the only attempt at Swiss scenery permitted in the rooms. We suppose it is in the present academical programme to reject works like Mr. Pettit's, in the British Artists, and Mr. Elijah Walton's, because they bring the height, and cold, and splendour of the hills into a gallery in a heterodox way. We shall see how far they can be kept out of the market; and commend their works meanwhile to all Swiss travellers. Mr. Pettit's paintings in the British Artists, especially the very beautiful "Matterhorn from the Zmutt Glacier," resemble Mr. Walton's in so many respects that we must mention the two artists together. Both treat the Alps like natives; their knowledge is much more than can be picked up in a summer tour. Many a bivouac and hard march, many a long day's study on the glacier, between burning and freezing, and not a few risks of broken neck, must have passed before Mr. Walton could paint his "Descent of an Icefall." Both artists, too, delight to represent the first snows of autumn, when the glacier is renewed and purified by the early fall, or the loaded pines of winter valleys, with their greens and purples exalted and intensified by contrast with frozen traceries, and massive lacework of silver. The influence of art over England, as a nation, will always depend so greatly on landscape, and the English love of landscape is so closely connected with the Alps and the Highlands, that these gentlemen's works claim very especial attention at this time.

Mr. J. B. Graham maintains his high position; the "Gate of Hades" (we admire it particularly, *bien entendu*) has a strong dash of Gustave Doré's power about it. Mr. Redgrave has a noble study of autumnal woods and reflections; only we don't quite fancy the ideal boat's crew; and Mr. V. Cole, with other good work, has done due credit to Tennyson by painting the landscape of "Elaine" in right good form, instead of worrying himself and the public with painful contrasts of dumb old servitors and dead young ladies. His theme enables us to end, like Sam Weller, "with a verse,"—the stanza which has been in our ears for about twenty-five successive autumns:—

" In the stormy east wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining,
 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over tower'd Camelot."

The Water-Colour Institute contains many pleasing works—the best, we think, by Carl Werner and Mr. Warren. Mr. Gow seems to be an able follower of Meissonier. But there are pictures at the Old Water-Colour which force us to look, with great regret, on the position which some of its members hold with regard to the Academy. How truly lamentable it is that Mr. A. Hunt, and others, should have been driven altogether from oil-painting to water-colour by systematic rejection or bad hanging year by year. How ominous it is that the great additional power given to the central body now enables them, as it were, to attack such exiles in their refuge, by opening new water-colour rooms of their own. When we consider the change which has taken place, and the increase of attraction and influence it gives the Academy, we confess that we have misgivings as to whether power has not been added to hands which held too much before. Here, it is said, is a close body, self-elective, which, if it cannot control art, can ruin the career of almost any artist. It is quite irresponsible; and the interests of its members depend on the control they can exercise on the picture market,—that is to say, in a considerable degree, on the extent to which they can keep new and strong ideas and men out of it. They are said to use their power with the accustomed morality of irresponsible corporations. We are informed that the late Royal Academy Commission was suffered to come to nothing on the understanding that the Academy would reform itself. At present no object of the Commission has been effected, except putting Mr. Watts in his proper place, and giving Mr. Armitage a prospect of occupying his. Outsiders looked for good times after the change to Burlington House. How far such times have come may be conjectured from the project of the Supplementary Exhibition; and, as we have said, we defer any remarks we may have to make on the future constitution of the R. A. until we have seen that.

For the Old Water-Colour, Mr. Hunt's "Loch Coruisk" is its leading landscape, and Mr. Burne Jones's "Circe," its chief work of imagination and colour-power. The Loch Maree view (we never saw that lake of lakes on the walls before) is all bathed in sunshine, as Loch Coruisk is drowned in rain. These works have received due honour elsewhere; but we think Mr. Jones's "Spring" and "Autumn" have been rather overlooked; their beauty is very great. Mr. Powell has not produced anything so conclusively powerful as his "Mull of Cantyre" last year; but his "Kyles of Bute," "Ben Nevis," and other works, are worthy of him, and it gives us great pleasure to see the

increased subtlety of his style, and to observe that he must have been studying Mr. Hunt's work. Mr. Burton's "Cassandra Fedele" is a good contrast to Mr. Pinwell's quaint and charming productions; we are sorry to see nothing more from his hand. Mr. Boyce has made great and conclusive progress this year. The Smithfield view (117) is wonderful in its sense of colour, and the great lesson it gives of what light can do with red bricks and smoke-dried tiles. Note also the bank near the foreground, which already exemplifies nature's sculpture of earth by rain and frost; it is like a hill-side in miniature. Holman Hunt's "Moonlight at Salerno" is wonderful, and nobody but he could have painted it, or the many-coloured Italian darkness all round. Mr. Smallfield and Mr. Newton are well represented. We thank Mr. Rosenberg for his "Stonchenge." Mr. Collingwood's Alpine drawings show a great deal of originality and power. Mr. Birket Foster's "Meet of Foxhounds" gives us even more than the usual pleasure we always get from that true lover and linner of England.

It seems to be the fashion to attack Mr. T. M. Richardson for dexterity, over-neatness, and we don't know what. We really think that he, with Mr. Fripp, has done more than any one else to press on popular feeling for Scottish landscape; and we are sure that the great advance of landscape in the last twenty years received as much of its early impulse from his works as from any man's. He taught us to delight in the moors; and his countless pupils will bear witness to what they learnt from him in feeling and execution. This year he seems to be the only painter (see "Ben Venue," No. 30) who has mastered the fact that red deer are not all stags, and do not occupy the whole of their time in standing at bay; or dwell in a normal state of combat unto death. Since Landseer's "Deer Pass" we do not remember any such charming representation of "the beasts,"—as foresters call them, *par excellence*. Any one who has ever "spied" a corrie will notice how cunningly most of them are represented, as they generally catch the eye in the telescope, lighter, and not darker than surrounding objects; their tawny red, and the loveliness of their every position, and change of place or attitude, are all done justice to—and so we come to an end of a long task, alike delightful and depressing, with a last faint recollection of the hunter's joy in the days that are gone.

The opening of the Supplementary Exhibition compels us to take up the less agreeable part of our subject again; and in a somewhat inconclusive way. We are very glad that such an exhibition should take place, and still more so to observe that many pictures of merit have been already sold in the rooms. That is the main object—to give deserving works, excluded from the Royal Academy by misfortune, prejudice, or haste in the hanging, a chance of being seen and

bought at once. To be known and talked of is so great a thing for a young painter, especially if there be any originality or even eccentricity in his works, that it may be of real importance to him that intelligent lay judges should be able to see them in a supplementary exhibition, which is a kind of appeal to the press and the public. And the disappointment of being rejected is severe enough to make us glad of any relief which can be given to meritorious sufferers. Had all the best pictures rejected by the Royal Academy appeared on the walls in Bond Street, we are informed that a strong case of complaint for actual injustice might have been made out against the hanging committee. A statement of that case, put vigorously but not unfairly or improperly, is contained in a widely-circulated pamphlet by Mr. Gullick. The account therein contained of the process of hanging for the Exhibition is confirmed by that in the Report of the Royal Academy Commission, to which we have been steadily referring our readers for the last three years—probably with the result which is usual, when an author requests people, who wonder why on earth they are reading *him*, to go and read something else too. We do not believe that the process of hanging is carried out with conscious indulgence of prejudice or favouritism. In our former observations we have only commented on the misfortunes of three painters, whose works we have always known and admired, and annually looked for—we think, too often in vain. Two of them we have met, once each in our life; the third we never saw in the flesh. We think it possible that Mr. Leighton (on whom, with Mr. Calderon, the chief unpopularity of this year's hanging is made to rest) may have been inclined to underrate Anglo-realist landscapes, and to exalt Continental work against them; but you cannot have a judge without a judgment; and it is to be remembered that Mr. Leighton, with others, has only just succeeded in calling attention to classical subject and the grand Continental schools of figure-painting. But the system of hanging certainly seems to have considerable defects. The Academy is now a really national institution, not merely a great firm with a national subvention. Its senior members have had right hitherto to consider themselves as chiefs and directors of a company; the question is as to the amount of control over their shareholders which the country means to give them. For every artist who can produce work of a certain merit (quite ascertainable and measurable) should be considered a shareholder, or "associate" if you please, in the art-work of England. And a large number of the outsiders are the offspring of Government schools. Very many good workmen owe their existence as painters to public art-instruction; and their interests should be considered by the central council of painting. Except as to the number of pictures which they can demand space for, we have no remark to make on the works of the Academicians: many of them

quite deserve their places. But to be able to claim a right to exhibit eight pictures a year—good or bad, conscientious or careless—where every buyer in London must inevitably see them, is to have share in a great commercial advantage. To be able to crowd valuable space, paid for with public money, until you can say there is no room for younger and less-known rivals, is monopoly. To be able to deprive English landscape art of public patronage, and to do so, is to make dubious use of power. The question ought, at least, to be publicly discussed, how far the artistic profession, greatly increased as it is in numbers, intelligence, and education, should now be controlled by a self-elected and secret body, like a trades' union. We think that many or all Royal Academicians would individually prefer both discussion and reform. Our sense of the professional excellence of the hangers of this year has often been expressed; and as to objecting to their personal honour or impartiality, that is child's play.

The fact is, as in everything else, the public is master, and the public judgment is sometimes not wise or highly aimed. Why are Royal Academicians obliged to paint and exhibit so many portraits of estimable persons whose inner qualities must so greatly surpass their personal charms? Because the estimable persons like the distinction of having their pictures in the Exhibition, enjoy the comments of their friends before their faces, and are not aware of the comments of their friends behind their backs. It is the crisis and reward of all the local bustle of a subscription portrait, when the Mayor of Mugby or the Bishop of Bangbanagher smirks deprecatingly from the Academy walls, in the close neighbourhood of an offensive Aphrodite. And corporate bodies require good measure; the robes make the alderman, and call for not less than eight by six feet of space. Clergy, we remark, are generally drawn in kit-cat. This is, no doubt, traccable to professional habit. It is well known that we are unaccustomed to exhibit our legs. Why blame the painter for the vanity of the sitter, or the well-meant officiousness of his friends? It is just like sharp writing: the fault is in the consumer. Everybody complains of the cruelty and meanness of anonymous personal attacks; but if everybody left off reading them it would be much more to the purpose.

For the pictures in the Supplementary Exhibition, they seem to have been carefully and well selected. A majority of them would have done the Academy no discredit had they appeared there. But it is easy to see that we cannot attempt a detailed comparison between the "doubtful" pictures in Burlington Street and the second flight of those of Bond Street, or give a list of works for which room *might* have been found. For some, we think, room ought to have been found; and we mention them, we are sure, more in sorrow

than in anger, and less in sorrow than in hope of somebody's buying them.

Mr. Brett and Mr. Inchbold come first. What ever did possess the men who deprived the Academy of the "Sunset on the Menai Straits" (51), and "Venice from the Lido" (78, Supplementary Exhibition)? We remember another view on the Lagune by Mr. Inchbold which occupied a good place in the Academy. Surely no one who ever swam in a gondola can pass the picture without long looks and tender remembrance of the City of Dreams; and no painter ought to underrate its conscientious elaboration. Mr. Brett's breath of heaving glassy sea, all light and colour and calm, passes our praise. For Mr. Inchbold's second picture, "Stonehenge," it appears to be his chief work; but is unfortunately hung so that the scarlet clouds look rather hard and heavy. But notice the lovely and impressive effect of the paths of light, radiating between the massy shadows of the Druid pillars, and their delicate contrasts of colour. We cannot deny that Mr. Inchbold's work, like Holman Hunt's, seems sometimes oppressed with conscientious labour. But he really ought to be hung better, and not worse, for that. Then Mr. Bottomley's "On Guard" has a very good grave canine head in it, though it looks rather large and massive. There is a great deal which does Mr. Cuthbert much credit in "The Masque of Cupid." Some of his faces seem inferior to the others. "Fear" is among the best, with the group round "Cruelty," and the indicated presence of "Death with Infamy." His views of colour seem rather Ary-Schefferian.

Mr. Gilbert's clouds and sea (19, "Breakers after a Storm") are admirable; so is Mr. C. F. Williams's November morning (373, "South Stoneham, near Southampton")—we never saw hoar-frost and red leaves so charmingly opposed before. Contrast it with Mr. A. Macdonald's golden summer calm and new-mown hay, on the Cherwell Island, before Magdalen Tower, in old Oxford; both the drawings are on the same screen. Mr. Zwecker's "Wild Huntsman" deserves notice. We should prefer Mr. Boyd's picture on the same subject, if the spectral Falkenburgh were not riding over his own hounds; but perhaps his state of total and desperate reprobation is meant to be indicated by the action. Observe that he and they are alike shadows. Mr. Dicksee's "Amy Robsart" is a good face of rather shrill reproach. Mr. Naish's "Stand by" (140) rather repeats Hook, but the figures seem very good. Mr. Pettit's "Alpine Torrent" (149) shows all the careful study he has so long bestowed on polished and water-worn rock; and we much like Mr. Aldridge's two pictures, 193 and 497. The first is a fair châteline meditating among her children on her absent lord, apparently with plenty of confidence in "the shoulder of his horse and the edge of his sword." Notice the capital adaptation of Paul

Uccello's "Battle of St. Egidio" to tapestry. But why should Tennyson also be slain and mangled in the catalogue quotation? We have marked Mr. Soden's "Young Gainsborough" (128), the schoolmaster in Mr. Hemsley's picture (129), Mr. Dochart's "Cadzow Forest" (176), Mr. Robinson's and Mr. Wyllie's landscapes, and Mr. Shirley's "Haunted House" (23)—only his punt is frightened out of its perspective, and appears to be falling to pieces of itself, like the domestic furniture in "A Norrible Tale." And we now come to the works of a set of originals. All of them, we ourselves think, from the freshness and force of mind and powers of execution which they display, should have been hung in Burlington House; but we dare say the popular verdict would go against them, as well as the academical. We ought, perhaps, to place Mr. Stanhope's picture, "The Spoiler" (44), with Mr. Brett's, as one of the most regrettable cases of exclusion. There is no real eccentricity in it, and if it has any fault, it is in the paleness of the stream which runs through it like a road—perhaps it is meant for the paleness of flood. A young, hard-eyed woman, like one of Lord Lytton's 'Tymbesteres,* is roughly stripping an embroidered scarf over the bowed head of one of two who have drawn swords and died in a greenwood joust, outside some town in a northern chase of old. The landscape colour and pale sky are really just what Giorgione would have painted had he been a Yorkshireman, and the scene would do capitally for the opening of "Ivanhoe."

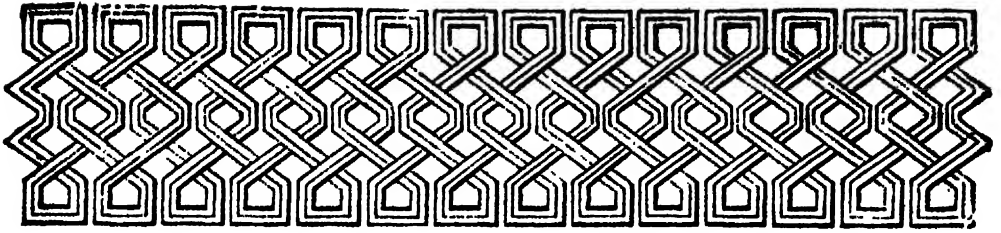
But now we come to Mr. Wirgmann, Mr. Crane, and Mr. Bateman. We should have thought that the wonderfully-painted face called "Yetta" (382), with its almond or blackthorn bough, was simple and skilful enough to content any committee. *Dis aliter.* Then the poetic symbolisms of "Futura," with its dewy-dark morning, unfinished building, almond flowers, ship leaving port, and stillness of coming things unseen, availed not (Crane, 293); nor yet Mr. Morris's "Subsiding of the Waters" (286), the fellow-ideal to Mr. Watts's, with the raven pouncing on a drowned snake twisted round the topmost twig of a submerged tree; nor yet Mr. Bateman's "Samuel," which, of all the quaint but grand imaginations we ever knew, is not the least striking. An old man cometh up covered with a mantle, among green poppies, in the garden of the Witch of Endor; she cowers back with wild eyes among her cypresses, wondering at the awful effect of her own spell, and Saul falls convulsed before the tall spectre, pillar-like and pitiless, of the prophet who had anointed him king and mourned for him till death. People who cannot draw a band-box right will talk about stiffness and bad perspective, we have no doubt, as in the old pre-Raphaelite days. Regard them not, reader; but look well at the work of a man of whom you will hear plenty more if you both live.

* "Last of the Barons," vol. i.

So still more of Mr. Crane's "An Annunciation" (381). Why he should have mixed up Christian symbolism (see the figures on the bedstead) with his Greek or Egyptian emblems we know not; let us think no evil. But this picture, and others, must give Mr. Burne Jones a full taste of victory; he is now not only a master, but master of a strong school. We do not mean that this work is imitated from him, but Mr. Crane has followed him, as we hope many others will do. Mercury enters as Death, to bear with him the soul of some beauty of classic times, who is passing away to him in sleep, without pang or consciousness. If the Greek was capable of the awe and sentiment of Death without his terrors, this is the way he would conceive of it—all is so quiet in the dark summer dawn, so soft and still lies the dead girl, as in life; so dusky-tinted and tender is the youthful Hermes, awful in authority, loving in his gentle summons. Three vast, impassive figures, Egyptian rather than classic in their impression, sit immovably and with changeless eyes, filling up the end of the chamber; their expression, or absence of it, reminded us of Michael Angelo's Atropos. If this be not a great picture, as we think it is, it gives proof of greatness in its author somewhere. Nos. 384 and 464, by J. S. and Charlotte E. Babb, are small works of this school, of genuine merit.

So much for the Supplementary Exhibition. As has been said, it is no test of the exact amount of injustice which may have been inflicted on English artists by the Royal Academy Council of Selection this year. But it contains several works which seem to us equal to the highest of their class in Burlington House, and many more which we should have preferred to others which are hung there. This is our second annual critique; and except in works of gross immorality, by persons whom our strictures cannot injure, we at present decline adverse criticism. It will be unavoidable next year, if a regular supplementary exhibition be instituted, where all the best rejected pictures shall appear. It will then be the duty of honourable critics to compare the demerit as well as merit of works in both exhibitions. If we can do nothing else, we can sometimes help hard-working sufferers. But it must be understood that men who withhold their rejected pictures from the Supplementary Exhibition are contented with, and parties to, the decision of the Council of Selection which has excluded them. Painters, howsoever able, must not expect to have their battles fought for them by others of less ability and more courage than themselves; and critics cannot intercede with the Academy, or appeal to the public on behalf of any work, unless they can tell the public where to go to see it in a public way. Nothing more than a moderate reform as to the number of pictures hung by members of the Academy, and the manner of hanging them, can at present be expected.

R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.



THE STATE OF EDUCATION IN ITALY.

[IN laying the following able and interesting paper before the English reader, we shall be allowed a few words of preface.

The warm interest which England has taken in Italy during and since the Revolution which has ended in replacing the latter country upon the roll of European nations, is creditable to both. It may be believed, however, to have had on the part of England little conscious foundation in anything but a generous sympathy with a struggle between combatants of whom one was weak, while the other was strong. But in combination with this sentiment there has long since been recognised by the more careful observers, and most clearly by those best acquainted with the Italian character, the operation of a just political instinct.

Those who know Italy well are well aware that there exist between the Italian and English national characters,—along, of course, with numerous points of difference,—points also of remarkable agreement. It is to our present purpose, however, to refer only to one of these latter.

The feature to which we desire now to call attention might be expressed in the most general manner as the large development in either character of that peculiar capacity which we may call the political sense. But in fact this general expression would very imperfectly indicate what we wish to assert. For the political sense

may even become a source of diversity rather than of agreement, according to the degree and points in which it is developed, or—which perhaps is the same thing—according to the prevailing moral qualities in combination with which it is found. In the French character, for instance, that excessive sense of governmental necessity which induces so ready a sacrifice of subordinate objects to the maintenance of the supreme authority, indicates in itself a high development of the sense in question. Yet insufficiently balanced by the feeling for personal independence, the result has been a willingness to submit to despotic or military rule, which has always given—for the brief exceptional periods are hardly worth consideration—and it is possible enough will always give, to the French, political institutions with which we can have little sympathy.

But the development of this sense among the Italians is singularly in agreement with its development among ourselves, and this is the more remarkable when it is considered how short an experience they have had. This shows, in fact, to how large an extent the political sense may be regarded as a natural gift resulting from the possession of certain moral and intellectual qualities, rather than, as we are apt to conclude, the effect of peculiar institutions. The Italians have a sufficient perception of that necessity of sacrificing the liberty of individual will to the general benefit which is the foundation of all true political action, while they are jealous of needless encroachment on their personal independence to a degree which, considering their history, testifies how ineradicable are certain primary instincts of race even by the longest and strictest repression. They possess—with more intelligence perhaps than ourselves—that faith in large political principles which enables them to tolerate the incidental inconveniences which so often attach to the working of such principles, and especially are apt to embarrass their first application, and to blind the less clear-sighted to their value. They carry into their political objects the patience and perseverance of which the combination is perhaps in no national character found so strong as in the Italian. If they carry also into politics their national subtlety and a habit of dissimulation acquired by centuries of slavery, it cannot be said that they are introducing any unknown vices into that field. But above all, they resemble us—if we do not flatter ourselves too grossly in saying so—in the moderation and good sense which enable them to submit their purposes to the possibilities of time and circumstances, and to accept the half—or less, if necessary—when more is beyond their reach.

Cavour, adopted as his principles and policy have been by the nation, might stand for the sufficient proof of what has here been asserted. But a larger illustration is to be read in the history of

Italy during the last nine years. Witness the firm adhesion of the country to a dynasty which circumstances rather than its choice imposed upon it, and to which no personal affection—at least beyond the limits of Piedmont—attaches it; but to which it is faithful, just as we were to our earlier Hanoverian kings, from a common political interest. Witness the self-denial with which, without in the least repudiating their theoretical predilections, all the ablest and most intelligent republicans have sincerely submitted to and are zealously serving a constitutional monarchy, because they recognise in it that form of government which the circumstances of the country and its position in Europe mark out as most convenient and practicable. Observe the resolution with which in the face of all temptations—and greater temptations never beset a nation—to interference with constitutional action, always better suited to a settled condition of things than to times of formation and crisis, administration after administration has manfully and faithfully stood by the parliament; and observe also, on the other hand, the self-control with which the parliament itself, in its stormiest tides of talk, has refrained from sapping the great bulwarks of authority, and has more than once hushed its wildest storms of theory at the simple announcement of national danger. Mark the tact with which, without loss of dignity, Italy has supported for so many years the prepotency of France and her perverse policy in the matter of Rome. Regard the courage with which the liberty of the press has been maintained in spite of all its inconveniences, and acknowledge, on the other hand, how temperately, for an inexperienced people under circumstances of such excitement, that great engine of good and evil has been used. In short—to say all in one word—witness the undeniable fact that at this present moment Italy and England rank together as the only two sincerely and consistently constitutional countries of Europe.

This recognition of the wonderful political progress which Italy has already made is not intended to convey the impression that she is as yet at all in the condition in which her friends and the friends of constitutional liberty would desire to see her. Immense mistakes have been made, and are daily making, in the administration of the country. In many respects its internal organization is deplorable, and the superficial observer of the discontent which prevails, if he should not take into account that political genius of the people on which we are insisting, might be excused for believing that the present constitution of things had as little inherent stability as those which it has superseded. In fact, however, the actual discontent is mainly to be explained—like that permanent condition of milder dissatisfaction which is our normal state in England—by the

lively interest which the great majority take in the government of the country, and the capacity they have of appreciating errors in administration, at least, when thus tested by experience. Therefore, in fact, such discontent may well be considered as marking the strength rather than the weakness of Italy under her present constitution.

And it is under this point of view that we especially call attention to the following Paper. It contains the substance of a popular lecture delivered by its author, Professor Tommasi-Crudeli, at Palermo, early in the present year. And no one certainly, whatever his views upon the subject of obligatory instruction, can read these pages without being compelled to recognise in the bold and unflinching exhibition which they contain of the actual shortcomings and needs of Italy—in the line with which the speaker had to do—the unmistakable language of the citizen of a free country addressing freemen like himself, and depending for their sympathy only on the correctness of the facts and the justice of the arguments laid before them. It is such an honest and plain-spoken utterance of unpalatable truths as we are used to in England, but in what country of Europe except England and Italy could such language have possibly been heard? Other countries, indeed, may from time to time hear similar ugly verities shouted across their borders by patriots compelled to shake from their feet the dust of a native soil whose climate has grown too hot for them; but where, save in Italy or England, could such language be publicly addressed to a general audience, and not only heard by them with deep attention and approbation, but reported expressly *in extenso* by the daily journals on account of the special weight justly attributed to it? Whatever be the wisdom or folly of the practice of washing dirty linen in public, it is unquestionable that only free nations venture on doing it. And perhaps if a crucial test of real freedom were sought, it might be found in this practice.

It may be well, perhaps, as supplementary to the information which the Lecture itself will lay before the reader, to give some particulars of what has actually been done, and is at present doing, in Italy in the matter of education. A few facts and figures will show that however deplorable the ignorance in Italy may actually be, it has not been for want of thought or exertion on the part of the Government.

From the first, indeed, the Italian Government perceived that the success of their revolution would depend on the intelligence of the many supporting what the intelligence of the few had already accomplished, and it treated education accordingly, from the beginning, as a question vitally affecting the national existence. A suffi-

cient proof of this is to be found in the date at which the subject was taken up by the new Government. In the first parliament of Upper Italy—that is, of united Piedmont and Lombardy, before any of the annexations had taken place—on the 15th December, 1859, Signor Casati, then Minister of Public Instruction, introduced the law which is known by his name, and still remains the fundamental law by which the primary education of the country is regulated. Supplementary enactments have since been passed, and especially that of January 10, 1865, which makes the institution of primary schools obligatory on all the communes of the kingdom. This latter law, it may be observed, in its preamble recognises the principle of obligatory instruction to the fullest extent, for it asserts the obligation of parents and guardians to send their children and wards to the schools thus instituted. But as it abstains from imposing any penalties upon those who neglect such obligation, it remains simply a declaration of the principle. Other modifications which have been introduced consist in the development of a very large system of secondary and technical instruction, as well as of normal schools, both male and female—a part of the subject with which we have nothing to do on the present occasion, but which it would be unfair to pass without saying that Prussia herself has hardly a more complete and efficient system of middle-class education—and in the arrangement of the expenses. The latter are divided in certain proportions between the commune, which bears the largest share, the province, and the Government. The respective contributions will be seen in some statements which we shall shortly have to make.

A few figures will exhibit still more strongly the sincerity and energy of the Government in its promotion both of primary and secondary education in the country.

There exist no means of ascertaining the total number of schools in the peninsula previous to 1859, nor of course the number of pupils attending them. With regard to particular cities, however, the facts are known. It should be observed that when we speak of cities we mean the commune or local district in which such cities are situated, for it is upon the commune—that is, upon the municipality which administers the commune—that the responsibility of instituting and maintaining schools lies. These communes, however, as regards the larger towns, rarely extend beyond the city and suburbs; and, indeed, as regards the largest cities, the latter often run over into neighbouring communes.

Premising, then, that education received much more attention in the northern than in the central, and still more the southern portions of the peninsula, we proceed to give some instances of the

comparative activity in this field, as shown by the expenditure at various periods.

Beginning with the north, in 1848 the city of Turin was spending on education only 43,762 lire per annum. (The Italian lira, it is perhaps needless to remark, is of the same value as the French franc.) In 1856 it already spent annually 185,200 lire on the same object. At present it is spending half a million.

The case of Milan is very similar, but with the difference that the municipality of this city has taken especial pride in the elegance and convenience of the buildings devoted to educational purposes. The erection of these, it must be understood, was subsequent to the expulsion of the Austrians.

Turning now to the south, we find that in 1860 Naples possessed only 42 schools, containing hardly 3,000 pupils. These schools were only in part governmental, and the teachers were all ecclesiastics, nominated—at the request of the syndic—by the archbishop. The total expenditure upon education at this date was 50,000 lire per annum. At present 111 schools are maintained, frequented by 17,000 pupils (between children and adults), besides 16 infant schools, containing 2,000 infants, and the expense amounts to more than 600,000 lire per annum.

Palermo, again, in 1860, possessed only two large public schools, one directed by the Jesuits, the other by another religious body. A few private schools supplemented these. Now between public and private there are about 150 schools for elementary instruction open, attended by between 11,000 and 12,000 pupils (children and adults). And the municipality alone spends annually 350,000 lire upon their maintenance.

With these examples before us, we shall be prepared for the comparative view of the total expenditure of the country upon this head.

The whole of the old Italian governments together (including Venice) spent upon instruction 8,000,000 lire annually.

At present the Communes spend	21,792,991 lire.
„ „ the Government spends	15,000,000 „ „
„ „ the Provinces spend	3,222,251 „ „
	<hr/>
Total expenditure of the country	40,016,242 lire.

A brief final word must be given to the author of the following pages. Signor Corrado Tommasi-Crudeli, Professor of Pathological Anatomy in the University of Palermo, besides enjoying a high reputation in his scientific capacity, is widely known and universally respected for the spirit and ability which he has constantly exhibited in regard to public objects. It is but little distinction, however honourable, in Italy, where there are few young or middle-aged men who have not made similar sacrifices, that he has once and again

given up his professional pursuits and prospects to fight for the independence of his country. But, like all the ablest of Garibaldi's followers, while admiring the many noble qualities of that remarkable man, he has been unable to adopt his policy, and the present constitution of Italy has no more loyal nor enlightened supporter than Professor Tommasi. But Tommasi's public appearances have been less in connection with general politics than with questions of practical social progress, and there can be no doubt that this is the line which is best calculated to benefit the country. We sincerely believe that Professor Tommasi is doing good service in calling general attention, as he has done in this and other essays, to the sanitary condition of the Italian cities, the relations between the different social classes, the state of public education, and other similar subjects; and if his example help to raise a school of thinkers in Italy who will devote their exertions to the numerous social and economical problems which offer themselves for solution in that country, he will have done more for the nation than if he had opened to her the gates of Rome.]

THE Italians, since their constitution as a nation, have been undergoing the necessary but painful process of correcting their most cherished opinions on many subjects regarding themselves, but especially on that which, in fact, includes all of the idea which they had till lately entertained of their own intellectual and civil pre-eminence in Europe. Accustomed for centuries past to consider themselves first in their character as descendants of the Romans, next in that of heirs of our brilliant civil meteors of the middle ages—as a people privileged by Providence and nature—we have preserved until lately the illusion of being extraordinarily rich, intelligent, and cultivated. Fooled by this hereditary illusion, to the harsh truths told us in 1848 by Balbo, Durando, and Giusti, we preferred Gioberti's fancy of an imaginary primacy of Italy among nations, and in the contemplation of that poetical idea, endeavoured to disguise from ourselves a poverty which had endured for ages, and a civil and political insignificance which at the present day it is impossible any longer to dissemble.

A shock, however, was given to our illusions during and after the revolution of that eventful year, in the course of which many of us had the opportunity of knowing how serious were the ill effects produced by a provincial and servile manner of education of such standing, and how frightful an amount of superstition and ignorance our people exhibited. Some of our exiles, profiting by the experience of the past—by the comparison of our intellectual and economic conditions with those of other nations of Europe—and especially by

the practice of liberty in Piedmont—endeavoured, in the ten years between 1849 and 1859, to introduce more serious studies of the civil condition of Italy, and to collect statistics upon the industry, wealth, and intellectual productions of the Italians. This attempt, necessarily imperfect, produced little effect on the minds of the majority. The greater part of the Italians maintained their romantic illusions as to the wealth and education of their country, as may clearly be seen from the conduct of the transitory governments of 1859 and 1860, especially in regard to expenditure. Since 1860, however, when we first had the advantage of becoming acquainted with each other, and the more educated citizens of our country began to take a part in public affairs—but especially since the terrible lessons of modesty which we received in the war of 1866, and at the Universal Exhibition of 1867—our disillusion has made great progress, and promises to become complete and general; and even those who have preserved the aristocratic vanity of race transmitted by our ancestors begin to understand that if we are noble, twice noble (possibly thrice, if we are to take into consideration the Italian civilization previous to the Romans), we are, anyhow, nobles in a lamentable condition of poverty and ignorance.

Our poverty does not require many proofs; the low condition of our industry, except in a few provinces of the north of Italy, is a painful fact which we all acknowledge. Italy has many of the needs of modern civilization, but to satisfy them, its own industry being unequal to the task, is obliged to purchase an enormous quantity of foreign products, while it sends abroad a very small quantity of real industrial products except agricultural. And even agriculture itself, the only great industry of the Italians, is not in a flourishing state. A sixth of our territory is not yet cultivated, and in many provinces the methods of agriculture still in use are those which have been transmitted us by the Romans. The production of cereals is not sufficient even for our own consumption; for in 1866 the importation of cereals amongst us exceeded the exportation by 5,000,000 of hectolitres.

If we compare the figures which represent the exportation of the products of our industry with those which represent the importation of the foreign goods necessary to satisfy the wants of our country, we have, indeed, a subject of painful reflection. Our total commercial returns for 1866 have been represented by the following figures:—

	Lire.
Commercial value* of the goods	1,586,246,751
Official value	1,313,664,232

* The commercial value is the value which the trader puts upon the goods which pass through the Custom-house. The official value is that placed upon them by the Custom-

The total importation is given as follows:—

	Lire.
Commercial value	917,267,605
Official value	814,205,122

While the total exportation is only:—

	Lire.
Commercial value	667,949,146
Official value	499,459,110

So that the total importation exceeds the exportation by 37 per cent. in the commercial value, and by 63 per cent. in the official value of the goods.

The difference is still greater when we compare the amounts of the special importation and exportation—that is, when from the total amount the value of the goods which only pass through Italy is subtracted; and when we consider only the figures which represent what we are capable of producing for the supply of the wants of other nations, and what we are compelled to obtain from them for the supply of our own. In fact, the special importation is represented by:—

	Lire.
Commercial value	870,048,519
Official value	770,168,439

While the special exportation amounts only to—

	Lire.
Commercial value	617,688,681
Official value	451,919,633

The difference thus reaches 41 per cent. on the commercial value, and 69 per cent. on the official value; which means, in plain terms, that we, while spending a hundred, only gain fifty-nine by our foreign trade.

On the point of our ignorance we are compelled to state still harsher truths, as is proved by the following table. From this we see that in 1866, after six years of liberty, and after all the efforts we had made to diffuse elementary education both among children and adults, out of 100 married couples we had 60 future fathers and 78 future mothers of families absolutely illiterate. Equally disgraceful results are afforded by the returns of the Italian marriages in 1867. We see, moreover, that in 1865, out of 100 Italian recruits—the very flower of the nation—64 are unable to read and write.

house itself. The former may be purely fantastical; the latter is an attempt to reach the real value. It should be observed that the Custom-house has no interest in ascertaining the true value of goods for exportation; its valuation of imports is much more reliable.

UNABLE TO READ AND WRITE IN ITALY.
PROPORTION TO EVERY 100.

PROVINCES.	Of the Total Population in 1861.		Literate persons in 1866.		Persons 1867.		Recruits in 1865.
	Males.	Females.	Males.	Females.	Males.	Females.	
Piedmont	49	66	30	59	28	56	31
Lombardy	55	65	37	58	41	60	47
Liguria	63	78	45	63	42	64	48
Tuscany	73	83	51	75	51	76	65
Venetia					64	85	..
Emilia	76	85	67	84	61	82	68
Marches	80	90	70	85	66	83	72
Umbria	81	91	69	86	68	86	75
Campania	79	91	89	89	70	88	76
Apulia	84	93	82	94	83	95	80
Sicily	86	95	76	89	74	89	80
Abruzzi and Molise)	83	96	95	95	77	95	80
Basilicata	85	97	83	96	87	98	82
Sardinia	87	95	74	92	70	90	85
Average of the whole kingdom		84	60	78	60	79	64

All the Italian provinces contribute in a notable proportion to this national scandal. Less than the rest Piedmont, Liguria, and Lombardy, which provinces alone do not reach in the amount of their recruits who cannot read and write the general average of the kingdom. In central Italy, and especially in the south, the excess over this average continues to increase until it culminates in the island of Sardinia, which in 1865 reached the proportion of 85 recruits in 100 unable to read and write. In correspondence with this difference in the degree of general education in the various parts of Italy, we find differences in the state of their industry and their commercial enterprise. The three compartments of north Italy in which education is more diffused than elsewhere, notoriously surpass all the rest in this respect, as was shown by their sudden occupation of the Florentine market in '64, when the capital was transported to Florence, without any possible resistance on the part of the tradesmen and merchants of Tuscany.

In the pacific contests of modern civilization those nations are victorious amongst whom the average of education is highest, and who through this education can keep up their industry, their arts, and general morality in proportion to those of other civilized nations. Neither the fact of being descended from glorious ancestors, nor that of having preceded the other nations of Europe in the revival of industry, arts, and sciences, are titles sufficient to avert the defeat. The *having been* is not enough; it is necessary *to be*, and this cannot be attained at the present day except on the condition of a very high

average of general education, which prevents industry and the arts from becoming stagnant, and the material, moral, and intellectual needs of a people from being confined to a very limited circle. What happened on a small scale in the Florentine market, where the inhabitants of those Italian provinces which surpass the rest in the degree of their intellectual cultivation acquired an irresistible preponderance over the Tuscan commerce, occurs on a large scale in the Italian markets, in which, as regards an infinite number of trades, we cannot sustain a competition with the other nations of Europe; and when we compare the state of our general education with that of some of these nations with which we have our chief commercial relations, we seize, if not the only cause, at least one of the principal causes of our inferiority.

For the truth of this we may appeal to the following table:—

MARRIED PERSONS WHO CANNOT READ AND WRITE.

PROPORTION TO EVERY 100.

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Italy (1866)	60	78	69
Franco (1864)	28	41	34·5
Great Britain and Ireland	22	31	26·5
Prussia (1864-65)—		Recruits.	
Posen		16·90	
Prussia		16·54	
Schleswig		3·78	
Pomerania		1·47	
Provinces of the Rhine		1·13	
Westphalia		1·03	
Brandenburg (without Berlin)		·96	
Prussian Saxony		·49	
City of Berlin		0·00	
Total		5·28	
Italy (1865)		64·00	

Only lately the Minister of War in Saxony announced in the Saxon Chamber, that in the conscription of 1868 there had been found, by an extraordinary accident, two recruits unable to read. He declared that he would not mention their names, in order not to expose to opprobrium these unfortunate youths, and their families' guilt towards their country of not having supplied the necessary intellectual nourishment to their sons. What would an Italian Minister of War have to say, who at every conscription finds at least 35,000 such illiterate recruits!

The following table exhibits the relative attendance at school, in the countries mentioned, in proportion to every 10,000 inhabitants:—

In Prussia	1,520
England	1,400
Holland	1,280

In France	1,160
Belgium	1,140
Austria	830
Spain	620
Italy	500
Russia	150

So that we have below us, in point of fact, only Russia. This does not look much like Gioberti's primacy of Italy among nations!

In the intellectual commerce which we have with other nations we find the same difference to our disadvantage. We contribute very little to the literary and scientific progress of the civilized world. Our language, which was at one time fashionable in Europe, is now for the most part unknown to foreign men of science. We have in the scientific world of Europe the reputation of producing little, and, in that little, of losing ourselves in useless repetitions and academic vanities.

And this reputation is in great part deserved. Though in all ages, and even in this, we have had and have names illustrious in the arts and sciences, still they are *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—stars shining upon a very dark sky. In the midst of a people two-thirds of whom cannot read, and of which the remaining third reads little, and has been brought up in the idea of having, by a special grace of heaven, spontaneous knowledge (*scienza infusa*), the lot of scientific and literary men is not one of the most enviable. Neither self-love nor interest can stimulate them to great and serious labours, because the public, capable of judging and appreciating the value and beauty of serious works, is very limited, and still more limited the public that buys them. Hence it results that they who, perhaps, at the commencement of their career were animated by the sacred fire of the search for truth and beauty, by degrees become discouraged, and accustom themselves to be satisfied with the mediocrity, which, if not a golden mean, sufficiently gratifies the natural desire to reach the termination of life in a manner which, if not scientifically honourable, still is profitable, and locally respected. Indeed, amidst such a mass of ignorance as that by which we are surrounded, it costs little to obtain a considerable name. In many cities of Italy we find scientific reputations well established in the locality, the origin of which, if to be discovered at all, is often to be traced to some pamphlet or essay written in youth, and for the most part containing nothing either new or important. With this small supply of intellectual furniture and plenty of tact, in the midst of people who either do not read at all, or read little and carelessly, men have frequently succeeded in Italy in passing for geniuses at a very small expense of brains and labour.

The fact is, that in places where education is little diffused, even

without deliberate intention everything tends to become stagnant, because the priests of intelligence are without that natural stimulus to exertion which is to be found in the difficulty of satisfying a numerous and intelligent public. Where, on the contrary, instruction is largely diffused, those who desire to stand at the head of the intellectual movement of the country are obliged to keep awake to the needs of the time; they cannot afford to repose upon the laurels already gained, for, if they do, they run the risk of being overtaken and submerged by the ever-increasing wave of an advancing civilization; while, on the other hand, they are invited to exertion by the honours which are rendered to them, and by the profits which they receive from their labour. Indeed, the human mind, when once accustomed to a vigorous intellectual and moral diet, cannot stop short in the way of advancement. And accordingly we see that the nations in which instruction is most diffused are the most exacting in point of intellectual productions, while they are the most grateful at the same time to whoever can supply a want which becomes imperious in proportion as it is accustomed to gratification.

Intellectual labour in the midst of the flood of moral civilization cannot remain solitary without running risk of becoming barren, or of losing itself in fanciful and idle speculations. Modern civilization is essentially practical, and tends to the benefit of the larger number. In order that the productions of the intellect may become effectual to the glory and greatness of the nation, it is necessary they should be discussed and analyzed by a real public, not by sects of privileged persons or societies for mutual admiration, like those which in such numbers infest many cities of Italy, and to which we owe this vain and miserable mediocrity in the midst of which we have hitherto lived. Thanks to the special genius of the Italian race, the fine arts have not hitherto fallen to so low a condition as trade, literature, and science. Indeed, among our few trades, those which preserve a real superiority are those which involve some artistic element; but the ancient primacy of Italy exists no longer—unless perhaps in sculpture—and will not return till the fine arts obtain among us their only natural protection—that of a whole nation in which a largely-diffused culture has produced, with the prosperity of trade, that wealth which is the necessary condition of any general development of the æsthetic tastes.

The point, however, in which the deplorable state of our national cultivation is most painful, because it constitutes a real public danger, is its influence upon the actual political life of Italy.

We are free, and liberty is for us the *sine quâ non* of national existence. To be free, however, signifies to do our own work for ourselves, and to accustom ourselves to the idea that the doing this is not only a right, but also a duty for every citizen. For this there

is required a new political and moral education for all the Italians, habituated up to a few years back to live an effeminate, limited, and servile life. The indispensable base of this education is a greater diffusion of elementary instruction, for this alone can accomplish the civilizing of that great army of illiterate barbarians which lives in the midst of us. Though to the wonder of all, and of ourselves especially, Italy has supported the experiment of political and administrative liberty in a manner almost miraculous, still we cannot view with indifference the danger in which we are placed by having the great majority of our citizens entirely uneducated. And that so much the more that Italy is the lists in which is now being fought the decisive contest between the past and future of Europe. Rome is the centre of European reaction; from this centre the most baneful influences, and those most injurious to the exercise of our public liberties, are spread throughout the whole of Italy. There stands our principal enemy, whom we can effectually and with dignity oppose with only one weapon, the civil and political liberty which we have inaugurated in Italy. Unfortunately among us the use of this weapon is known only to a very small number of elect. The vast majority of the nation is utterly ignorant of it. The future of this great war which we have been fighting in Italy for the last eight years has, up to this time, rested entirely on the moral prestige and energy of those few leaders, while the principal hope of our enemy is precisely that of producing a mutiny against its own captains on the part of the ignorant and superstitious crowds of sepoys which we are dragging after us in this moral warfare. Of this hope we can only deprive him by civilizing this brave but ignorant and prejudiced host, and teaching them to use intelligently that sacred arm of liberty in which only their safety and ours resides. And this means, in other words, by communicating to them that instruction which shall be the foundation of a moral and civil education of our people, entirely opposed to that received up to this time for so long a course of ages. From 1860 the best citizens of all the liberal parties have shown themselves deeply convinced of this supreme necessity. The Government, the provinces, the municipalities have from that date made many and laudable efforts to give active assistance to the greatest possible diffusion of instruction. To say nothing of the secondary literary and technical educational institutions, we had already in Italy at the end of 1864, 31,675 primary schools, between public and private, with 49,246 teachers. In these schools 1,681,296 pupils of both sexes, of whom 1,427,063 were children, while 254,233 were adults, received the first elements of instruction. In the army also, on an average, from 85,000 to 90,000 young soldiers, the flower of the nation, frequent the regimental

schools, so that every year there issues from the army in absolute discharge an immense number of young men who, besides a noble, moral, and patriotic education, have received in the army a tolerable degree of intellectual instruction. Thus our soldiers returning to their homes become real missionaries of civilization and of patriotism, as any one may easily convince himself who has the opportunity of observing what is passing in the country districts, and especially in the southern provinces at the present moment. Much then has been done; but still far too little in proportion to the need. In spite of all the exertions of the Government many communes are still without schools—a great many which have them for males are without girls' schools—more than 2,000,000 children from the age of six to fourteen do not yet receive any instruction. To analyze the causes of this low state in which primary instruction is still found in Italy would occupy us too long—the negligence of municipalities, the obstacles opposed to the diffusion of instruction by reactionary passions, the wearisome and mechanical methods of teaching, the defective ability of many improvised teachers, the unworthy manner in which they are treated by certain municipal administrations, the disgusting localities assigned for school-rooms in some communes, are amongst the principal of these causes. But beyond every other is the indifference on one hand, and aversion on the other, proceeding from the most inveterate prejudices of our populations, especially as regards the instruction of girls. The rigorous application of the Casati law upon primary instruction, and the superior quality of the teachers issuing every year from the normal schools, will remedy many of the above-mentioned inconveniences, but will never succeed in eradicating those two principal causes of this deplorable state of things. The moral pressure of the scholastic and communal authorities upon recalcitrant parents recommended by the Casati law may produce, and has produced good effects, where the civil sense of the populations is sufficient to make them understand the supreme social necessity of the diffusion of elementary instruction. But the efficacy of this means would be very small in the greater part of the Italian communes, and almost nil in the great agglomeration of citizens, and in the communes stretching over a large extent of ground. Meantime, the wound of ignorance which we have to cure in Italy is too large and festering for us to lose time in curing it with means whose action is so slow: recourse must therefore be had to heroic means if we wish to preserve from the dangers which menace them the prosperity and the actual political life of our country.

It is therefore necessary to adopt and apply in Italy the principle of obligatory instruction; only, however, for poor children.

Hence, also, to inflict a penalty on the fathers and guardians who

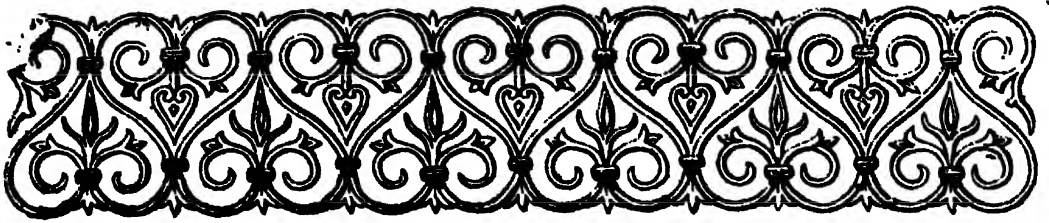
refuse to supply primary instruction to their children or wards; and, secondly, to determine by law the duration of time for which children must receive this instruction.

Among the numerous objections offered to the adoption of this principle, we confine ourselves to the most serious of all—to that, namely, of the individual liberty which is supposed to be violated by the application of the principle in question. This objection—to which, were it well founded,* we should attach the utmost possible importance—is, in our opinion, not valid. The union of men in society is founded upon, or at least involves a compact, in virtue of which each of the contracting parties sacrifices a portion of his own individual liberty to the security and prosperity of all. If the future security and prosperity of minors are compromised by the ignorance or prejudices of their fathers or guardians, society has the right of interfering in the common interest of all, and of itself protecting them, not limiting thereby the personal liberty of those who exercise the paternal right, though limiting their liberty to injure, through ignorance or malice, the minors confided to their charge.

The father is not purely and simply the proprietor of the son, as it was held in other times. In the whole civilized world the obligation of parents and guardians to maintain, educate, and instruct their children and wards has been recognised, and it has been also recognised by the Italian civil code.

Society constantly exerts its right to proceed against parents who maltreat their children or deny them necessary sustenance. Why should it not exercise the same right also against the fathers who deny their children intellectual aliment, at least so much as is indispensable to prevent the extinction of those intellectual capacities which they possess, and which it is the interest of society to preserve and render profitable to the general body? Nay, this right becomes for the State, which represents society, a duty, when the paternal authority in the great majority of the nation is exercised by ignorant persons incapable of reading the first article of the constitution, much more of understanding, on its own account, the rights and duties of the citizen in a free and civilized country, and most of all incapable of directing the education of their children, so that the latter may come to understand those rights and duties for themselves. Such is the case of Italy; and it is in Italy especially that it is important to possess the security of obligatory elementary instruction, in order to create a solid base to a new intellectual, industrial, and political life of the country. The principle of obligatory instruction was promulgated in Italy as the special foundation of an association for the development of constitutional rights, inaugurated by some of us at Florence, in the May of 1864. But it attracted no attention, because

the passions excited by the transference of the capital, by our financial crisis, and by the unfortunate war of 1866, occupied the mind of the public, and prevented its serious discussion. At present, however, after the misfortunes which we have undergone; after having acquired the full consciousness of our civil mediocrity; and, above all, after having seen a European power—namely, Prussia—after a retirement of fifty years, suddenly manifesting so great a military and civil superiority; and after recognising this as an effect of the constant application of the great principle of obligatory instruction, this question has made great progress amongst us; not only amongst us, but also in France, in Southern Germany, and in England, the classic land of individual liberty. Lately, in the sitting of the English House of Lords of the 25th of February, the Duke of Argyll maintained, in an eloquent discourse, the necessity of adopting obligatory elementary instruction in the whole of the United Kingdom. A considerable portion of the liberal English press has strongly supported his proposal, and there is no doubt that it, as all really liberal proposals, will triumph in England over all opposition, although England must feel the necessity infinitely less than we. In Italy the conviction of this supreme necessity, besides spreading among the public, begins also to penetrate the Government. In the last Report of the Minister of Public Instruction upon the state of elementary education in the northern and southern provinces of Italy, the same deficiencies which we have above indicated are proved, and the same remedies which we have suggested are proposed in addition to the existing laws. The intention is also manifested to extend the power of the law over the parents or guardians who refuse to give elementary instruction to their children and wards. Almost coterminously there was presented in the Italian parliament a petition signed by 5,654 elementary teachers, male and female. preceded by an eloquent report of Professor Domenico Gagliolo, of Turin, in which it is demanded that the instruction of children be declared obligatory in Italy, at least until twelve years of age. Now, therefore, this grave question enters at last in Italy upon its legal phase, and now is really the time for exerting ourselves in earnest to secure its triumph. We mean to do so with all our strength. Nor, however often we may be defeated, shall we lose that confidence of final victory which is inspired by the goodness and justice of our cause.



MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY.

CHRI**S**TIAN moral philosophy has been singularly unprogressive since the days of Butler. Even the system of that philosopher did not owe its origin to a deliberate attempt to investigate the relation of man's moral and spiritual nature to the great truths of the Christian revelation. On the contrary, it was elaborated partially and unsystematically in his efforts to combat the sceptical principles of the eighteenth century. It therefore overlooks, or only partially treats, of some of the great truths of the Christian revelation, and does not attempt to deal with them as a whole. Still less does it attempt to take a philosophic view of those parts of Christianity which are peculiar to itself, and distinguish it from every other mode of moral and spiritual teaching. During the present century moral philosophy has formed an important portion of the studies of the University of Oxford; but she has made no additions to the science. Her manuals are still Aristotle and Butler, although of late years the study of the latter has greatly diminished, and the partial light which he has thrown on Christian ethics has been superseded in favour of writers who have certainly not addicted themselves to the study of the peculiar features of the moral teaching of our Lord or his Apostles. A great work, embracing the whole range of Christian moral philosophy, remains yet to be written. Its effectual handling will inflict a dangerous wound on modern infidelity. Among persons

who professedly handle these subjects great misapprehensions prevail as to the relation of Christianity to the moral and intellectual nature of man.

Every fresh form of unbelief reiterates the objection that Christianity has made no new discoveries in morality; or, at any rate, that they are so inconsiderable as to render it ridiculous to suppose that a divine revelation was necessary for their communication. Mr. Mill has gone so far as to state his belief that Christian ethics are imperfect. The state of our moral philosophy is in a great degree responsible for these objections having even the appearance of plausibility. It would have been impossible to maintain them, unless we had been allowed to remain in ignorance of the relation in which the great truths of Christianity stand to our moral and spiritual being. The object of this paper is not to elaborate the moral philosophy of Christianity, but to draw attention to the unsatisfactory state of our present system, contemplated from a Christian point of view.

If Christianity is a divine revelation, it is hardly possible to conceive of a worthier object for the exercise of the human intellect than a careful examination of the relation in which its truths stand to the moral and spiritual nature of man. Previous systems of moral philosophy had clearly pointed out where the wants of human nature lay. Do they fully satisfy those wants? Is the assertion true that neither our Lord nor his Apostles have made any additions to our stock of moral truths, or to our power of enforcing them? If this is not true, let the philosophy of Christianity be set forth in so clear and distinct a form as to make it disgraceful for well-informed men to be guilty of reiterating such objections. At present our best systematic treatise on this subject was written more than two thousand years ago by a heathen philosopher.

We are fully sensible of the desirableness of supplementing a great system of Christian moral philosophy by one elaborated quite independently of the influences of divine revelation. Nothing is more satisfactory than to be able to show that the truths taught by Christianity fully correspond with the deepest researches which the wisest and the best of men have been able to institute into the moral nature of man. But we want more than this—viz., a demonstration of the suitableness of the discoveries of revelation to satisfy the entire aspirations of the moral and spiritual nature of man.

It is impossible to say that the collective writings of Butler present us with a complete system of the philosophy of Christianity. They were not designed to do so. The utmost which can be said is, that they contain hints for the construction of such a system. In his writings Christianity occupies the place of one who is claiming toleration rather than of one who is asserting its inherent right to

be the conqueror of the world. Owing to their peculiar standing-point in relation to infidelity, their aspect is rather negative than positive; consequently, many of the features of divine revelation which exert a most powerful influence over our moral being have received from him little or no treatment. The most cursory reader of the New Testament is aware that the principle of faith is viewed by our Lord and his Apostles as the most mighty influence which can be brought to act on the spiritual and moral world. But although the principle itself is recognised, yet its supreme importance as the foundation of Christian ethics is nowhere developed in his philosophy.

The question, therefore, that lies before us for solution is, what is it which constitutes the difference between Christianity and every other system of moral teaching which preceded it? Is it a fact that it has thrown a great illumination on man's moral and spiritual condition? Does it not represent its Christ as the central power in the moral and spiritual world? If it justly makes these claims, we ought to recognise them and assign them a proper place in our philosophy. If Christianity has imparted no additional moral and spiritual power to man, its claim to be considered a divine revelation must be abandoned.

We must endeavour to ascertain the nature of the influence which our Lord designed to exercise on man. To effect this we must examine what was the basis on which moral obligation had been made to rest by moral teachers previously to the advent. What did philosophy succeed in accomplishing? We will put in the ethics of Aristotle, the highest culmination of philosophical effort, as the best answer to that question.

Ancient philosophers viewed moral philosophy as a branch of politics. To a certain extent they were right in this view. They had no other objective standard of obligation. A well-constituted state formed the only educator through whose agency the philosopher saw even a chance of training mankind in virtue. Ancient morality was ignorant of the idea of duty in the sense in which Christianity has brought it to bear on the mind of man. Its idea of duty was twofold:—First, a subjective one, which was measured by the obligations which a man owed to himself. Secondly, an objective one, measured by the obligations which he owed as a member of political society. Beyond these he possessed no standard. The ancient religions were incapable of bringing any sense of moral obligation to bear on the human mind. All of them were poetical, and the aspect of their deities was such that no improvement in morality could come from making them the subjects of imitation. To enable religion to strengthen the moral power by the creation of a real sense

of duty, God must be clearly apprehended as the Great Moral Governor of the universe; and man's relationship to Him must be clearly felt. The lack of moral power which was inherent in the ancient religions was not supplied by any discoveries of the philosophers; their deity was either an impersonal one, or one purely intellectual. The moralist was, therefore, forced to look on political institutions, and a course of training under their influence, as the only power on which he could rely to enforce the sanctions of morality. From them alone could he deduce the nature of moral obligation. Uncertain about the nature of God, how was it possible that he could enforce morality by appealing to his character, his will, or the relation in which man stood to Him?

But while the philosopher contemplated moral philosophy as a branch of politics, the imperfection of all existing political institutions rendered it necessary that he should find a less fluctuating basis than opinion as the measure of obligation. He, therefore, attempted to determine the nature of morality by investigating what is the true end of human existence. This he determined to be happiness. The question then arose, in what does true happiness consist? If this could be ascertained, it was possible that it might become the foundation on which to erect a moral law. Another mode of arriving at the same conclusion was by inquiring to what end do the various faculties of man point, each in their due subordination. This involved considerations of considerable difficulty.

Taking their ethical treatises as our basis, we are justified in assuming that the philosophers had determined that true happiness consisted in the best possible exercise of man's highest functions; and on this principle they had evolved a general code of ethical duties more or less perfect. This code, however, presents us with several striking defects; and, on the confession of its authors, it was devoid of sanctions sufficiently powerful to act on the mass of mankind. The desire of happiness, though universal, is only one out of many forces by which man is impelled; and in the contest for the mastery, those other forces generally exert a preponderating strength. Such a principle of duty, therefore, being wholly devoid of a religious basis, was necessarily weak. The very conception of duties which a man owed to himself implies an absence of all binding power. Such a conception of duty can never elevate itself to that of disinterested virtue. Self becomes both debtor and creditor; self-love has to enforce obligation against the overwhelming impulses of passions, all of which terminate in self-gratification. It was on the basis of man's position as a member of political society that the practice of disinterested virtue could alone be made to rest. But how was the reality of the duty to be demonstrated? How was the obligation of self-

sacrifice to be proved? If demonstrated, how was a moral force to be imparted to it of sufficient strength to enable it to struggle successfully against the power of the feelings and affections, which terminated in self?

The philosopher endeavoured to strengthen his position from considerations derived from the moral beauty of virtue. But on men of imperfect morality these were comparatively weak; they freely confessed that such a consideration was only fit to act on select minds. On the masses it was powerless.

Unable, therefore, to deduce a sense of duty from the relation of man to a personal Creator, heathen morality could furnish no other source of moral power than the relationship of man to man as a member of a political society. It, therefore, never could elevate itself to a sense of responsibility. To whom was man responsible? Except in his political relations, he was so only to himself. Accordingly, the philosopher never succeeded in evolving a nearer approach to the idea of duty than that of the moral beauty of a virtuous action. Where could he find it, if he was destitute of the conception of a personal God, who was the moral Governor of the universe and the Creator of man? He had no other weapon with which to combat the violence of the passions. But the question by what power could the vicious, or the imperfect, be made virtuous, forced itself on his consideration. The only real force which his principles of political philosophy supplied him with was that of habituation.

This principle is one of the mightiest in human nature. Through its influences men have slowly become what they are. In a great degree our existing modes of thinking, of acting, and our whole moral environment have grown up under the power of habit. But habituation, from its very nature, is powerless to grapple with a state of moral evil and corruption. Its operation must be slow; for very gradual change is one which is implied in the very conception of a habit. To enable it to struggle against a state of corruption, it requires a vantage-ground from which to commence its operations. If a bad or an imperfect man is to be made good by habituation, the means must be provided for coercing the vehemence of passion, while his moral character passes through a succession of slow stages of improvement. In a word, it is necessary that he should possess a certain amount of goodness before the principle of habituation can exert any salutary influence in his reformation. It can act on an unformed character with comparative ease; but how can it be brought to bear on one where the evil appetites are predominant, and the power of self-restraint has been weakened or destroyed? Ancient philosophy, therefore, rightly viewed an advanced stage of moral corruption as one lying beyond its power to remedy. What had it to preach

to the morally corrupt? The beauty of disinterested virtue, which such characters were unable to discern, or the cold considerations of prudence, which were easily overborne by passion. How was a new power to be created capable of appreciating them? The only answer which she had to give was through the principle of habituation. But how was this principle, at once slow in its operations, and which involved a gradual course of training, to be called into action? While the seeds of virtue were germinating, they were in danger of being choked by the full-grown weeds of vice. The moralist, therefore, did not hesitate to confess that he could only benefit those who had a strong natural tendency to virtue. He was compelled to leave the great masses of mankind in their corruption. He laboured to hide his weakness from himself by imagining an ideal state, the institution of which should habituate its citizens to virtue. But he was unable to create the material to make his ideal state an existing fact.

Hence it is that in the speculations of the ancient philosopher, ethics assumed the form of a department of politics. It was evident to him, that under the ordinary forms of society, and with the forces at his command, no fresh influence for good could be exerted; because they had been the instrumentality through which evil had been generated. The philosopher therefore saw that the only mode in which the single moral force with which he was acquainted could have fair play was by creating an entirely fresh set of conditions, under which men might be trained to virtue from their earliest infancy. These conditions involved no inconsiderable subversion of the existing order of society.

In his hands the ideal state never went beyond a speculation, or attained the dignity of a fact. While they all attempted to delineate one, it never occurred to any of them to endeavour to erect a Church. With the exception of the Pythagoreans, and perhaps an unsuccessful attempt of Plato to convert the tyrant Dionysius, they never attempted to create a political organization. Human nature would not bear their nostrums. No one teacher of ancient morals succeeded in inspiring his disciples with the faith necessary for becoming missionaries. It was reserved for the Founder of Christianity, in his solitary dignity, to give utterance to the words, "Go ye into all the earth, and make disciples of all nations." He had already laid the foundation of the kingdom of heaven in his person; and these words brought together the materials necessary for the erection of the spiritual building.

While philosophy had attained a general view of what constituted a virtuous and vicious course of action, its delineations of actual morality were tinged by the political aspect in which it was com-

elled to contemplate it. This led it to extol the heroic, and to disparage, if not to deny, the existence of the humbler virtues.

Ancient moralists had also succeeded in analyzing the nature of these influences which cause men to succumb to the power of temptation. This has been most ably done by Aristotle, though the relation of his philosophy to the entire system of ancient thought renders it necessary that his analysis should be translated into its modern equivalents before it can be made the basis of a living Christian philosophy. But even his analysis reveals to us the weakness of philosophy as a teacher of morals. While the whole process of deterioration is laid bare, the philosopher is unable to supply any effectual power by which the force of temptation can be overcome. Still less has his analysis recognised anything analogous to the great announcements of the Christian revelation.

Nowhere is the impotence of ancient philosophy more strikingly displayed than in her attempts to analyze the principles which connect man's moral and intellectual nature. She has nowhere attempted to point out the relation in which the various principles which constitute our rationality stand to our spiritual and moral being. The utmost which is attempted in the ethics is an imperfect analysis of the principles of the understanding, of our intuitions, and those of practical wisdom connected with them. Aristotle had nothing to propound as to the connection of our rational and moral powers; still less did he conceive of the former as the fountain of the latter. It seems not to have occurred to any ancient philosopher, that the moral resurrection of man must be laid in the recesses of his spiritual being.

Such is the general aspect of ancient morality. We must now inquire what is the nature of Christian teaching on this subject; and what are the additions which Christianity has made to our moral knowledge. Taking the subject generally, the point for our consideration is, what was the work which our Lord proposed to effect in the moral and spiritual world, and what is it which pre-eminently distinguishes Him from all other teachers of morality?

To the latter question we can return an unhesitating answer, that the most distinguishing feature of our Lord's teaching was his great doctrine of faith; and that his great act was the creation of the Christian Church. We do not assert that faith was unknown before our Lord, but that He was the first of teachers who conceived of it and used it as the great power by which alone man's moral and spiritual regeneration could be effected.

All inquiries into the principles of morality divide themselves into two portions. First, the determination of the nature of the moral law itself. Secondly, the providing a power which is able to impart to the moral law, when known, such vital force as to enshrine it as

the dominant power in the human heart. The former of these can be ascertained, with more or less accuracy, on independent grounds of moral obligation. The latter it is the pre-eminent glory of Christianity to have discovered.

With respect to his actual teaching, there is one feature of morality, as taught by our Lord, which stands in marked contrast with that of all others who have preceded Him, viz., the high place which He has assigned in his ethics to the humbler virtues, and his comparative disparagement of the heroic ones. Our space will not allow us fully to discuss the grounds of this distinction; but the origin of it is plain. Our Lord based virtue on the moral nature of man in relation to the obligations which unite man to man, and man to God; whereas the political aspect of ancient morality compelled the philosophers unduly to estimate the heroic ones. The fact is beyond dispute that our Lord's teaching reverses the order of the virtues, and assigns to the milder and the more unobtrusive ones the highest place in his spiritual temple; whereas the philosophers unanimously pursued the contrary course. Their successors have generally been of opinion that our Lord was right in thus revolutionizing morality.

The only moral power with which philosophy was acquainted, beside the principle of habituation, was some modification of what we now designate conscience. But the precise form of conscience, as it is conceived of by Christianity, is not to be found in the Greek philosophers. Their views of its character are both low and imperfect. But while man possesses a moral nature it is certain to make its appearance, in some form, in every system of morals. Conscience, as enforced by Christian teaching, is inseparable from a perception of man's relation to a personal God, and directly derived from it. In the philosophers we meet with it, in a modified form, in the conception of right reason, or the fitting, the right, the morally beautiful, or the true. But a conscience which advanced into no higher regions was impotent against the mighty struggles of the appetites and the passions.

We will now briefly glance at the view which Christianity takes of morality itself. What is the Christian idea of holiness? Wherein does it consist?

Morality may be viewed under different aspects; and the same precepts may be evolved from each separate principle on which it is based. First, we may contemplate morality as deducible from the principles of enlightened self-love, or the desire of man to realize his own happiness in its highest form.

To evolve a system of morality on this principle it is necessary that the intellect should be able to determine in what our

highest happiness consists. Such an inquiry is a purely intellectual one. If morality is viewed as that course of action best suited to realize our happiness, it is evident that the whole of our conceptions of what constitutes the moral law must be regulated by the views taken by the intellect as to what is the amount of gratification of our different affections, appetites, and passions which will, on the whole, best realize that end. But, although a moral law may be erected on this foundation, it is hardly correct to say that it involves any real principle of moral obligation; because it is based only on self, which becomes at the same time the person to whom, and from whom, the obligation is due. Still the morality may be of an elevated standard; for the intellect may clearly comprehend that the constitution of the order of the universe is such that our greatest happiness is realized by a suitable exercise of the benevolent affections, as well as those which more immediately point to selfish gratification. Contemplated in this point of view, morality would be self-love regulated by knowledge, and the moral law would result from the enlightened decisions of the understanding.

Self-love is one of the essential principles of human nature, and our Lord has not disdained to enlist it in the service of holiness, while He is careful not to erect his morality on it as a foundation. Christianity embraces within its wide catholicity everything which is genuine in man. Our Lord has therefore assigned to this principle a suitable place in his moral teaching. But the great foundation on which He has erected Christian morality is by concentrating the force of religion on the sense of duty.

Philosophy had been compelled to deduce the moral law from the subjective state of the mind, or from the relations of man to society. Its views of its extent and efficacy were therefore necessarily limited by its intellectual power of investigating these relations. The highest conception known to the Greek philosophy was that of the morally beautiful. This it endeavoured to strengthen by considerations derived from the relation in which the individual stood to the state. These exercised a modifying influence on a morality which was confessedly founded on the desire of happiness. Under its influence self-sacrifice was, in a strict sense of the word, impossible. The moral beauty of virtue, and the political aspect of morality, formed the two great redeeming features in ancient ethics.

These imperfect bases on which philosophy was able to erect a moral law, Christianity has carried out to perfection. It has enunciated in the highest form the idea of duty. It has deduced a moral law from the relations in which man stands to man, and shown its reasonable character. But it has gone further, and enlarged and enforced it by bringing to bear on the mind a distinct conception of the relation in

which man stands to God. Philosophy had caught imperfect glimpses that it was reasonable that man should do to another as he would wish to be done by. Our Lord announced this precept as an objective rule, which embodies the universal principle of morality; viewed in its social and political aspect.

But the idea of what is reasonable between man and man, though a great advance upon the ancient notions of heathen morality, does not come up to the full idea of duty. To attain its full conception we must take into consideration the relation in which man stands to the great moral Governor of the Universe. The want of a conception of a personal deity rendered the ancient philosopher utterly unable to erect a moral law on such a foundation, or to enforce its motives by a corresponding idea of duty. The sense of duty can only be fully felt when it is conceived as owed, not to an abstraction, but to a living personality, in whom all obligations centre. Such was the view conceived of it by our Lord. He first concentrated the whole force of religion on morality by revealing God in his character of a Creator, a moral Governor, a Sovereign, and a Father, who embraces in his person the entire force of moral obligation; and then deduced a law out of the perfections of the divine character. The idea of duty in its highest form is evolved by Him out of the conception of the self-sacrifice on the part of man, which the conception of God in his aspect of Creator, Lord, and Father involve. A moral law founded on these principles is the single discovery of Christ.

But there is a higher conception of morality than duty or law, which exclusively belongs to the teaching of Christianity, viz., the foundation of the moral law on the principle of love; and the measuring of its obligations by it. Morality, viewed as duty, requires obedience, because we ought to obey it; or because it is imposed on us by an external authority. Viewed as love, the external and the internal mutually coincide and embrace one another. It then becomes the presentation of self as a willing offering. As duty, morality is restricted within the definite limits of obligation. As love, it transcends all limits, and earnestly desires to surrender the entire faculties of the mind to the work of goodness and holiness more and more. Such an aspect of morality could be presented to us in its fulness by no teacher who did not possess the attributes of a Christ. A perfect being, like Himself, is the only power by which such a spirit of voluntary self-sacrifice could be generated; and for the rendering such self-sacrifice possible, it is necessary that the obligation on which it rests should be deduced from, and made to centre in, his person.

But if we wish to form a correct idea of our Lord as a moral teacher, and of the end which He proposed to accomplish, we must

survey those peculiar aspects of Christianity in which He is exhibited in a point of view differing from all the other teachers of men. This will be found not so much in the moral code which He taught, but in the great principles of motivity which He brought to bear on the whole of man's moral and spiritual being.

What then did the Author of Christianity propose to accomplish? Was it merely to publish a new and more perfect edition of the moral law? Certainly not. He had higher aims, such as no teacher had ever aspired to before Him. He grasped at nothing less than to regenerate the world. The philosophers left the masses of mankind alone as utterly hopeless. The utmost that their aspirations ascended to was the establishment of a small republic on the model of existing Grecian states, in which a few thousands of mankind might be trained to virtue; but of which philosophers were to be the magistrates. In this humble attempt they never succeeded in getting beyond the theory. But the conceptions of Jesus soared higher. He determined to attempt the regeneration of the masses of mankind, to reform those very classes which the philosophers pronounced hopeless, and to make them the subjects of his spiritual empire. He therefore sought to create a spiritual influence which should outweigh every other, and make it centre in Himself. This power was one which was to strengthen the holy in their holiness, and which was at the same time capable of renovating the morally sunken and depraved.

The greatness of our Lord's achievement can only be fully estimated by contrasting it with the powerlessness of the philosophers. They not only were ignorant of any moral or spiritual power which was capable of infusing holiness into the masses of society, but, for the most part, they candidly confessed it. What is more, they were of opinion that such a work was incapable of being accomplished. The doctrine that mankind was on the road to a state of progressive improvement was certainly not theirs; on the contrary, they concurred with the poets in placing a golden age, not in the future, but in the past, though their faith in its past existence was by no means firm. Their views as to the future prospects of mankind were dark, and the utmost that they hoped was by some device to stay the progress of deterioration. Their hopes were set only on a few in whom goodness was a sort of natural gift; and on these they hoped to act through the principle of habituation.

But to get this principle into operation, it was necessary to create a state. The mode of effecting this was very far from obvious. The elect were very few; and the masses were dull of hearing, and sunk in sensuality and vice. The philosopher felt he had no spiritual power which he could bring to bear on them. To use a metaphor taken from

mechanics: while he had a fulcrum in the principle of habituation, he could get no lever; and this left his fulcrum, however strong in itself, utterly useless. Until a sufficiently virtuous community could be formed, it was impossible to set to work at training men to virtue. His principle of habituation came to a stand-still, simply from lack of means to work it with. Conscious of this lack of power, the thought of turning missionary never occurred to him. But our Lord created a power by which the bad could be made good; and then He proceeded to institute his own ideal state, the Christian Church, in which this power should be exhibited as an actuality. In instituting this society He recognised the importance of the philosophic principle of habituation. But He advanced beyond this. He provided it, through the influence of another principle, with the requisite working machinery. That principle was faith.

It is impossible to form a correct estimate of the originality of the moral teaching of the Author of Christianity, unless we observe the central position which it assigns to the principle of faith. It is viewed throughout the New Testament as the means through which alone man's moral amelioration is possible. By it holiness is implanted in the soul. It forms the foundation of the spiritual life, and is the instrument of its subsequent growth. The principle of habituation is intended as an auxiliary power, by means of which the new principles implanted in the mind, through the instrumentality of faith, are gradually developed and strengthened.

It has been often said that the intention of our Lord was to create a society, and to attach the members of it to Himself in the relation of disciples to their master. This is true, but it involves a very inadequate conception of the position which faith occupies in His moral teaching.

Apart from all dogmatic statements, it is obvious as a fact, that mankind divide themselves into two very unequal divisions: those whose tendencies are more or less virtuous, who constitute by far the smaller portion of our race; and those whose moral character has undergone a contamination by vicious indulgence. Our Lord intended to present Himself as the centre of spiritual life to both of these classes.

How would the philosopher have attempted to deal with them? Those who had virtuous tendencies he would have submitted to a course of moral discipline through the principle of habituation, for the purpose of strengthening and developing whatever was good within them. He would have taught, and taught truly, that by performing virtuous acts you will create habits of virtue; and thus what is virtuous and good will, after long exercise, become a deep-rooted and permanent habit in the soul. The power, of self-command will be

gradually established, and the strength of temptation will be proportionally enfeebled. He would even have advanced one step beyond this. He would have told the select few to attempt to elevate themselves to a more perfect state, by contemplating an abstract idea of holiness. But he was obliged to confine himself to the world of abstractions; for it lay utterly beyond his range of thought to conceive of it as embodied in a living person.

Such a course was sufficiently reasonable when the principles of virtue already exerted a considerable force in the mind. At the same time, it should be observed that that powerful influence on man's moral nature, which the Author of Christianity has created, is entirely wanting. But it must be admitted that if such characters are to be found, the mass of mankind are of a very different description. Apart from the question as to the original corruption of the moral tendencies themselves, which does not belong to our present investigation, their existing character has been formed under the influence of that moral atmosphere by which they have been habitually surrounded. Under its vitiating influences the principle of self-restraint exists in a most imperfect form, which makes that of habituation destitute of a vantage ground whercon to commence its operations. It can easily be brought into operation in favour of the development of vice, but not of virtue. To such persons it would be simply absurd to say, by doing virtuous acts you will become virtuous, when the whole power, wish, and tendency to perform them was wanting. Before such a principle could be invoked with the smallest advantage a powerful coercive agency would have to be created. To talk to a man in a state of moral corruption to elevate himself by contemplating the abstract conception of holiness, is somewhat a similar absurdity as to ask a blind man to admire the beauty of colour. With respect, therefore, to the masses of mankind, the principles known to the ancient moral philosopher were utterly at fault. Before he could use the only power with which he was acquainted, men required to have breathed into them the principles of spiritual vitality.

But the Author of Christianity announced that his work extended to both these classes of persons, and that He had a mighty influence at his command to operate upon them. He even declared, that the very class whom others abandoned to their fate were the special subjects of his mission. When men wondered at his conduct, they heard the announcement, which had never before passed from the lips of a human teacher, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Has He succeeded in this superhuman undertaking? He has. Even the opponents of Christianity cannot help recognising the fact,

that He has rescued multitudes of abandoned men from a state of ruin and degradation; that He has produced a most ameliorating influence on society; and that He has imparted to multitudes of good men a power, which, previously to his appearing, was unthought of by poet, priest, or philosopher. The fact is an indisputable one, and it claims a place in the moral philosophy of man.

If we inquire what is the new influence which distinguishes Him as a power in the spiritual world, the answer cannot be doubtful with the New Testament in our hands. It must be that our Lord propounded faith as the great power by which alone it is possible to establish the reign of holiness in man.

It would occupy too much space if we were to attempt minutely to examine the statements of the Gospels on this subject. We must assume it as an unquestionable fact that our Lord did so teach; that He took a very wide view of the nature and character of faith, and ultimately made its highest acts to centre in his own person. He taught faith in truth, faith in God, and faith in himself; and propounded the last as the great centre of his system of teaching, and the special power by which He designed to act on men. He declared that the influence of truth was powerful to sanctify the heart. This teaching was abundantly supplemented by the Apostles. In addition to the discovery of this great spiritual power, He created the great institution through which that power might be applied and developed, the kingdom of which He proclaimed himself the King. That kingdom is his Church—a kingdom which differs in its nature from all others which have been created by man, being one entirely spiritual and wholly destitute of coercive power in the form in which it was conceived of by Him, and established by his Apostles.

Such being the unique character of faith as a spiritual and moral power in the system of Christianity, the question arises, Will it stand the test of the application of the principles of a sound philosophy? Is the instrument suitable for the purposes intended? Does our current philosophy of human nature recognise the importance which our Lord has assigned to it? To answer these questions fully, it would be necessary to compose a treatise of considerable size; or rather, to elaborate a complete system of Christian moral philosophy. Still, however, we must throw out a few hints for the purpose of showing the importance of directing inquiry to this important subject.

It is hardly necessary to observe, that our existing philosophy fails to assign a prominence to the Christian doctrine of faith. The principles on which it is based, and the power which it exerts in the spiritual and moral worlds, can hardly be said to have been investigated, and assigned a place in the philosophy of mind. As a consequence, men of thought in various departments of knowledge,

have a very inadequate conception of the real bearing of Christianity on man, and a still more imperfect idea of the true character of Christ as a moral teacher. From this cause originates the objections of those who have given no close attention to the teaching of Christ, and their allegations of its imperfection. Perhaps Christian writers have been deterred from investigating this subject from a fear that they might appear guilty of scrutinizing too deeply the operations of the Divine Spirit. But God acts by law in the spiritual, no less than in the material world; and there is no greater irreverence in investigating the mode of his action in the one, than in the other. Through whatever media it may be traced, it will be ultimately found that all spiritual vitality, no less than all material force, ultimately centres in Him. Facts of all kinds fall within the province of philosophy, and demand her investigation. Her business is, not to dogmatize on them, but carefully to investigate and systematize them, and to deduce the truths to which they point. Christianity, and the history of its evolution, and its action on the human mind, present us with a great mass of moral and spiritual facts. As far as they come within our cognisance, they are the appropriate subjects for the investigations of moral philosophy. All other powers and principles, which act on the mind, which stimulate it to action, which make us better or worse, are admitted to belong to it. Why is the mode in which Christianity proposes to regenerate the mind to be the one subject excluded from its investigations? Hitherto moral philosophy has been chiefly occupied with the examination of one side of human nature only. She has left the most important field of the relation of our rational and intellectual powers to our moral and spiritual being almost wholly unexplored. The investigation of this subject would prove that Christianity is perfectly adapted to the wants of the moral and spiritual nature of man. The interests of revealed religion suffer from the neglect.

The principle of faith is not even alluded to by the great author of the ethics as a moral and spiritual power. The nearest approach to anything like a faint conception of it is to be found in his analysis of man's perfect and imperfect habits of self-restraint. But here he only approaches to the confines of the subject, and it immediately eludes his grasp. The views which he has maintained of the relation between our intellectual and moral being are founded on arbitrary principles, and are utterly inadequate. It is perfectly true that the history of man prior to Christianity was not well suited to bring forth the importance of rational conviction as a moral power. But it is somewhat singular that he never subjected to a distinct analysis those forces which form the centre of action in the heroic character. The history of his race might have supplied him with many glorious

examples of self-sacrifice, so as to form the basis of such an analysis, and from them a faint view of the principle of faith as a spiritual power might have been suggested. The same defect pervades the whole of ancient philosophy. It was not aware that truth is one of the most powerful principles which can be brought to bear on the moral nature of man.

The Author of Christianity has accomplished what those who preceded Him failed to effect. We must again call attention to the fact, that Christianity looks to two powers for the regeneration of man, the due appreciation of which ought to form the foundation of all Christian moral philosophy: the creation of the Church or Kingdom of God; and the generation of a power adequate to sway the affections of the heart, superior in strength to the evil principles of our nature.

We often fail to assign to the institution of the Church the important place which it evidently occupied in our Lord's plan for the regeneration of the world. A considerable portion of his own personal labours was devoted to its erection. His own public teaching began with an announcement of its near approach. We cannot, however, consider it established as a positive institution, until after the termination of his ministry. It was intended as a great institution for the purpose of training men to holiness, in which the whole force of the principle of habituation might be called into active energy.

By the institution of the Church our Lord accomplished all that the philosopher had hoped for by the creation of his ideal state. The influences for good which the philosopher thought that he could accomplish through the latter, our Lord realized through the former. But in one important point the conception of the kingdom of heaven differed from that of the philosophic state. It was to be a purely spiritual kingdom, founded on the conviction of truth, and resting ultimately on intense attachment to the person of its founder. Of the society, when formed, the founder was to be the perpetual King. This forms the most peculiar feature in its constitution, and proves the entire originality of the conception of our Lord. Both the Church and the ideal state sought to realize the same ends. Both were to be institutions in which the character was to be formed and trained. In both the power of the principle of habituation was gradually to modify the mind. Through its gradual operation evil principles were to be eradicated, and good ones strengthened and confirmed. In civil society man lives in an atmosphere of thought and feeling which gradually shapes and modifies his being. In the same manner, in the kingdom of God, a new moral and spiritual atmosphere was to be created, replete with the principles of life, which was to exert a similar influence. As in civil society these influences are frequently unholy, in the kingdom

of God they were to be of an opposite character. It was to subject man to a course of training, and, by practising him in holiness, to call into operation all the power which the principle of habituation is able to exert in the modification of the character.

But our Lord has gone beyond a mere conception. Christianity has now, for a space of eighteen centuries, been a living reality, modifying the condition of mankind. Nor can those who doubt the divine origin of Christianity assert that its influences have been small. It has imprinted deep traces of its power on the whole moral and intellectual atmosphere which we breathe. It has mightily regenerated language, the substratum of human thought. It has stamped an indelible impress on an entire conception of morality. It has entered the depths of man's spiritual being, and we can trace its influence alike both in the lowest and highest walks of literature. In fact, our Lord's institution has exerted a visible power, and deeply impressed itself in the whole range of human culture. Instead of being born under the influences of heathenism, and drinking in its principles from their earliest consciousness, men are now born and educated under those of Christianity, and of them no subsequent act of man can wholly and entirely divest him.

But because the kingdom of heaven, as constituted by its founder, is destitute of that coercive power without which no earthly state could exist, and the ideal philosophic state would have been powerless for good, and the inability to attain which prevented one ever from being instituted, is it an imperfect institution compared with the actual or philosophic state? How did our Lord supply the defect? for, contemplated in a human point of view, such it must be esteemed. He did so by the introduction of a more divine machinery. The principle of faith in his own person, which He announced as a central bond of union, imparted to it a power and a vitality which all other states might envy. It formed both the principle of cohesion and of development.

It is impossible to exert an influence for good on a mass of moral corruption without generating a new principle in the mind, or awakening one which was previously dormant. To effect a change for good in our moral and spiritual nature, a power must be called into existence of sufficient strength to overbear all opposing influences, or to impart a new vigour to those which already exist, but which had previously succumbed in the struggle. Unless this can be accomplished, the old forces will go on in obedience to the same laws, and produce the same results. How can it be otherwise? The only force in human nature to struggle against the principles of corruption is that of reason and conscience. In those who are corrupt, that power has already proved inadequate to resist the

force of evil. But, in addition to this, as corruption advances, its energy diminishes. How, then, is the force of the principle of evil to be counteracted, or that of good to be generated, or to be called into lively energy where it is dormant?

Moral affections will not grow up spontaneously. They must be generated by some cause. Man's reason is that cause. This is the only road through which new moral conceptions can obtain access to the mind. They must be presented by some power to the intellect, until they have produced a definite conviction. We use this word in the widest sense, as including the whole rational powers of man. A powerful influence can be exerted on our spiritual and moral being by introducing a new conception, or evolving a new conviction in the intellect; and the influence which it will exert will be powerful in proportion to the intensity of the belief with which it is accompanied. The same power is equally effectual to call dormant affections into lively exercise. Such was the influence by which the Author of Christianity proposed to act on the mind of man, and He has conceived of one all effectual for his purpose. A holy thought enters the intellect, and lives there in the form of an intense conviction. From the intellect, by this act of faith, it penetrates the heart, and creates or calls forth holy feelings, holy affections, a new mind, and a new spirit. As a question of moral philosophy, we are only called on to recognise the fact and the *modus operandi*, not the remote cause. Faith is the instrument through which the Divine Spirit acts on the human soul. It is not every conception of the intellect which will act on our moral nature. Mere scientific thought cannot do so. It must be a deep conviction on some subject intimately connected with our moral and spiritual being.

There are two modes in which an intellectual conviction may become a great moral and spiritual power. The first is, by creating a conception to which the mind has been previously a stranger, and by a steady contemplation of it. The second is, by producing an intense conviction of some particular truth. Both these are acts of faith, and are so viewed by the sacred writers. Faith is described by them as consisting in intense conviction of truth, an embracing by the mental eye of the reality of things unseen. In this sense it is laid down by the sacred writers as the great principle which purifies the heart. It is directly applied by them to convictions strictly intellectual. "He that cometh to God must believe that He is." Contemplated in this aspect, faith with the writers of the New Testament means conviction, and is directly conceived of by them as originating in an intellectual act. But it is also presented to us in the form of trust. In this point of view it consists in the presentation to the mind of an object supremely lovely, and the continued

contemplation of it, until it imparts its influences to our own moral and spiritual being. Thus, St. Paul speaks of "beholding the glory of the Lord, until we are changed into the same image from glory to glory." The Author of Christianity has provided a great body of truth suitable to act powerfully on man's moral and spiritual nature, corresponding to the first aspect of faith; and the glories of his own person, corresponding to the second. Through these He has operated mightily on the human heart.

Thus, the rational principle is that which renders conversion and sanctification possible. It affords the means of introducing into us new feelings, new affections, and new motives. A presentation of truth to the intellect kindles a corresponding affection in the heart.

The following may be viewed as a very brief analysis of its mode of action. The conception of a new truth is introduced into the mind, either by the direct action of the Divine Spirit, or by his awakening conceptions previously dormant. It becomes the subject of intense belief. Its contemplation, or the conviction arising out of it, kindles a corresponding affection in our spiritual being. That affection struggles for the mastery with the other affections of our nature. If the one be good and the other evil, the contest will be continued within us until the holy affections get the victory over the unholy ones, or the reverse. The success of the struggle will depend on the intensity of the conviction. In the one case sanctification will be the result; in the other progressive deterioration.

The great truths revealed by our Lord constitute a spiritual power which is able to probe the very depths of our moral being. As distinct from all forces common to Christianity and previous systems, they consist of a clear discovery of man's relationship to God; the character of His moral government; the paternal character in which He stands to his creatures; and the manifestation of that character in the living personality of our Lord, especially as exhibited in his self-sacrificing life. To these we must add his great disclosures respecting man's responsibility, with all its manifold results. Such are the moral forces with which our Lord acts in the spiritual world; and they have more than compensated for the want of the coercive power of the philosophic state. They have created Christendom; they have regenerated the unholy; they have imparted a power to the virtuous, compared with which all previous power was as nothing.

It follows that faith is an influence partly intellectual and partly spiritual and moral. It takes its origin in the intellect and penetrates to the heart, and thence introduces a new spiritual life into the soul. A new conviction penetrates the mind; it may be a conviction respecting the responsibility of man, such as we have never felt before; the glory of holiness, the character of sin, or a fully-

realized conception of the attributes of God. This summons into existence corresponding affections of our moral and spiritual nature. These constitute a power capable of exercising a reformatory influence on the whole character. As the conviction of truth is profound, its action will be powerful.

The principle which calls into existence these powers of our moral nature takes its origin in our rationality. That creates the conception of the holy thought which forms the object-matter of faith, and which, when intensely contemplated, kindles into living energy the affections of our moral and spiritual being. These affections cannot energize without an object to excite them, and that object can only be presented to them by a conception of our reason. This conjoint action of the intellect working on the affections is what we designate faith. Our previous analysis shows that it does not consist of an intellectual act only, but of one influencing our moral and spiritual being. The bare understanding is not a moral power; but our reason, which stands related to our moral and spiritual being, is.

In its doctrine of faith, the teaching of Christianity stands in marked contrast with that of the philosophers. Plato considered virtue as knowledge pure and simple. Aristotle narrowed the operation of our reason in morals to practical wisdom (*φρονησις*), to which he ascribes no power to move the affections. But according to the teaching of the Author of Christianity, faith is a deep and earnest conviction of the mind, which penetrates and stirs the profoundest depths of man's moral and spiritual being. It may be considered as the final act of our rational processes, and is substantially the same principle in relation to religion as in the ordinary affairs of life. The difference consists mainly in the subject-matter of the conviction itself. We never act unless impelled by a conviction of some kind. We usually assign the term faith to our religious convictions; but when we analyze them as mental acts, there is no real difference between them. The merchant in his operations is actuated by faith, though that faith is entirely on secular objects; but the precondition of his acting is belief or conviction. Much obscurity has been thrown on this subject by confounding faith with a belief founded on small or inconsiderable evidence. This has been too frequently done by religious men, who have represented that such a belief has a particular merit in it. Hence faith has frequently run great danger of being confounded with credulity. But this is entirely devoid of any rational foundation. Faith is conviction, on whatever evidence founded; and in rational beings convictions ought to be founded on evidence capable of satisfying the reason. It derives its spiritual and moral power from the intensity of the conviction. Such is the faith recognised by Christianity.

Faith has been frequently identified with trust. This is incorrect. Trust is one particular aspect of faith, but it is far from being a complete description of it. They are not identical; for vast numbers of our convictions involve no trust, except in the certainty of the convictions themselves. Many have fallen into this confusion of thought because the most important act of faith, as set forth in the Christian Scriptures—viz., faith in God and Christ—involves trust. But conviction of the reality of great truths, although unquestionably an act of faith, is certainly far from necessarily involving one of trust. In conformity with this view, the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews represents that an act of faith in the being and attributes of God must precede every possible act of trust. "Without faith," says he, "it is impossible to please Him; for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him." Such a belief is not trust, but the foundation on which all trust must rest; and it is beyond dispute that it involves a high act of our reason.

Another class of thinkers are never wearied of opposing faith to knowledge, as though they belonged to two distinct and separate functions of the mind. Different classes of truth unquestionably rest on different degrees of evidence, and present themselves to our minds with different degrees of assurance. But it is impossible to lay down any real distinction between faith and conviction which is tenable in a philosophical point of view. We believe in every truth of the certainty of which we are convinced. We more frequently apply the term faith to assent to practical rather than theoretical truth; but between the mental states involved there is no other distinction than that of greater or less degrees of certainty, and a proportionate difference in the intensity of the conviction. Even if we could confine the application of the term faith to practical rather than theoretical truth, still there would be a sense in which we exert faith, even in the latter. We exhibit a practical faith in the demonstrations of geometry, when we take the third side of a triangle as the shortest road instead of going round by the other two. The truth of the proposition becomes a matter of practical belief.

Although the Author of Christianity has elaborated the true principle of the moral law in a manner which leaves all his predecessors in the same line at a remote distance, and although we have a right to claim for Him, as His peculiar work, the elevation of the humbler virtues to their proper place in our moral constitution, and the foundation of all morality on the principle of universal love, nothing more distinguishes Him as the teacher of mankind than the mode in which He has used faith as a great spiritual power, and the erection of His spiritual kingdom. By means of this He has

exhibited Himself as the living centre around which all pure and holy affections circulate, summing up in His divine person the entire force of all spiritual and moral obligation. The investigation of these peculiarities of our Lord as the great teacher of men is the special function of a system of Christian moral philosophy.

A careful analysis of the relation in which man's rationality stands to his spiritual and moral being is therefore a pre-condition of its successful elaboration. Until this has been accomplished, we shall have but an imperfect apprehension of the glories of Christianity as the regenerator of mankind, or of its perfect adaptation to the wants of human nature. Such a system ought not only to embrace a complete analysis of that portion of morality which is essentially Christian; but it ought to exhibit the relation in which the great truths of revelation stand to our spiritual being. When this has been accomplished, Christianity will be found to be in most complete accordance with the profoundest truths of the philosophy of man. We want to have distinctly exhibited to us the mode in which its great truths act on the human mind; how their power may be most successfully brought to bear on vice and degradation; and to have the whole principle of motivity submitted to a successful analysis. Even our ordinary systems of philosophy overlook the bearing of the higher impulses of the human spirit on our moral character. Those principles which impel men to the sacrifice of self, to the enthusiastic pursuit of an object, and the whole spirit of heroic devotion, have received but a most imperfect recognition in our moral philosophy. They are closely allied to those by which Christianity acts. Her great wish is to induce man to surrender himself as a voluntary sacrifice to an object external to his own being. Christianity has satisfied this want of human nature by presenting to it a Christ.

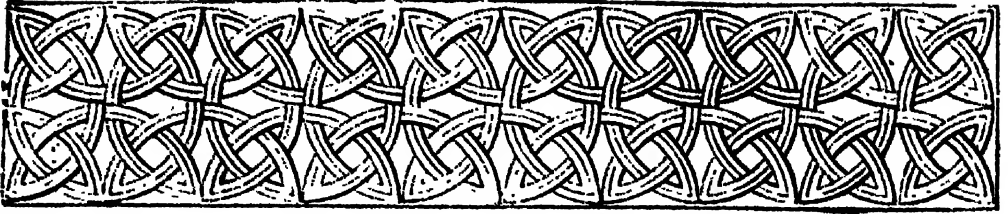
All systems of moral philosophy must therefore be imperfect analyses of human nature which do not recognise the principle of faith as their chief corner-stone. All the other powers which act on our moral being have their legitimate place in Christ's spiritual temple; but this forms the bond of union which unites the building into a whole. Next in importance comes the Church, or kingdom of God, in its character of the educator of mankind.

Assuming, then, that Christianity is true, the time has come for the Church to prove to the world that all the great principles of Christ's teaching are in conformity with the soundest philosophy of human nature. It is of the highest importance that it should be clearly understood on what foundation the moral teaching of our Lord really rests. If it can be shown that it fully agrees with the best results of philosophic inquiry into the nature of morality, which have taken place previously to our Lord's appearing, and that it

fully supplements all its deficiencies, we cannot have a more striking proof of its divine origin. A system of philosophy, in which the great principles of divine revelation received their due recognition, would be the best answer to the sceptical objections of the day. It would be impossible for the most credulous to assert any longer that the Gospels chiefly consisted of matter which was either mythic or legendary. Christianity has now been in operation as a great spiritual power for upwards of eighteen centuries. She no longer wants toleration. She has vindicated for herself the highest place in the history of the world. No influence has acted with equal power on the human heart before or since. Her attractive power has obtained the adhesion of the holiest, the noblest, and the best, who have been unanimous in enthroning in the highest place of their adoration, Christ our Lord. On inferior natures she has acted with a power compared with which all others have been feeble. Her influence has been interwoven with every stage of the last great development of civilization, its literature, its science, its art, its poetry, and its political institutions. The old world was crumbling into decay. She has created a new one out of its ruins. She is gradually more and more leavening society with her principles. All the great benevolent institutions of the modern world are her children. Even in her corruptions she has proved herself to be the mightiest of spiritual powers. The present age has produced philosophies in abundance. Every department of philosophy and science is being carefully investigated, and reduced into a systematic form in which its various principles are becoming the subject of definite knowledge. The time is arrived for the system of Christianity to vindicate for herself a definite place in the philosophy of human nature. She no longer requires to be apologized for, or calmly tolerated. It is time for her to abandon the defensive and assume the offensive attitude. Let her demand the homage of the world, and exhibit herself as possessing that within her which is adequate to supply all the wants and all the aspirations of man. Let her claim her right to a distinct recognition in every sound system of philosophy, as the most powerful principle which can operate on human nature. It is an undeniable fact that even Christian writers have overlooked her claims. Can we be surprised that others have neglected them? It is not too much to say that we have no system of moral philosophy in which the great principles of Christianity have obtained a distinctive recognition. We cannot point out to the sceptic their distinctive place in the constitution of man. The University in which moral science has been most persistently studied during the present century still puts into the hands of its students, as its best manual, the work of a

heathen philosopher. Those who devote themselves to the study have to harmonize Christian truth with existing systems as they best can. Our error has been to assume that the work was ended when it was only begun; and we have rested complacently as though it had been accomplished. We cannot expect that we can repair at once the effects of past neglect. Experience tells us that all great advances in scientific knowledge have been preceded by attempts at its elaboration more or less imperfect. The effort to systematize frequently forms the means of bringing forth the mind which is able to erect the temple of truth out of many imperfect models. Many depths of the human mind have yet to be sounded before we shall be able to contemplate the Christian revelation in all its glory. The duty of gifted Christian men is to labour for its accomplishment. Every fresh discovery of truth will show that the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth has penetrated to the depths of man's mental and moral constitution; that He has supplied the deficiencies of all previous teachers; and that He has discovered a system of truth suitable to the developments of human civilization from age to age. Other systems have been partial and imperfect; that of Christ is founded on the universal nature of man, and is capable of universal accommodation to its ever-varying conditions. We may ask, as in the days of old, From whence had this man this wisdom, having had no human teacher? The only rational answer must be, This doctrine was not his, but God's.

C. A. Row.



THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SPEAKING VOICE.

IN a recent number of this Review* I called attention to a subject which, having regard to its importance, has been, in modern times at least, unaccountably neglected. The *cultivation* of the speaking voice would seem, even for those who should be most interested in it, to have but two aspects. Some few—only a few, it is to be hoped—regard such cultivation as unnecessary; many more, as impracticable. In other words, some think that the average English speaking voice meets sufficiently well every call made upon it, without special culture; others, that culture could do nothing for it, and that the whole art of speaking or reading (the speaker's or reader's intelligence being assumed) consists in careful attention to certain assuredly very important details of utterance—distinctness, pace, and the like; in other words, that of oratory the whole is *not* greater than its part. Yet nobody questions that the force, flexibility, and even quality of the *singing* voice may be, and have often been, increased or improved to a very great extent. Such, indeed, is the hot haste in which young singers now, for the most part, rush into the presence of the public, that the processes rather than the results of their culture are continually open to the observation of the least curious. The vocalist of to-day is often the product of only a few

* Vol. x., March, 1869, p. 314.

months' special training—not infrequently exceeded in brevity by his career. He is turned out of hand with the same ease and rapidity as an Enfield rifle, or candidate for a competitive examination. Still, the most audacious of musical “crammers” does not venture, if only for form's sake, to dispense with some special instruction in the properties of the instrument the use of which he professes to teach. Traditions—fast-fading traditions—of the “formation of the voice” still hang, however loosely, about our music schools, which even the crammer cannot venture to ignore—just yet. The speaker only can venture to perform in the presence of the public on an instrument of whose structure he has no knowledge, and to the consideration of whose special powers he has never given a moment's consideration. No discipline analogous to that applied to the singing voice has ever been generally adopted among us for the speaking voice; none, so far as I know, has ever as yet been so much as prescribed; nor, I repeat, has even the necessity for it been at all generally admitted. In my former paper I tried to show that such discipline is in most cases necessary, and would in all be advantageous; and I indicated—imperfectly, of course, without *vis à voce* explanation and example—in what it should consist, and how to set about it; how the speaker might strengthen and improve his voice, as the singer is known, in a thousand instances, to have strengthened and improved his. I ended by an assurance that such exercises would secure him who used them judiciously from “clerical sore-throat.”

We have all heard of “clerical sore-throat;” the expression is familiar and accepted; everybody knows what it means. Who ever heard of histrionic or theatrical sore-throat? During how many days or hours in a year is the work of an average actor interrupted by the disorganization of his vocal powers? As a rule, not seldom, but never. From this, if it be true, which I believe it to be, we are inevitably led to two conclusions: one, that the majority of actors know how to produce their voices, and the majority of clergy do not; the other, that “clerical sore-throat” is not generally the result of over-exertion. For who among the clergy themselves are its principal victims? Those who are concerned in daily, or those whose “duty” is for the most part limited to weekly, services? Notoriously the latter. Except, therefore, in those rare cases where the organization is naturally so feeble as to render any pulmonary exertion difficult or dangerous, clerical sore-throat would seem generally to be the result not of too much exercise of the vocal apparatus, but of too little. This, however, though in the main true, requires qualification.

Impunity from throat disorders, for speaker as for singer, depends ultimately on his method of speaking or singing—on the way in which he “produces his voice.” One who has frequent occasion to

tax his vocal strength more severely than is done in ordinary conversation, be it in the reading desk, the professorial chair, on the platform, or the floor of "the House," will eventually do one of two things—fail utterly, or find out a mode of delivery which, even if imperfect, will be better than that of one whose opportunities of exercising his voice are fewer and further apart. Moreover, the frequent public speaker or reader of necessity *practises* more than the occasional one. True, his practice is carried on in the presence of the public; but if his method be good it will be little less efficacious on that account. Practice—*daily* practice—is the first and chief condition on which we can hope to improve in, or even keep our hold on, an art; for all arts are more or less physical. How many *occasional* speakers are there who, in the intervals of their infrequent public appearances, practise, or even think of practising, in private? There are musical performers of eminence who appear in the concert-room only occasionally. How if they never played or sung at any other time—never practised? Yet there is many a parish priest in Great Britain who, on one day of the week only, reads prayers two or even three times, and preaches perhaps as often, in a large and crowded church, who during the other six days rarely uses his voice with more than average conversational force, and then only for a few moments consecutively. Can we wonder that he is the victim of chronic laryngeal inflammation? The art of speaking, like every other art, has to be maintained after it has been attained; and it can only be maintained by unintermittent and judicious exercise.

But it is not merely as a means of escape from personal inconvenience that the cultivation and exercise of the speaking voice are to be recommended. They are not merely conservative, but aggressive agencies in the never-ending war against error and vice, so large a part of which has always been taken by oratory. A good "production" of voice will not merely render speaking easier to him who has attained it, but plainer and more delightful to his hearers. Without it every other good quality of speech will appear at a disadvantage. For other good qualities speech assuredly has—qualities which a good production will set off, and by which, in its turn, it will be set off to the greatest advantage, but which may exist, and do often exist, without it. No one would think of denying that many speakers to whom Nature has been anything but bountiful, and who have never availed themselves of the resources of art to make amends for her shortcomings, do make themselves both audible and intelligible to large audiences. Now to achieve this is not merely an affair of *timbre* or of intensity; other conditions must be observed to bring it about, other powers of mind as of body, must be brought to bear on it. A bad production of voice does not preclude, though it

may add something to, the difficulty of distinct utterance. The voice itself may be deficient in strength, sweetness, or variety, yet the syllables of which it is the vehicle may be clearly made out. The utterance may have no charm of its own; there may be no music in it; we may hear without pleasure; but if we do hear and understand, one, and that the chief, end of speech has been obtained. The *pabulum* may be flavourless, or even distasteful, but it will keep body and soul together.

Moreover, speakers with feeble or, more properly, toneless voices have, strange to say, some things in their favour to start with, in exercising them. Weakness has not only its compensations, but is sometimes of itself an advantage. Every auditorium has a voice of its own, and this voice, easily evoked by isochronous or musical sounds, has no sympathy with *noise*. A speaker who is both gifted and skilful will know how to turn this latent voice to account. To him it will be what the sounding-board is to the stretched string over it—a means to augment and refine his own organ. To the gifted and *un*skilful speaker—the speaker with a musical voice, which he knows not how to manage—it will be a source of perpetual embarrassment. Much of the so-called indistinctness of speakers with powerful voices arises, in a great measure, from their not knowing how to adapt their average pitch to that of their auditorium. Now a feeble and toneless voice—an utterance, it may be, as dry and ununctuous as a short cough—is secure at least from this danger. The danger, indeed, is all the other way. The auditorium is less likely to be woke into voice than the auditory to be lulled into slumber. Again, nothing seizes the attention of an audience like a gentle beginning. As an oratorical artifice it is probably as old as oratory itself. What is an artifice for a rich voice is no doubt a necessity for a poor one; but even a necessity may be turned to advantage. Curiosity is piqued by the obscure, whether to the ear or the eye. Attention once fairly seized does not easily or lightly set itself free. In the presence of a speaker the feebleness of whose voice is in inverse ratio to that of his intellect, even the seemingly irrepressible noises of an average public assembly are, if not altogether repressed, strangely hushed; but then the discourse itself must be interesting—

“And woven close, both matter, form, and style.”

An audience cannot be expected to make, still less to sustain, an effort for nothing; and following a long-continued “*pianissimo*” is an effort—like reading with insufficient light, or making one’s way in a mist—to which few speakers can safely venture to subject an audience.

But force or intensity, whatever its advantages, is not the only, nor is it even the first, property of a voice. Nor again is it that for the increase of which art can do the most. Art may supplement it to an extent all but unlimited; it can add to it only on certain conditions, and within limits not difficult to ascertain.

“The vocal mechanism,” says Professor Willis,* “may be considered as consisting of *lungs* or *bellows*, capable of transmitting, by means of the connecting *windpipe*, a current of air through an apparatus contained in the upper part of the windpipe, which is termed the *larynx*. This apparatus is capable of producing various musical sounds, which are heard after passing through a *variable cavity* consisting of the *pharynx* (as the cavity behind the tongue is termed), *mouth*, and *nose*.”

Variable cavity.

Larynx.

Wind pipe

Lungs or Bellows.

Now, unless the chief motive power of this mechanism, the lungs or bellows, be capacious and thoroughly healthy, and certain portions of the “variable cavity” be largely developed, there may be quality, flexibility, and compass in a voice, but assuredly there can be little intensity. Nor would it be safe to subject a comparatively slight frame to discipline by which a larger and more closely-knit one would profit greatly. Happily it is for that property of voice, whether of speaker or singer, which is the most precious, that cultivation can do the most. What the old Italian singing-masters assumed by intuition and confirmed by experiment, modern physiologists have shown, by altogether different means, must of necessity be true.

“If,” says the writer I have just quoted, “the arrangement of the vocal mechanism be artificially imitated by combining together pipes and cavities with bellows, in a similar order, and substituting for the larynx any elastic lamina capable of producing musical sounds when vibrated by the stream of air, it is found that by changing the form of the cavity above it, the various qualities of the human voice in speech may be so nearly imparted to the sound which the imitative larynx is producing, as plainly to show that there is no necessity for seeking any power of altering the quality of the notes in the larynx itself. This, then, may be considered as merely an instrument for producing certain musical notes, which are afterwards to be converted into vowels, liquids, &c., by the proper changes of form in the superior cavity.

“We may remark, too, an essential difference between the vocal mechanism and our ordinary musical wind-instruments, which are generally made up of some vibrating mouthpiece to generate the note, and an attached cavity or pipe to govern and augment its tone, each instrument having its peculiar quality; whereas the attached cavity in the vocal machine is capable not only of governing and improving the musical quality of the note, but also of imparting to it all manner of various qualities, the numerous vowels and liquids of speech, and also the perfect mimicry of the peculiar sounds of nearly all animals and musical instruments.”

* Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, No. 12.

So that of the four properties of a voice—intensity, compass, flexibility, and *timbre*—incomparably the most important, the last, depends not on the lungs, windpipe, or larynx (occult organs over which we have little control), but exclusively on the disposition of that portion of the vocal mechanism *most open to observation and most obedient to the will*—the “variable cavity.” It is to the relative positions of the constituent parts of this—the tongue, the uvula, the teeth, and the lips—that we must attribute the different qualities we find in different voices, and even at different moments in the same voice. Of the action of the lungs, the windpipe, and the larynx, we can only judge by the ear; but that of a large portion of the variable cavity is also open to the eye. Not only are the results of it audible, the processes by which they are effected are *visible*. When, for example, a sound strikes the ear as *nasal*, we may not only feel that the ventricles to the nose, at the back of the veil of the palate, are wholly or partially closed, but we may *see* the elevation of the back of the tongue, which is generally the immediate cause of the closure. So other qualities to which we apply somewhat vaguely the epithets *thick, thin, throaty, mouthy*, and the like, are referable to different actions which it might often be difficult, though it would generally be possible, to correct, partially if not wholly.

But though the *timbre* be unquestionably the most important property of a voice, and the variable cavity on which it depends the most important as well as the most governable portion of the vocal mechanism, we must not forget that the voice has other properties, and the mechanism other parts, than these. Let us review them briefly.

To the capacity and healthy state of the *lungs* is mainly due the intensity or force of a voice; not its *volume*, which depends rather on the form and capacity of the pharynx; nor its power of spreading over great space or penetrating obstructions, which depends on method of delivery or production,—but that effect on the ear which results from the extent of the vibrations caused by its action. The power of the lungs may, it is certain, be very considerably developed by careful and judicious exercise, and, which is more important, their action may be made more effective and easy by method—in familiar language, by taking breath properly, and at proper times.

On this subject it will be best to begin by disposing of a popular fallacy,—that the speaker or singer should be always provided with a supply of air to meet all emergencies.

. Now, in the first place, the human body is not furnished with any receptacle, like the *wind-chest* of an organ, or the bag of a bagpipe, in which air may be kept in reserve for an indefinite time. The mechanism of the voice has little analogy with that of the organ.

In some degree it resembles that of the harmonium, the bellows of which act almost directly on the vibrating tongues, which are its chief sources of sound. More closely, perhaps, it resembles an ordinary wind instrument—the oboe, for instance—which is voiceless save under the immediate influence of the performer's breath.*

Secondly, vocal utterance is only one, and that not the most important, of the functions of respiration. The lungs are not only the primary motive power of the vocal mechanism, but of the whole body. Respiration at frequent intervals is a condition of life itself, as needful to the Carthusian monk as the Dominican preacher, to the vocalist silently counting his rests, as to him whose "part" is unbroken by them.

But though respiration, whether the voice be active or passive, must be made at intervals not infrequent, the conditions under which it has to be made, in either case, are not the same. When the vocal mechanism is at rest, respiration is made *regularly*. The lungs are filled and emptied again at equal intervals of time. But during speaking or singing this is not so; *inspiration* and *expiration* must both of them be regulated, in extent as well as in frequency, by the duration and construction of the phrases, rhetorical or musical, which have to be said or sung. The act of taking breath at certain intervals is not only physically necessary, but that of taking it at intervals, dictated by the matter to be uttered, may of itself become a powerful means of expression—may of itself add largely to the force and clearness whether of oratory or song.

It is possible, of course, to take breath, during either speaking or singing, too often. But I am inclined to think that the opposite error is the more common one, in speaking especially. Of the two it is certainly the more disagreeable to the auditor. Sometimes it is the result simply of want of method or of carelessness; sometimes, however, it is obviously a rhetorical artifice whereby the speaker seeks to raise himself to an especially high pitch of enthusiasm, or to convey to his audience a notion that he has reached it. The utterance, generally rapid and acute, of a long paragraph during one expiration, and this brought to an end inevitably by a gasp, may, with those who originated it, have been, and might therefore have seemed, unconscious: on the ordinary modern hearer it has no other effect than that of a very clumsy, very transparent, and very vulgar trick.

The action of the lungs during speaking or singing would seem to differ from their action when the voice is at rest chiefly in this, that in the latter condition, as I just said, inspiration and expiration are made at or about equal intervals of time; whereas, in the former,

* The oboe is essentially the same instrument as the bag-pipe—but *minus* the bag.

inspiration should be made as quickly, and expiration as slowly, as possible. The first of these acts, though demanding some care, is not hard of attainment; the second is somewhat more so. It will be rendered easier if we consider that the animal economy is as well cared for when it is the cause of sound as when it is not. Every particle of air, therefore, which a speaker or singer exhales *silently* is wasted—is something taken from the force and volume of his utterance. As the sound of the violin reaches the ear the instant the bow of the skilful violinist touches the string, so should that of the voice at the instant expiration—the *bowing* of the vocalist—begins; no interval being left during which air may escape from the lungs without being turned to account in the production of sound. Many speakers, and even singers, disregard this, and having taken breath, give some of it out again *before* their utterance recommences; a great error obviously.

But let us get on with our review of the vocal mechanism.

Of the *windpipe*, which connects the lungs with the larynx, little need be said. Unless it assume some abnormal and unhealthy condition, we are unconscious of its action, and might easily be unaware even of its existence. Even the *larynx* itself, wonderful as its mechanism is, and important as its functions are, is a subject the consideration of which will be of little practical use to the singer; or less, perhaps, to the speaker. It may be well to mention—what is certainly not universally known—that the larynx is *not* the channel by which food is conveyed to the stomach,* and that the very unpleasant sensation, familiarly attributed to “something going the wrong way,” is literally the result of a *deviation* which, were it followed up by “something” more, would inevitably cause suffocation. The conditions in which some singers (imperfectly trained) find their voices, in consequence of having eaten or drunk this, that, or the other, are, nine times out of ten, altogether imaginary. The action of the lungs may be embarrassed by the stomach having taken into it *too much* food, solid or liquid, but that the *quality* of that food should have at all affected the larynx, from any contact with which it is most effectually guarded, is simply impossible.†

On the extent to which the vocal cords, of which the larynx is chiefly composed, can be contracted and distended, depends the *compass* of a voice—a property to which very exaggerated import-

* This process is effected by the *oesophagus*, which lies behind the “vocal mechanism,” of which it forms no part.

† Eminent vocalists are often asked what they are in the habit of “taking” before they sing. Their answer would, I venture to say, invariably be—“nothing.” The practice of sucking lozenges, barley-sugar, and the like, is exclusively “amateur;” and in so far as these things are likely to put the stomach out of order, they are likely to act in the same way on the voice.

ance is sometimes attached. A large compass is rarely called into requisition; and it is rarely attained or maintained without some sacrifice of one of the best properties a voice can have—*equality* throughout its range. The voices of those who “can sing both high and low,” are almost without exception deficient in the middle, *i.e.*, in the notes most frequently called into requisition. Whether of speaker or singer, the portion of the voice most often exercised, and therefore most important, is that which is farthest from its extremes. On the rapidity or readiness with which the *vocal cords* obey the will depends also the *flexibility* of a voice—the property which in singing goes to make what is commonly called *execution*. Of this it is here needless to speak.

From the impossibility of examining it in the living subject, the action of the larynx in the production of sound is as yet but partially understood. It is questionable whether the most accurate acquaintance with it would much profit either speaker or singer. Great athletes are not commonly anatomists, nor great anatomists athletes. Tom Sayers would assuredly have been found altogether unable to account, on scientific principles, for the force and swiftness of his blows; and M. Nelaton would doubtless as soon think of essaying the flights of a swallow as those of a Leotard.

Not so of the variable cavity, which, I repeat, as it is the most important part of the vocal mechanism, so is it also the most easily and completely open to observation. The speaker or singer has but to place himself opposite a looking-glass in a good light, and uttering successively the various sounds of speech or song, to *see* what position the relative parts assume when each is produced, and thereby to ascertain *why* he utters one with ease, another with difficulty, fails utterly with a third, and so on. It is possible, though not probable, that no pains will enable some persons to overcome some natural defects or deficiencies entirely; but if not entirely, they may be partially overcome, or in some way humoured or concealed. At the worst there is a satisfaction in knowing the causes even of failure.

I have already said that though we can no more speak than sing with any effect for any length of time *on one note*, yet that the average of speech should lie within a small range. This has long been practically acknowledged, both on the lyric and the non-lyric stage. The recitative of Italian opera, which, as delivered by skilful *Italian* performers, approximates speech rather than song, is, save in passages of exceptional energy, tenderness, or the like, generally limited to the musical interval of a *fourth*. Thus the recitative of the Count in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, lies for the most part between F and B-flat—notes lying nearest to the middle of the barytone voice—the average or typical voice of man—the mean between the exceptional

tenore assoluto and the equally exceptional *basso profundo*. Again, the recognised expression, "level speaking," sufficiently indicates what is the theory and practice of good actors, among whom it is spoken of as the highest and rarest of histrionic gifts or accomplishments. It was, among a thousand others, the distinguishing excellence of the elder Kean's delivery.* But the average pitch of a speaker's voice—his choice of a note or notes within his range—must be regulated by a consideration altogether beside his own convenience—that of the size and shape of the place in which he has to speak. I have touched on this matter before. Almost every auditorium, I repeat, has a voice of its own, or, to speak more precisely, has powers of augmenting and enriching some sounds and utterly confusing others. In a *locale* new to the speaker he should carefully notice the effect of his voice on his own ear when he begins, and raise or lower his average pitch—*i.e.*, tune his voice accordingly. Practice will reduce the necessity for this to a minimum. A practised and observant speaker should know how to adapt his intonation to his auditorium, merely by looking at it. In rooms which have much reverberative power, utterance must be slow, if it is to be intelligible. This, of course, adds another to the many difficulties of speaking—especially of extemporaneous speaking. When the speaker is warmed by his subject—when thoughts and illustrations crowd upon him—when, in fact, he is intellectually at his best, he needs prodigious self-control to enable him to resist the tendency to accelerated pace. If this accelerated pace be accompanied (as it is likely to be) by elevation of pitch and increased intensity, he is likely to become partially or even wholly unintelligible. For intelligibility and audibility are not at all convertible terms. A speaker cannot be understood unless he is heard; but he may be heard, and most painfully heard, without being at all understood, be his thought never so clear, his words never so well chosen.

"Vegnati voglia di trarreti avanti,"

says Dante to the lady whom he has *heard* singing in the Forest of the Terrestrial Paradise,

"verso questa riviera
Tanto ch' io possa *intender* che tu canti."

The difficulty of resisting the tendency to high pitch—as old it might seem as oratory itself—was met by the ancients by stationing a musical performer near the speaker, † who from time to time reminded him of his normal compass.

* I give this instance on the authority of a very accomplished actress, the late Mrs. Davison.

† The instrument used by the Romans, a species of flute, had an especial name—*Tonorium*. Quintilian, lib. i. c. 12.

One of the recommendations most often made to a young speaker is to "raise his voice at the end of a sentence." Musical terms are employed so loosely in ordinary writing that the meaning and intention of those who employ them are often hard to come at. "Raise," in this recommendation, may either refer to elevation of pitch or increase of intensity—or even both. If the first, its adoption would result in ending every sentence as though it were a question—an effect too ludicrous for discussion; if the second, the recommendation is a good one—in so far as, but no further than, it may tend to counteract the bad habit of ending with an exhausted breath. Most sentences must be ended, *not* by a rise, but a fall, *in pitch*, of the voice, if they are to be intelligible; but if this fall be accompanied by decreased *intensity* there will be danger of the last few syllables (often the *keys* to many foregoing ones) not reaching the auditory at all. The physical intensity of public speaking must and will, if it have any life in it, vary very considerably; and so must its pace. The *crescendo* and the *accelerando* are as valuable and as legitimate artifices in oratory as they are in music; but it is dangerous to prolong excessively either the *fortissimo* or the *prestissimo* to which they severally lead. "Loud" and "fast" are, after all, but comparative terms, and the ear soon becomes insensible to either tone or volubility unless they are frequently contrasted with their opposites. Moreover, both have their especial dangers. Force, as I have already said, is apt to interfere with clearness of utterance, by overstimulating the resonant properties of the auditorium; and volubility, unless the speaker be very exceptionally gifted, is rarely used without very considerable sacrifice to its exigencies—short vowels substituted for long ones; consonants clipped here, and dropped there; and, more than all, that stringing together, or *skewering* of words, with which foreigners so often and so justly reproach us.* Every language has its own difficulties of utterance; English assuredly not the fewest. None, for instance, abounds more in words which differ to the eye and not to the ear. The natives of some parts of Great Britain still continue to distinguish, by a slight guttural, such words as *which* from *witch*, *whether* from *weather*, &c.; but the practice is provincial, and would sit awkwardly on one not "to the manner born," who adopted it on principle. The sense of such equivocal words can, however, generally be gathered from the context, whatever may be the theory of utterance, provided that that utterance be in itself distinct. It is most undesirable, however, to add

* The following example of "skewering" is from a speech delivered by a very cultivated and practised public speaker. It lingered some moments in my ear before I made it out. I give it with *phonetic* spelling, leaving the translation to the reader. "Now gennelman, I duano weheryou'llagrowiinc, but——" and so on.

to their number, as many careless speakers do, by assimilating to the ear such words as *bridal* and *bridle*, *principal* and *principle*, about the propriety of distinguishing which there cannot be two opinions.

Some of this confusion is simply the result of carelessness, and the remedy for it is always accessible, and easy of application. Not so with words which differ only in the presence or absence of the letter *r*, the difficulty of pronouncing which, for some persons, *seems* to be (I am not sure that it is) invincible. To insist too pointedly* on this liquid—to *roll* it—is certainly inelegant, and, indeed, un-English; on the other hand, to pass it over altogether, to ignore its existence, as it were, is a species of mutilation, which it is impossible to assist at, difficult even to think of, without a shudder. I open Wordsworth's "Excursion," which lies at the moment within my reach, and my eye lights on the following:—

" We paused to admire
The pillared porch, elaborately embossed."

Let this passage be recited, substituting *w* (the usual expedient) for *r*. Not only have we an effect too ludicrous for comment, but an equivocation in respect to a most important epithet—*pillowed*, for *pillared*. Speakers weak in their *w*'s, however, have at least the consolation of knowing that their infirmity is preferable to the London vulgarity I alluded to in my former paper. *Pillow* for *pillar*, is incomparably less offensive to the delicate ear than the converse—*pillar* for *pillow*.

But my business just now is not with common faults in pronunciation—the briefest enumeration of which would far outrun my present time and space—but with the function and the management of the voice itself. Even in respect of this, my object just now is rather to suggest thought than to satisfy curiosity. We play on our own voices, never on other people's; and what any of us may do for the cultivation and improvement of the particular instrument with which nature has endowed us for better and for worse, must be for the most part the result of our own study of it.

I have but to add a few words on one or two matters relatively, though not absolutely, unimportant.

Whatever control over our voices we may acquire, we shall never turn them to the best account till we have attained also considerable control over—the rest of our bodies. In this matter we English are singularly deficient, if not by nature, by use, which is second nature. Granted that action, not suggesting itself to the average Englishman as essential, or even as becoming, to his every-day talk, is somewhat startling, has an air of unreality or affectation, when made an accompaniment to English oratory, surely that does not justify our public utterances being disfigured, as they often are, by

a thousand ridiculous and awkward tricks. If profound and original thought, expressed in well-chosen and well-sounding words, tell most on an English audience when they issue from a frame which betrays no more sympathy or even connection with them than does the case of a pianoforte with the music of which it is the medium—be it so. The Englishman is a reticent, undemonstrative creature, not predisposed even to *rocal* expression, and decidedly indisposed to pantomimic. No doubt: then let him stand still when he speaks. But this is just the thing he never succeeds in doing. One English orator enforces his arguments by punching at frequent intervals the table, desk, handrail, or whatever may lie within his reach; another cannot put forth half a dozen coherent sentences without sawing himself backwards and forwards, like the mast of a yacht at anchor; another periodically folds his arms over his chest—perhaps the most unfavourable posture for vocal utterance that could be devised; while another, having tried a variety of means of suiting the action to the word, frankly confesses his failure by putting the means of action, his hands, into his pockets. Experienced actors, however, say that few things in the exercise of their calling are so difficult as this same standing still. Graceful *inaction*, therefore, would seem to be another added to the long list of the orator's accomplishments, and no more likely to "come by nature" than graceful action.

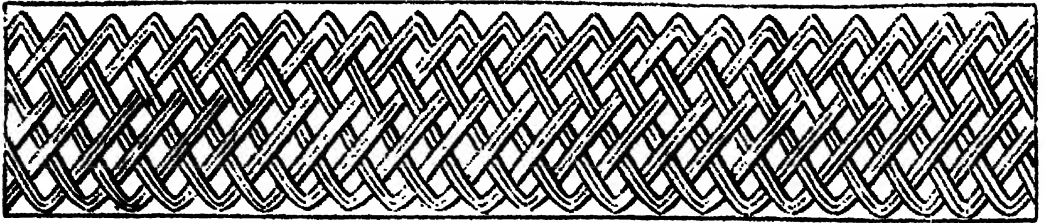
Supposing, however, that the speaker or reader wishes to maintain, and can maintain, any given posture for any given time, it is important that that posture be well chosen. The effect of what he says or reads will be greatly influenced by it. One who speaks extempore, or from memory, can of course choose his posture; not so one who reads. His book or manuscript generally rests on a desk or table, which is often considerably below his level of vision. The consequence of this is, that he is compelled either to keep his head inclined downwards, or alternately to lower and raise it,—like a bird drinking. The remedy for this inconvenience would seem to be the simplest possible; nevertheless, the majority of readers put up with it, ignorant perhaps of the extent to which it obscures their utterance. Yet the slightest acquaintance with the construction of the "variable cavity" would show that hardly any part of it can do its work properly when the head is bent downwards. For large volumes, desks are of course indispensable. They should, however, be so set up as not to necessitate stooping. Small volumes and manuscripts—sermons, for instance—would be much better held in the hand,—best of all in the *head*.

Some speakers depart from their rule and habit of immobility in a way highly distressing to their hearers, by addressing themselves alternately to those on the right and the left of them. From this

action both parties are sufferers. Neither can hear two consecutive short sentences, or the whole of one long one. I have even seen a speaker turn his head fairly away from those in front of, and address himself exclusively to those behind, him. No speaker should be called upon to address those whom he cannot see without changing his range of vision—which, be it remembered, is almost identical with his range of voice. If, unfortunately, he has auditors *in posse*, considerably to the right and the left of him, his only chance of making them auditors *in esse* is to ignore their presence, and address himself exclusively and pertinaciously to those in front of him. These certainly will hear if he knows how to address them, and those may possibly catch something of what he says. In any case it is better that he should be heard perfectly by many and not at all by a few, than imperfectly by all.

One word in conclusion,—not about speakers, but hearers. The latter, often no doubt unconsciously, “accompany” public speaking by noises, individually slight, but which, added together, are a source of serious embarrassment and pardonable irritation to the former. The most serious of these is *coughing*,—in most cases quite gratuitously. Neither elevation of pitch nor increase of intensity has any chance against this; indeed, as they in some degree cover, so do they generally encourage it. Depression and decrease of pitch and intensity, on the contrary, expose and will therefore often stop it. Should these fail, a sudden, complete, and long-continued pause is an unfailing, as it should be a last, resource, and will silence the most asthmatic of hearers,—even in a November fog.

JOHN HULLAH.



ERNEST RENAN ON ST. PAUL.

St. Paul. Par ERNEST RENAN, Mem'bre de l'Institut. Paris: Levy Frères. 1869.

THE difficulty inherent in the task on which M. Renan has entered makes its presence felt in this new instalment of his labours as distinctly as in the volumes which have preceded it. He has undertaken to write the history of a society and a creed which postulate the existence of the supernatural on a hypothesis which postulates its impossibility. Sooner or later the contradiction leads to its inevitable result. He has no wish to be unjust to the Apostle. He bestows on him, as he bestowed on the Master whom he served, warm expressions of admiration. He acknowledges the existence in him of the noblest zeal, the most disinterested labour. And yet he is compelled, by the necessities of his theory, to bring this man before us, as in dealing with the history of Lazarus in his "Vie de Jésus," he brought One greater than St. Paul, as standing on the same level as Apollonius of Tyana, a willing accomplice in what he knew to be a fraud. He has scarcely passed the threshold of his narrative, when he speaks of, "les prestiges auxquels il nous est malheureusement interdit de douter que Paul et Barnabé eurent plus d'une fois recours" (p. 17). Those who have learnt to reverence the memory of the Apostle as of one who "lived in all good conscience before God," hating falsehood and trickery, loving Truth in act and word above all things, will feel that this radical antagonism between their

conception of the character of the hero of M. Renan's volume, and that which they find pervading it, places them at a mental distance from him which no vividness of word-painting, no ingenuity of conjecture can help them to bridge over. As they were compelled to say of the portrait sketched before by the same artist, "This is not the Jesus of the Gospels, not the Jesus whom the disciples loved and whom the Church has worshipped," so they must say, "This is not Paul as he stands before us in the narrative of the Acts, as his heart and soul are laid bare under our eyes in the Epistles." And yet on M. Renan's hypothesis, on that which is assumed as an axiom by all who reject the idea of the miraculous as belonging to a remote past in the progress of mankind, no other representation of the character of the chief agents in the great religious revolution of which Christendom was the result is, we must believe, possible. To that conclusion we must come at last, if we refuse to believe that the work was indeed of God.

It is due to M. Renan to acknowledge that he seems to feel the pain of this sacrifice of the convictions which for so many ages have been fruitful for good in the history of nations, and have given peace and strength to the lives of individual men. There is, as in his previous writings, an almost touching melancholy in the contrast which he paints between the life of the ages of faith and of the age of doubt and of denial. He speaks, like Hamlet, as one who feels that "the world is out of joint," to whom it is almost as a

"Cursed spite
That ever he was born to set it right."

The dedication of this volume to his friend, M. Scheffer, with whom he travelled over the scenes of St. Paul's missionary journeys, gives utterance to this feeling in accents even more touching than those which were heard in the dedication of the "Vie de Jésus" to the memory of his sister—

"A Scéleucie, sur les blocs disjoints du vieux môle, nous portâmes quelque envie aux apôtres qui s'embarquèrent là pour la conquête du monde, pleins d'une foi si ardente au prochain royaume de Dieu. Sûrement, ces espérances matérielles immédiates donnaient dans l'action une énergie que nous n'avons plus. Mais, pour être moins arrêtée dans ses formes, notre foi au règne idéal n'en est pas moins vive. Tout n'est ici-bas que symbole et que songe. Descartes avait raison de ne croire à la réalité du monde qu'après s'être prouvé l'existence de Dieu; Kant avait raison de douter de tout jusqu'à ce qu'il eût découvert le devoir. Notre jeunesse a vu des jours tristes, et je crains que le sort ne nous montre aucun bien avant de mourir. Quelques erreurs énormes entraînent notre pays aux abîmes; ceux à qui on les signale sourient."

It appears in a yet sharper form in his acknowledgment that the victories which mankind have gained in the region of scientific truth

have been more than counterbalanced by the loss of moral energy. In proportion as we attain to truth we lose, according to this confession, the power to accomplish anything for the improvement of mankind. I quote from the close of the chapter which narrates St. Paul's work at Ephesus—

“*Détournons les yeux de ces tristes ombres. Tout ce qui se fait par les masses populaires ignorantes est entaché de traits désagréables. L'illusion, la chimère sont les conditions des grandes choses créées par le peuple. Il n'y a que l'œuvre des sages qui soit pure ; mais les sages d'ordinaire sont impuissants. Nous avons une physiologie et une médecine fort supérieures à celles de saint Paul ; nous sommes dégagés d'une foule d'erreurs qu'il partageait, hélas ! et il est bien à craindre que nous ne fassions jamais la millième partie de ce qu'il a fait. C'est seulement quand l'humanité tout entière sera instruite et arrivée à un certain degré de philosophie positive, que les choses humaines se conduiront par raison. On ne saurait rien comprendre à l'histoire du passé, si l'on se refuse à traiter comme bons et grands des mouvements où se sont mêlés bien des traits équivoques et mesquins.*” (Pp. 348, 349.)

His despondency is indeed tempered by the dawning of a brighter hope. We must wait till “all humanity” has reached a “certain degree of positive philosophy.” And it is significant to note that in the application of that philosophy to the evils that now afflict us M. Renan is a truer disciple of Comte than those who identify his system with the progress of physical science *pur et simple*. The great teachers of that science among us have indeed risen up of late in rebellion against the thinker who was once regarded as its great apostle, and disclaimed his authority. I have no wish to wander from the track to which the present subject leads me to the controversy between Mr. Huxley and Mr. Congreve which has recently been carried on with an asperity at least as keen as that between St. Peter and St. Paul at Antioch, but it is worth while to note that as to the bearing of positive philosophy on the relations of society M. Renan takes part with the latter rather than with the former. He looks forward to the revival of what Mr. Huxley calls “Catholicism without Christianity,” the substitution of some hierarchical discipline over the lives of men for the present system of *laissez faire* and individual freedom. He is speaking of the discipline exercised by St. Paul over the social intercourse of the Church of Corinth—

“*C'est, on le voit, à un couvent, à une congrégation de pieuses personnes occupées à se surveiller et à se juger, bien plus qu'à une église, dans le sens moderne du mot, qu'une telle organisation nous reporte. Toute l'Eglise, aux yeux de l'apôtre, est responsable des fautes qui se commettent dans son sein. Cette exagération de rigorisme avait sa raison d'être dans la société antique, qui péchait par de tout autres excès. Mais on sent ce qu'une telle idée de la sainteté a d'étroit, d'illibéral, de contraire à la morale de celui qu'on appelait autrefois “l'honnête homme,” morale dont le principe fondamental est de s'occuper le moins possible de la conduite d'autrui.*”

—La question seulement est de savoir si une société peut tenir sans une censure des mœurs privées, et si l'avenir ne ramènera pas quelque chose d'analogue à la discipline ecclésiastique, que le libéralisme moderne a si jalousement supprimée." (P. 392.)

Hardly less striking is his statement that the divorce between philosophy and religion is a tremendous evil, that in the better days to come they will be again united:—

"Un tel divorce est toujours puni. Quand la philosophie déclare qu'elle ne s'occupe pas de religion, la religion lui répond en l'étouffant, et c'est justice, car la philosophie n'est quelque chose que si elle montre à l'humanité sa voie, si elle prend au sérieux le problème infini qui est le même pour tous." (P. 191.)

Another indirect result of the melancholy which thus shows itself, and which, though it may not be without a touch of complacent sentimentalism, I cannot look on as altogether affected, is seen in the tendency to represent the life of the early believers as one of radiant joyfulness. Just as in the "Vie de Jésus" the life of the Galilæan disciples was painted as one of ideal cheerfulness and beauty, and we read at every turn of the "délicieuse pastorale," "la nature idyllique et douce de Jésus," "la troupe gaie et vagabonde," "la bande de joyeux enfants," so, in "St. Paul," in spite of a tendency to exaggerate the discords and divisions of the Church, there is at times the same inclination to sketch it as a golden age, when hopes, though false, brought with them a fleeting joy which the world has lost, and cannot now regain:—

"Les catéchistes allaient partout; sitôt accueillis, ils étaient gardés comme des trésors; chacun s'empressait de les nourrir. Une cordialité, une joie, une bienveillance infinies gagnaient de proche en proche et fondaient tous les cœurs." (P. 361.)

"La joie, la concorde, l'espoir sans bornes faisaient trouver la souffrance légère, et inauguraient ce règne délicieux du 'Dieu d'amour et de paix' que Jésus avait annoncé. A travers mille petites choses, l'esprit de Jésus rayonnait dans ces groupes de saints avec infiniment d'éclat et de douceur." (P. 457.)

"La gaieté, la jeunesse de cœur que respirent ces odyssées Évangéliques furent quelque chose de nouveau, d'original, et de charmant. *Les Actes des Apôtres*, expression de ce premier élan de la conscience Chrétienne, sont un livre de joie, d'ardeur sereine. Depuis les poèmes homériques, on n'avait pas vu d'œuvre pleine de sensations aussi fraîches. Une brise matinale, une odeur de mer pénétre tout le livre et en fait un excellent compagnon de voyage." (P. 12.)

If, however, M. Renan finds this spirit of joyfulness in the Churches which owed their knowledge of the "good news" from which it flowed to the preaching of St. Paul, he is far from ascribing that character to the apostle himself. He sums up, in the closing chapter of his volume, his conclusions as to the relation in which the hero stands to the faith which he proclaimed, and in this he parts

company from M. Comte, and reverses the judgment passed by that writer on the same question. Speaking of the Catholicism, which he treats as the true expression of Christianity, and in which he finds a more definite and intelligible name, M. Comte writes thus:—

“It was really founded by St. Paul. . . . All the essential conceptions of Catholicism in relation to dogmas, to worship, and to government, are already defined in his occasional letters, the merit of which appears more striking when contrasted with the intellectual and moral vagueness which marks the more highly venerated books by which they are surrounded.” *

The account of St. Paul's motives which follows on this estimate is indeed forced and paradoxical. M. Comte sees in him one who felt that the idea of an incarnation was necessary as the final phase of monotheism, who could not, without losing his “real superiority of heart and spirit,” play the rôle which would have been imposed on him had he presented himself as an incarnation, who then, by “an act of spontaneous self-sacrifice,” subordinated himself to “one among the numerous prophets who had claimed a personal union with the Deity,” and thus, “free from all personal degradation,” had preached the faith in Christ which was to change the world. This is not a very coherent or satisfactory theory of the relation between the apostle and his Master. It does not clear the former, as Mr. Westcott well points out, from the charge of “personal degradation.” It is an hypothesis which makes the whole life of St. Paul an acted lie, every epistle that he wrote a tissue of conscious falsehoods. Let us hear M. Renan's summing up of his study of St. Paul's character, in the “Coup d'œil sur l'œuvre de Paul,” with which the volume closes:—

“Un homme a contribué plus qu'aucun autre à cette rapide extension du christianisme ; cet homme a déchiré l'espece de maillot serré et prodigieusement dangereux dont l'enfant fut entouré dès sa naissance ; il a proclamé que le christianisme n'était pas une simple réforme du judaïsme, mais qu'il était une religion complète, existant par elle-même. Dire que cet homme mérite d'être placé à un rang fort élevé dans l'histoire, c'est dire une chose évidente ; mais il ne faut pas l'appeler fondateur. Paul a beau dire, il est inférieur aux autres apôtres. Il n'a pas vu Jésus, il n'a pas entendu sa parole. Les divins *logia*, les paraboles, il les connaît à peine. Le Christ qui lui fait des révélations personnelles est son propre fantôme ; c'est lui-même qu'il écoute, en croyant entendre Jésus.” (P. 563.)

He thinks of him as in the second century “almost forgotten,” having “no illustrious disciples,” no “original school.” Even his letters were but little read. In the third, the fourth, the fifth centuries, it is true, his name and teaching came forward into a new prominence in the theological controversies of the Church, in the great councils of the Eastern Church. But in the West, under the

* Pol. Poa., iii. 409, 410. I quote from Mr. Westcott's article in the *Contemporary Review*, vol. vi. p. 404.

system which M. Comte traces to him as its true founder, through the whole period of the Middle Ages, "his fortune undergoes a strange eclipse." He is "lost in the glory of St. Peter." Few churches were built to him, no tapers burnt. With the Reformation there came for him a new era of glory and authority. Even Catholicism, taught by wider studies, took a truer estimate of his character, and placed him "almost on a level with St. Peter."

After this summary of the historical judgment passed more or less consciously by different Churches and at different periods, M. Renan asks the very natural question, "Quelle place lui fera la critique? Quel rang lui assignera-t-elle dans la hiérarchie de ceux qui servirent l'idéal?" And he proceeds to answer it thus:—

"On sert l'idéal en faisant le bien, en découvrant le vrai, en réalisant le beau. En tête de la procession sainte de l'humanité, marche l'homme du bien, l'homme vertueux; le second rang appartient à l'homme du vrai, au savant, au philosophe; puis vient l'homme du beau, l'artiste, le poète. Jésus nous apparaît, sous son auréole céleste, comme un idéal de bonté et de beauté. Pierre aima Jésus, le comprit, et fut, ce semble, malgré quelques faiblesses, un homme excellent. Que fut Paul?—Ce ne fut pas un saint. Le trait dominant de son caractère n'est pas la bonté. Il fut fier, roide, cassant; il se défendit, s'affirma (comme on dit aujourd'hui); il eut des paroles dures; il crut avoir absolument raison; il tint à son avis; il se brouilla avec diverses personnes.—Ce ne fut pas un savant: on peut même dire qu'il a beaucoup nuï à la science par son mépris paradoxal de la raison, par son éloge de la folie apparente, par son apotheose de l'absurde transcendantal.—Ce ne fut pas non plus un poète. Ses écrits, œuvres de la plus haute originalité, sont sans charme; la forme en est âpre et presque toujours dénuée de grâce.—Que fut-il donc?"

"Ce fut un homme d'action éminent, une âme forte, envahissante, enthousiaste, un conquérant, un missionnaire, un propagateur, d'autant plus ardent qu'il avait d'abord déployé son fanatisme dans un sens opposé. Or l'homme d'action, tout noble qu'il est quand il agit pour un but noble, est moins près de Dieu que celui qui a vécu de l'amour pur du vrai, du bien ou du beau. L'apôtre est par nature un esprit quelque peu borné; il veut réussir, il fait pour cela des sacrifices. Le contact avec la réalité souille toujours un peu. Les premières places dans le royaume du ciel sont réservées à ceux qu'un rayon de grâce a touchés, à ceux qui n'ont adoré que l'idéal. L'homme d'action est toujours un faible artiste, car il n'a pas pour but unique de refléter la splendeur de l'univers; il ne saurait être un savant, car il règle ses opinions d'après l'utilité politique; ce n'est même pas un homme très-vertueux, car jamais il n'est irréprochable, la sottise et la méchanceté des hommes le forçant à pactiser avec elles. Jamais surtout il n'est aimable: la plus charmante des vertus, la réserve, lui est interdite. Le monde favorise les audacieux, ceux qui s'aident eux-mêmes. Paul, si grand, si honnête, est obligé de se décerner le titre d'apôtre. On est fort dans l'action par ses défauts; on est faible par ses qualités. En somme, le personnage historique qui a le plus d'analogie avec saint Paul, c'est Luther. De part et d'autre, c'est la même violence dans le langage, la même passion, la même énergie, la même noble indépendance, le même attachement frénétique à une thèse embrassée comme l'absolue vérité.

"Je persiste donc à trouver que, dans la création du christianisme, la

part de Paul doit être faite bien inférieure à celle de Jésus. Il faut même, selon moi, mettre Paul au-dessous de François d'Assise et de l'auteur de "Imitation," qui tous deux virent Jésus de très-près. Le Fils de Dieu est unique. Paraître un moment, jeter un éclat doux et profond, mourir très-jeune, voilà la vie d'un dieu. Lutter, disputer, vaincre, voilà la vie d'un homme. Après avoir été depuis trois cents ans le docteur chrétien par excellence, grâce au protestantisme orthodoxe, Paul voit de nos jours finir son règne; Jésus, au contraire, est plus vivant que jamais. Ce n'est plus l'Épître aux Romains qui est le résumé du christianisme, c'est le Discours sur la montagne. Le vrai christianisme, qui durera éternellement, vient des Évangiles, non des Épîtres de Paul. Les écrits de Paul ont été un danger et un écueil, la cause des principaux défauts de la théologie chrétienne; Paul est le père du subtil Augustin, de l'aride Thomas d'Aquin, du sombre calviniste, de l'acariâtre janséniste, de la théologie féroce qui damne et prédestine à la damnation. Jésus est le père de tous ceux qui cherchent dans les rêves de l'idéal le repos de leurs âmes. Ce qui fait vivre le christianisme, c'est le peu que nous savons de la parole et de la personne de Jésus. L'homme d'idéal, le poète divin, le grand artiste défie seul le temps et les révolutions. Seul il est assis à la droite de Dieu le Père pour l'éternité.

"Humanité, tu es quelquefois juste, et certains de tes jugements sont bons!" (Pp. 567—570.)

It will be felt, if I mistake not, that this is the judgment of a man who understands St. Paul as little as his "Vie de Jésus" showed that he understood St. John. As he saw in the latter one who being the author of the Fourth Gospel, wrote it chiefly to claim for himself a higher position in the Church than that which had till then been assigned him, to gratify his antipathy to Judas and his sensitive jealousy of St. Peter, so he seems incapable of seeing in the former more than the harsh dogmatist, the irascible egotist, the man forced to enter into compromises with the folly and rascality of mankind. He is, indeed, inconsistent with himself. The *obiter dicta* of the historian are hardly to be reconciled with the summing-up of the judge.

"Mais un principe supérieur, qui domina sa vie, lui fit vaincre ses répugnances. Au-dessus des opinions et des sentiments particuliers, Paul plaçait la charité. Christ nous a délivrés de toute loi; mais, si, en profitant de la liberté que Christ nous a donnée, on scandalise son frère, il vaut mieux renoncer à cette liberté et se remettre en esclavage. C'est en vertu de ce principe que Paul, comme il le dit lui-même, se fit tous à tous, juif avec les juifs, gentil avec les gentils." (P. 517.)

Even the comparison with Luther which is, we may presume, less of a common-place in France than it would be in England or Germany, is in many points, in spite of the acceptance it has met with, singularly infelicitous. There is, of course, the same broad outline of spiritual experience, the same intense conviction of the burden of sin, the same sense of deliverance from it, the same zeal in preaching the doctrine that man is justified by faith, which was the

instrument of that deliverance. But there was in Luther, partly as the result of physical temperament, partly of race and the modes of life around him, a vigorous Teutonic animalism, a love of out-door sports and in-door mirth, of the fire-side hearth and the prattling of children's voices, a hearty recognition as of something natural and right, of the instincts which in the Romish system of the celibacy of the clergy and the monastic orders generally were treated as common and unclean, which we look for in vain in the life and writings of St. Paul. What we find in the Apostle, even from a simply human historical point of view, is the character of one who in the midst of all the ever-expanding sympathies of his nature, is still, from first to last, intensely sensitive in his nature, with the same capacities for theopathy, the same yearning, *i.e.* for communion with the living God, and the same belief that he had found it, which we find in the prophets of Israel. His life is that of one who, far from the physical robustness which shakes off annoyances and vexations like drops of water from a duck's wing, has to struggle with ever-recurring attacks of a mysterious, excruciating malady, the "thorn in the flesh," from which nothing sets him free, which the loyal care of the "beloved physician" can, at best, only mitigate; who has, as the result of that struggle, a temperament with every nerve on edge, sensitive alike to the slightest show of sympathy, and to the slightest token of suspicion or distrust, restless with a feverish excitement to be everywhere and to be doing everything. But the zeal is not that of a propagandist or a controversialist only. It prompts to the endurance of toil, labour, hardships, to wanderings by land or sea, in unknown countries, and among the haunts of robbers, to the willing endurance of poverty and hardship, and the daily drudgery of mechanic toil. And with it there is a love eager and devouring, for all souls with whom he comes in contact, a craving for their affection; a heart that joys in their joy, and sorrows in their griefs; a charity in the wider sense of the word, which makes him tolerant of many differences, ready to submit to the passions and prepossessions of others. The picture drawn with a master's hand by Mr. Jowett, and sketched by Dr. Newman in his well-known sonnet in the "*Lyra Apostolica*," is, I believe, a far more truthful portrait than that given by M. Renan.* But a comparison

* I shall, I believe, be rendering a service to many readers by bringing these two pictures, characteristic as they are of the writers as well as of the men whom they represent, more directly to their notice. From Mr. Jowett's I can only quote the concluding passage:—

"Often they (great men) live in a kind of solitude, on which other men do not venture to intrude; putting forth their strength on particular occasions, careless or abstracted about the daily concerns of life. Such was not the greatness of the Apostle St. Paul; not only in the sense in which he says that 'he could do all things through Christ,' but in a more earthly and human one was it true that his strength was his weakness and

with any individual character is, indeed, in such a case specially misleading. No single type in the later history of Christendom can be taken as the counterpart of that *μυριόβουτος ἀνὴρ*. If the character of St. Paul presents, as confessedly it does, some points of correspondence with that of Luther or of Calvin, it includes no less distinctly those to whom M. Renan considers him inferior. Whatever there is worthy of our love and admiration in Francis of Assisi, and the author of the "Imitation;" whatever there is, we may add, in Francis Xavier or in John Wesley, has its place in the multiform excellence of the Apostle of the Gentiles. Precisely because he was, through all the outward diversities which M. Renan exaggerates, but which we may readily admit, a *μιμητὴς Χριστοῦ*, they were, in their several measures and degrees, *μιμηταὶ Παύλου*.

It is time to pass on to the manner in which, with this conception of St. Paul present to his mind, M. Renan has executed the task he has undertaken. It need hardly be said that there are many felicitous phrases and turns of thought, many vivid descriptions of scenery, partly from personal observation, partly from books, a copious collection of illustrative facts on special points of interest. In very many cases indeed, the facts are familiar enough. The references to Greek or Roman

his weakness his strength. His dependence upon others was in part also the source of his influence over them. His natural character was the type of that communion of the Spirit which he preached; the meanness of appearance which he attributes to himself, the image of that contrast which the Gospel presents to human greatness. Glorifying and humiliation, life and death, a vision of angels strengthening him, the 'thorn in the flesh' rebuking, the greatest tenderness not without sternness, sorrows above measure, consolation above measure, are some of the contradictions which were reconciled in the same man. The centre in which things so strange met and moved was the cross of Christ, 'whose marks in his body he bore;' what was 'behind of whose afflictions' he rejoiced to fill up. Let us look once more a little closer at that 'visage marred' in his Master's service. A poor decrepit being—afflicted, perhaps, with palsy, certainly with some bodily defect—led out of prison between Roman soldiers, probably at times faltering in his speech, the creature, as he seemed to spectators, of nervous sensibility; yearning, almost with a sort of fondness, to save the souls of those whom he saw around him, spoke a few eloquent words in the cause of Christian truth, at which kings were awed, telling the tale of his own conversion with such simple pathos that after ages have hardly heard the like."

Dr. Newman's is not less artistic, and may, happily, be quoted *in extenso* :—

"I dreamed that with a passionate complaint
I wished me born amid God's scenes of might;
And envied those who saw the presence bright
Of gifted prophet and strong-hearted saint,
Whom my heart loves, and fancy strives to paint.
I turned, when straight a stranger met my sight,
Came as my guest, and did awhile unite
His lot with mine, and lived without restraint.
Courteous he was and grave,—so meek in mien,
It seemed untrue, or told a purpose weak;
Yet in the mood, he could with aptness speak,
Or with stern force, or show of feelings keen,
Marking deep craft, methought, or hidden pride :—
Then came a voice—"Saint Paul is at thy side."

Lyra Apostolica, lxxiii.

writers, or the Talmud, are the common property of all the better commentators. The work is far less uniformly complete in this respect than that of Conybeare and Howson, and in some parts, especially in the narrative of the voyage of Acts xxvii., is, when compared with their treatment of it, and with the more elaborate monograph by Mr. Smith, meagre and unsatisfying. Some points, on the other hand, the condition of the Jews at Rome (pp. 98—106), the topography of Ephesus (pp. 335—340), the traces of Semitic influence in the valley of the Lycus (pp. 356—360), the regions traversed by the Apostle in his first mission (pp. 22—56), are worked out with more completeness and from less familiar sources—though even here, there is nothing to be compared with Professor Lightfoot's masterly dissertations on "*the Galatian people*" or "*they of Caesar's household.*" Some of the more direct contributions from his own observation are worth quoting. Thus, as showing the way in which the interior provinces of Asia Minor had been left in the rear by the general march of civilization, he notes (p. 23) that "the houses in Caria and Lycia are, at the present day, the most archaic in the world." In illustration of the tendency of the East to magic and spells and charms, he tells us (p. 348) that when he was at the little town of Saida some years ago, there were not less than three hundred persons occupied in the study of the occult sciences, that often in Syria the treasure-seekers, who took him for one of their fraternity, came, admiring his superiority, to offer to communicate their talismans. We may demur, perhaps, to the soundness of the inference that what he saw as he walked through the Greek quarter of Smyrna on a fine Sunday, the whole male population living out of doors, women sitting at the doors of their houses, chatting with all passers-by, was probably a picture of what had been the mode of life of its Christian inhabitants in the first century (p. 352); and still more so to the conclusion that therefore "*Ces bonnes populations, sans esprit militaire, féminines, si j'ose le dire, étaient naturellement Chrétiennes.*" No one but a writer like M. Renan, who has persuaded himself that the life of the early Christians was that of children making holiday or shepherds at a wake, with *douceur* and *gaieté* and *bonne humeur* as its dominant characteristics, could have found in the scene which he describes a picture of primitive Christianity.

In other passages, where we pass out of the range of fact into that of illustration, M. Renan's comparisons are often singularly suggestive. We are not to think of St. Paul's mission-work as being like that of Xavier or Livingstone, supported by a large organisation. It was like that of an *ouvrier* going from town to town, from *cabaret* to *cabaret*, to propagate his gospel of communism in suburban workshops (p. 55). When the Apostle stood before Stoics and Epicu-

reans at Athens, he had no more prospect of success "que n'en aurait de nos jours un socialiste humanitaire déclamant contre les préjugés Anglais devant les fellows d'Oxford ou de Cambridge" (p. 200.) When he comes to the disputes at Corinth between the parties of Apollos and of Paul, whose dogmatic agreement and personal good understanding he recognises fully, he compares it to the factions which are formed in the towns of the Levant, not on controversial questions, but on personal preferences:—

Chez ces populations légères, brillantes, superficielles des bords de la Méditerranée, les factions, les partis, les divisions sont un besoin social. La vie sans cela paraît ennuyeuse. Pour se procurer la satisfaction de haïr et d'aimer, d'être excité, jaloux, triomphant à son heure, on se bute souvent sur les choses les plus puériles. L'objet de la division est insignifiant; c'est la division qu'on veut et qu'on cherche pour elle-même. Les questions de personnes deviennent, dans ces sortes de sociétés, des questions capitales. Que deux prédicateurs ou deux médecins se rencontrent dans une petite ville du Midi, la ville se divise en deux partis sur les mérites de chacun d'eux. Les deux prédicateurs, les deux médecins, ont beau être amis; ils n'empêcheront pas leurs noms de devenir le signal de luttes vives, la bannière de deux camps ennemis." (Pp. 373-4.)

The description is vivid enough, but I own to a slight feeling of wonder that one who, like M. Renan, has seen "cities and manners of men" so widely, should have thought it necessary to have limited his remark to "une petite ville du Midi." Surely, even in the Little Pedlingtons of our colder North, and in many an *arrondissement* of the writer's own country an acute observer might detect similar phenomena.

On many of the graver secondary questions which connect themselves with his subject, the conclusions to which M. Renan comes are often in agreement with those to which many previous students of the Acts and Epistles have been led. He sees in what I have ventured to call elsewhere the *Sisterhood* of Philippi,* that which was throughout the chief characteristic of that Church. In its members, and in those of other Churches who were like them, he recognises those who were the second foundresses of our faith:—

"Après les Galiléennes qui suivaient Jésus et le servaient, Lydie, Phœbe, les pieuses dames inconnues de Philippes et de Thessalonique sont les vraies saintes auxquelles la foi nouvelle dut ses plus rapides progrès." † (P. 165).

* *Sunday Magazine* for August, 1868.

† M. Renan, indeed, goes further, and suggests that the unknown "true yoke-fellow" of Phil. iv. 3, was none other than Lydia herself. He treats the phrase as meaning "ma chère épouse," and then goes on to ask the suggestive question—"Est-il cependant absolument impossible que Paul ait contracté avec cette sœur une union plus intime? On ne saurait l'affirmer" (p. 149). This stands nearly on the same level as Mr. Hepworth Dixon's portentous discovery, that Christian divines of all ages had blinked the fact that St. Paul travelled habitually with a female companion, under conditions analogous to those of the "spiritual wives" among the sects to whose morbid physiology his recent volumes are devoted. (*Spiritual Wives*, II., p. 55.) M. Renan, on the other hand, admits, "La seule chose qui soit sûre, c'est que Paul ne menait pas avec lui de sœur dans ses voyages." (P. 149.)

He finds in the name of the Chrestus of whom Suetonius speaks as ringleader in the disturbances that led Claudius to banish the Jews from Rome, a token that the Gospel had been preached in the Jewish Transtiberine quarter long before the Imperial City was visited by an Apostle, and accepts the conclusion that as Aquila and Priscilla were Christians before they met St. Paul at Corinth, they had probably been among the most active of the preachers of the faith there. If honour were to be done to the true founders of the Church in the way most appropriate, men ought to build a "poor chapel to the two good Jews of Pontus who were driven from Rome by the police of Claudius for having been of the faction of Chrestus" (p. 113).

Another acute, though more precarious, conjecture adopted by M. Renan is that which sees in "Galatia," as St. Paul uses it, a term of wider extent than the *Γαλατικὴ χώρα* of the Acts xvi. 6, and includes within its range, as co-extensive with the Roman province, Isauria and Phrygia, Lycaonia and Pisidia (pp. 48—53). On this hypothesis the Churches to which he writes in the Epistle to the Galatians were those of the Pisidian Antioch and Iconium, of Lystra and Derbe, with which he had been so familiar, where he had once been so beloved, where he had spent so many months. The hypothesis explains some difficulties, and gives interest to some passages in the Epistle: but the considerations urged in Professor Lightfoot's full discussion of the point seem to turn the scale in the other direction, and lead us to think of the Galatians as those who had retained the traces of their Keltic origin in character, and perhaps in language, and were in this respect different from their Phrygian and Lycaonian neighbours.

It will not surprise those who have read M. Renan's "Les Apôtres" to find that, following in the footsteps of the Tübingen school, he exaggerates to the utmost the differences between the teaching of St. Paul and that of the Church of the Circumcision. The narrative to the Acts is held to be contradicted and superseded by the Epistle to the Galatians. "Ce bon Luc" has played the rôle of mediation somewhat clumsily, and in vain seeks to gloss over the discords which divided the Apostle of the Gentiles from the three "who seemed to be pillars" of the Church. James the Just *did* really instigate the Judaizing teachers who dogged St. Paul's footsteps everywhere in the later years of his mission-labours (p. 311). He and his party did *induce* St. Paul, though the Apostle disclaims the idea of having been *compelled*, to circumcise Titus. All that we have heard of late years of the pseudo-Clementine Homilies is brought on the stage again. The dispute between St. Peter and Simon Magus, of which that Apocryphal book records the several stages, veils, we are told, under a thin disguise, the long controversy between the leaders of

the Church of Jerusalem and St. Paul. He is the "enemy," the "opponent," the "impious man," of whom St. Peter speaks in the spurious letter to James that stands as the preface to that book. The Epistle of Jude is a polemic against him. His resistance to St. Peter is alluded to in the reference to "railing accusation" and "the gain-saying of Korah" (pp. 300—303). The first three chapters of the Apocalypse are a cry of hatred against him. He is the Balaam, the Jezebel (!), the teacher of the Nicolaitans, condemned in the Epistles to the Seven Churches. The "synagogues of Satan" are the Churches which he had founded; the "depths of Satan" are the "deep things of God" on which he was wont to dwell. (Pp. 303—306.)

This is, perhaps, the culminating point of the hypothesis. It is well that we should see to what extravagances it can lead one in whom the love of paradox has overbalanced the power of weighing evidence fairly. We need not regret that ideal pictures of the first century as a golden age of unity and peace should be broken in upon; that we should be made to see that even then there were diversities in ritual, life, doctrine as there are now; that even apostles were men of like passions with ourselves, and represented, partially and not completely, the several phases of the truth. The more we realise this, the more tolerant shall we be of like diversities in our own time, the wider will be the range of our sympathies and affections, the more we shall be able to recognise a fundamental unity underlying our manifold divisions. But there is a tendency the reverse of that which M. Renan ascribes to *ce bon Luc*, the tendency to distinguish in order to divide, to multiply and magnify the dissensions of the apostolic body, to forget or ignore that they recognised each other as servants of the same Master, preachers of the same Gospel. And the hypothesis carried to this extent is flagrantly at variance even with the documents on which it claims to rest. Putting the Acts out of the question, as rendered, on this assumption, untrustworthy by its deliberately mediating character, is it not true, on a fair interpretation of its contents, that the Epistle to the Galatians, with all its bold, Luther-like, vehement assertion of independence, recognises that the points of difference between the writer and the Jerusalem Apostles were few and temporary? Only once had he to withstand Peter, and then only for a vacillation in conduct, not for an antagonism in doctrine. He had declared his Gospel to "those of reputation,"—*i.e.*, to Peter, James, and John,—and they had recognised it, and given to him and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship. They had made a treaty of partition with him, and had let him have free course. The First Epistle of St. Peter (which M. Renan admits as probably genuine), is through its whole extent an

echo of the teaching, often reproduces the very words and phrases, of St. Paul, and could hardly have been written but by one who was acquainted with his written as well as his oral teaching. The chosen companions of the Apostle of the Circumcision are the friends and disciples of the Apostle of the Gentiles. In the Epistles of St. John, in like manner, and in the Apocalypse, we find manifold traces, verbal and substantial, of the influence of St. Paul's teaching in the Epistles to the Asiatic Churches. Even the Epistle of St. James, as read in the light of the current teaching of the Rabbis, is a protest not against the teaching of St. Paul, but against, it may be, that of disciples who caricatured it, more probably against that of his bitterest opponents.

The criticism of M. Renan on the genuineness of the Pauline Epistles, is, as compared with the *Prolegomena* of any English commentary, or the discussions of any German *Einleitung*, somewhat thin and unsatisfying. He barely does more than state results, and they correspond, for the most part, with the conclusions of the more advanced critical school. (1.) The Epistles to the Galatians, to the Corinthians, to the Romans, are treated as "undisputed and indisputable." In regard to the last-named, however, he, following in the wake of many others, looks on it, though addressed to the Romans, as in fact intended for many Churches. The four passages that have the look of the natural winding-up of a letter (xv. 33, xvi. 20, xvi. 24, xvi. 27), indicate that each of them had originally served to close the copy to which it was attached. The long list of salutations in Romans xvi. 3—20 was sent, not to Rome, where the Apostle had but few friends, but to Ephesus, where he had many. Other copies were sent to Thessalonica, and to an unknown Church. (2.) In the group of genuine, though not quite undisputed documents, are placed the Epistle to the Philippians, and the two to the Thessalonians. (3.) Lower in the scale, but still recognised as probably genuine, are the Epistles to Colossians, and to Philemon. The former, instead of being open to suspicion through its reference to Gnostic errors, is valuable as showing how early those errors had begun to spread. Its connexion with the letter to Philemon turns the scales in its favour. Its accents are thoroughly Pauline. (4.) Marked as doubtful, comes the Epistle to the Ephesians. The objections to it are "infinitely stronger." Even here, however, M. Renan decides in favour of the substantial genuineness, but lays stress on the well-known omission of the words ἐν Ἐφέσῳ in many ancient MSS., as showing that it had been originally an encyclical letter. It is impossible to admit that St. Paul wrote or dictated it; but no one can say that it is improbable even that it was written, say by Tychicus or Timotheus, in his life-time, under his eyes, in his name,

modelled by his directions on the Epistle to the Colossians. (5.) The three Pastoral Epistles, on the other hand, he rejects as unquestionably spurious, shewn to be such by the multitude of un-Pauline words and thoughts, by their hierarchical character, by the impossibility of fitting them into any known part of St. Paul's life. Starting with the assumption that there was but one imprisonment at Rome (an assumption which is, it may be supposed, to be supported by some evidence in his next volume), he shews, with the triumph of one who wins an easy victory, that they could not have been written at any period of St. Paul's ministry embraced in the history of the *Acts*. (6.) Lastly, the discussion of the Epistle to the Hebrews also is reserved for vol. iv. of M. Renan's work. He simply states in his present volume his belief that it contains allusions to the persecution under Nero, and was written, therefore, shortly after St. Paul's death, probably about A.D. 66.

The most arbitrary of the inferences thus summed up is, as I venture to think, that which refers the salutations in Romans xvi. 3—20 to the Ephesian, not to the Roman, Church. As a test of M. Renan's ability to weigh evidence, perhaps also, to some extent, of his acquaintance with the evidence, it may be worth while to examine more in detail the grounds on which he so transfers them. (1.) "We find," he says, "in them none of the persons whom we know to have belonged to the Church of Rome, and we find there many persons who assuredly never belonged to it." The proof of the first of these assertions is found in the non-appearance in Romans xvi. of any of the names found in the Second Epistle to Timothy. M. Renan, who rejects that epistle as apocryphal, discovers here that it "has its historical value." But even on that hypothesis it belongs to a time subsequent to St. Paul's death, as, on that which is commonly received, it belongs to the latest period of his life, when some years had passed since the date of the Epistle to the Romans. On either supposition the messages sent are from the few who had been most conspicuous in their personal connection with him; and the persecution under Nero, which the Epistle to Timothy presupposes, might well have caused a dispersion of all but the most faithful followers.

(2.) M. Renan finds it "bien singulier" that Aquila and Priscilla, who were at Ephesus when St. Paul wrote his first Epistle to the Corinthians, should be at Rome when, a few months afterwards, St. Paul writes from that city to Corinth (1 Cor. xvi. 19), "C'est leur prêter une vie par trop nomade; c'est accumuler les invraisemblances" (p. lxvii). Yet this very "nomadic" life is precisely what he elsewhere (p. 113) speaks of as characteristic of the Jews of this period generally, and of Aquila and Priscilla in particular. And it is obvious that if they had done at Rome the work which M. Renan,

as I think, rightly ascribes to them, they would be anxious to embrace the first opportunity for returning which might be afforded either by the repeal or by the expiration of the edict, or by the laxity of the police of Rome in enforcing it.

(3.) He urges that it is improbable that St. Paul should know so intimately so many Christians at a Church which he had never visited. But the answer to this is that many Jewish Christians, probably many Gentile ones, must have left Rome at the same time as Aquila and Priscilla, that they would naturally follow their teachers and guides to the city where they had found refuge, and as naturally return with them when the opportunity occurred. M. Renan lays stress, indeed, on the probable continuance in force of the edict which had expelled the Jews; but he forgets the fact that, if there was *any* epistle written to Rome from Corinth during the visit of Acts xx. 3,—and this he distinctly maintains as part of his hypothesis,—then, on that assumption, there must have been a Christian Church at Rome, and it must have included, as the whole tenor of the Epistle shows, a large, if not a preponderant, Jewish element. He himself, indeed, elsewhere speaks of it as the “head-quarters of Ebionism,” *i.e.*, of the Judaizing section of the Church (p. 479). Jews therefore must have returned to it already in large numbers, and resumed a settled *status*.

(4.) The same line of argument applies to M. Renan’s wonder that so many Christians at Corinth should send messages of affection to those at Rome. If those Christians at Rome had lived and laboured with them at Corinth, what wonder that they should have many friends among them? The intercourse between Corinth and Rome was probably as frequent as that between Corinth and Ephesus.

(5.) The next point urged is that in the list of names, there are, out of twenty-four in all, sixteen Greek, seven Latin, and one Hebrew, while, according to the statistics which Garucci has brought together in his “*Cimitero degli antichi Ebrei*,” the Latin names found on the Jewish epitaphs at Rome are twice as numerous as the Greek. But this again is traversed (1) by the fact which M. Renan, along with all recent writers, admits, that the Roman Church was predominantly Greek; (2) by the obvious consideration, which M. Renan ignores, that the Christian population would naturally include a larger Greek element, and therefore a greater proportion of Greek names, than the purely Jewish one.

(6.) Lastly, it must be added that M. Renan, so far as I can find, does not seem to be acquainted with the monograph of P. Gori on the “*Columbarium*” of Livia, and the more recent archæological works of a like character of which Professor Lightfoot has made such good use in his Commentary on the Philippians. The fact that at least sixteen out of the names in Rom. xvi. 3—20 are found in Roman

inscriptions of the period, and connected more or less directly with that "imperial household" to which St. Paul refers in an epistle acknowledged to be genuine (Phil. iv. 22), is more than *prima facie* evidence that the names are Roman, and not, as M. Renan contends, Ephesian. The sepulchral inscriptions to which I have elsewhere called attention,* given by Muratori (No. 1325) and Orelli (No. 270), and dedicated by Tiberius Claudius Narcissus to the *Manes* of his wife Dicaeosyna (a name that hardly ever meets us elsewhere, but one which was natural enough among those who had come directly under St. Paul's teaching), seems also unknown to him.

The discussion of this question has run to a greater length than I intended, and may seem to turn upon a comparatively trivial point. But it is only in this way, by a fair examination in a single instance, of the sweeping assertions and rapid generalizations to which M. Renan is addicted, that we can take the measure of his general trustworthiness, and of the authority which, in the absence of such a scrutiny, may be assigned to his conclusions. It is right to add that where he has the materials ready to his hand, as in dealing with the works of Garucci and De Rossi, he succeeds in bringing into one vivid picture a large number of very interesting details, and reproduces the life of the population of the *Ghetto* with a completeness which has hardly been attained before. Among other statements and conjectures of the less tenable kind, I may note (1) that St. Peter was probably tempted by the lakes and pools formed by the Orontes in the neighbourhood of Antioch to return to his old occupation as a fisherman (p. 283); (2) that St. Paul, in the second Epistle to Timothy, is full of new plans of widely-extended work (p. xiv., but comp. 2 Tim. iv. 6); (3) that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews is far from looking on the law as abolished (p. lx., but comp. Heb. viii. 13); (4) that the school of Schammai, the more orthodox party among the Pharisees, were altogether opposed to proselytism† (p. 61, but comp. Matt. xxiii. 15); (5) that there is not a single instance of the marriage of a Jew to a pagan wife‡ (p. 63, but comp. Joseph. *Antiq.* xviii. 9, s. 5, where a leading Jew of Babylon marries a heathen wife); (6) that it is impossible to admit the authenticity of the decree of Acts xv. (p. 92); (7) that the *ὁ κατέχων* of Thess. ii. 6 is none other than the Emperor Claudius (*Claudius = qui Claudit = ὁ κατέχων*) (p. 255); (8) that one may well doubt whether St. Paul would have despatched the Epistle

* In a paper on "Aquila and Priscilla" in the *Sunday Magazine* for February, 1868.

† The quotation from the Talmud by which the assertion is supported speaks only of an individual instance in which a proselyte came with what seemed a mocking question.

‡ It may be added that the Jewish Rabbis actually included *both* classes of mixed marriages in their sixfold classification of proselytes.

to the Galatians if he had given himself an hour's time for reflection (p. 323); (9) that Spain had not, at the time when St. Paul thought of going there (Rom. xv. 24), received any Jewish settlers (p. 494, with a reference to Jost's "Geschichte der Israeliten," ch. vol. v. 12, who, however, says precisely the contrary).*

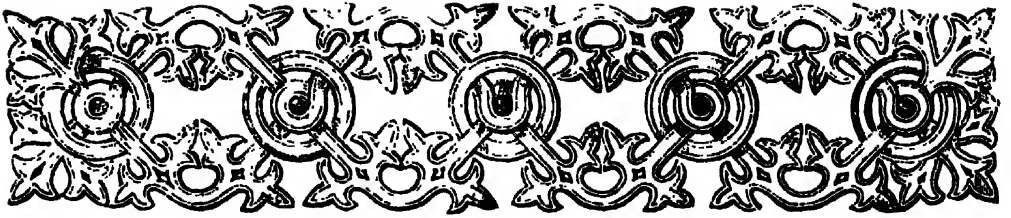
I gladly turn from the wearisome, though perhaps not unprofitable, task of accumulating these instances of haste, or recklessness, or inaccuracy, and conclude with a passage in which M. Renan speaks in his better and truer accents, and utters a warning as necessary for the men of culture and science, the votaries of "sweetness and light," of our time as it was in the days of Claudius. He is speaking of Gallio, the brother of Seneca, the proconsul of Achaia.

"Choso étrange! Voilà on présence, d'une part, un des hommes les plus spirituels et les plus curieux, de l'autre une des âmes les plus fortes et les plus originelles de son temps, et ils passent l'un devant l'autre sans se touchent. Et sûrement, si les coups de poing fussent tombés sur Paul au lieu de tomber sur Sosthène, Gallion s'en serait également peu soucié. Une des choses qui font commettre le plus de fautes aux gens du monde est la superficielle répulsion que leur inspirent les gens mal élevés ou sans manières; car les manières ne sont qu'affaire de forme, et ceux que n'en ont pas se trouvent quelquefois avoir raison. L'homme de la société, avec ses dédains frivoles, passe presque toujours sans s'en apercevoir à côté de l'homme qui est en train de créer l'avenir; ils ne sont pas du même monde; or l'erreur commune des gens de la société est de croire que le monde qu'ils voient est le monde entier." (P. 224—5.)

I end, as M. Renan does, addressing to him the praise which he bestows upon Humanity, "Tu es quelquefois juste et certains de tes jugements sont bons!"

E. II. PLUMPTRE.

* It is well in such cases to quote the very words which are misrepresented. "Wir haben also die Ankunft der Juden in Spanien viel später zu setzen" (later, *i.e.*, than *Nebuchadnezzar*) und dürfen mit Wahrscheinlichkeit annehmen dass sie *im letzten Jahrhundert vor den Kaisern*, von Afrika aus angefangen haben sich nach Spanien zu ziehen, um dort ruhiger zu leben, als die Verhältnisse es in Palästina oder Alexandria und Cyrene gestatteten."—Jost, v. p. 17. M. Renan refers also to another authority, the *Estudios sobre los Judios de España*, by Amador de los Rios, and to this I have at present no access, but I find that Dean Milman quotes it (*Hist. of Jews*, ii. p. 455) simply as rejecting the *Nebuchadnezzar* traditions. The positive evidence on either side is, it is true, very scanty, but some weight is due (1) to the traditions of the Sephardim (the Spanish Jews) themselves; (2) to the probability that Jews would have found their way to Spain, as they did to other parts of the seaboard of the Mediterranean, in the wake of the Phœnicians and the Romans; (3) to the dominantly Jewish character of the population in the sixth and seventh centuries, as shown in the canons of the Councils of Toledo. (4 C. Tolet. c. 59-66.)



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

Some Aspects of the Reformation. An Essay Suggested by the Rev. Dr. Littledale's Lecture on "Innovations." By JOHN GIBSON CAZENOVE, M.A. Oxon., Provost of the College, Isle of Cumbrae, Scotland. London: William Ridgway. 1869.

AMID the violence and on-sidedness of controversy it is truly refreshing to meet with an author who can look at an exciting subject with candour and treat it with fairness as well as earnestness. Mr. Cazenove exhibits in his Essay a very fair title to these attractive qualities; and as we traverse his two hundred pages, we find our sympathies keeping pace all the way and our taste gratified with the marks of wide reading and scholarly thought that meet us from first to last. A discriminating survey of the Reformation and its famous leaders does far more than any party writing to secure our loyalty to that great cause and vindicate it from the indecent abuse that has lately been heaped upon it by its own sons. His discussion ranges through a very interesting series of views: we have the Mediæval Church, the Character of the Reformers and the mediæval doctrines, the question of Authority, the Renaissance, Toleration and Political Liberty, the History of the Last Century (1769—1869), and the Church of the Future, all successively considered in connection with the great revolution of the sixteenth century. Under every one of these heads the author's pen is continually suggesting new points of inquiry and awakening reflection; his warmest sympathies being evidently with those who are hoping for a united Christendom, and his disposition immeasurably more in accordance with Mr. Ffoulkes (whom he frequently quotes) than with the controversialist named in his title-page.

At one or two points where Mr. Cazenove appears to have come short of his usual tone, we are far more loth to attribute the failure to a lack of candour than to a hastiness of study which must needs happen now and then in a wide range of reading; for instance, when he writes—"I believe that there is a lying history by M. Felice, which ignores the whole of the crimes committed on their (the Huguenot) side and recounts those alone which were committed against them" (p. 140). The epithet is certainly a most severe one to follow a mere "I believe," considering that the author is in general so extremely watchful against defamatory expressions. Had Mr. Cazenove examined Felice for himself he would have seen that the faults he refers to are in fact not ignored by the French writer.

We should hold it unpardonable that our accomplished essayist had not sufficiently studied so important a work as Chillingworth's; and yet this is far more probable than that he should have intentionally misrepresented him: we refer to the well known maxim, "The Bible only the Religion of Protestants," which Mr. Cazenove thus speaks of:—

"The inventor of that plausible but hollow watchword (who was at one time a convert to Rome and died a Semi-Arian) had not yet arisen to suggest a cry, on which no body of Christians really acts, and which is utterly untenable in the face of modern scepticism." (P. 95.)

Whatever some may understand of Chillingworth's dictum, when they adopt it apart from its context and give it currency as a watchword in their own sense, Chillingworth himself certainly meant to affirm nothing different to the Anglican Article "Of the Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for Salvation," which Mr. Cazenove evidently holds. The entire argument of the opponent of Knott turns on the Bible being the ultimate appeal on matters of faith and practice, as against the doctrine of Trent asserting the concurrent authority of unwritten traditions; and it would be a glaring mistake to imagine that Luther and the leading Reformers were not in harmony with Chillingworth on this ground. Many who never saw a page of actual Chillingworth may cite as their motto his single line out of a long discussion and so justify their own wild and uncurbed vagaries. It forms a neat and pointed quotation, and that is often all that is wanted. But in its proper place and connection it asserts nothing inconsistent with the authority of the Church properly understood, as expounded for instance in the Anglican Article on that subject; to say nothing of Chillingworth's own express statements in another part of his work. (See vol. i. p. 277, Oxf. Ed. 1838). We should be sorry indeed to think that Mr. Cazenove, who can traverse so much of the field of this controversy with such a winning breadth of sympathy, should in certain quarters of it allow his virtue to have become wearied. We are pleased to conclude this notice with a passage of much beauty, that evinces a truly amiable spirit as well as a just and balanced mind:—

"It is not a good sign when vice or heresy are treated as trifling things; nor have those ages been truly great that uttered such euphemistic tones. But still the task of blessing is nobler than that of cursing. It is with blessing that the Divine discourse of our great Teacher is most rife: its scene is known for all time as the Mount of the Beatitudes; and even under the Mosaic dispensation, though wrath was therein more predominant, yet the nature of the division of the tribes speaks loudly on the comparative dignity of the respective offices. On Mount Ebal to curse stood the disinherited Reuben with five others, of whom four were the sons of lowlier birth; but on Gerizim to bless were ranged Benjamin beloved of his father's old age, Joseph with the pledge of the double portion, Levi with the authority of the priesthood, and Judah with the promises of that undying royalty which finds its consummation in the person of the King of kings." (P. 172.)

But if even Homer may nod, so may Mr. Cazenove, as we are convinced from two or three passages (see pp. 153, 155, 173), where the grammar certainly fights against the senso. C. H.

Documenta Magistri Joannis Hus vitam, doctrinam, causam in Constantiensi concilio actam, et controversias de religione in Bohemia, annis 1403—1418 motas, illustrantia, quæ partem adhuc inedita, partem mendosè vulgata, nunc ex ipsius fontibus haustu elidit FRANCISCUS PALACKY, regni Bohemiæ historiographus. Prague, 1869. 8vo, maj. xvi. et 768 pag. Pretium 5 Rthl. in Austria 8 fl. Sumptibus Friderici Tempsky. Berolini prostat apud Wilhelmum Hertz (libr. Besser).

THE importance of the transactions in Bohemia in the fifteenth century, which are connected with the name of Huss, is more and more understood and recognised by intelligent historians at the present day. Magister John Huss and his followers maintained the right of progress and free judgment or free will against the doctrine of immutability and unlimited authority; secondly, they professed opinions and theories, which in our own days are eagerly embraced by some, who look upon them as sound reform and improvement, while they are rejected and abominated by others, who consider them as containing the elements of pernicious disorder and disturbance; thirdly, it was then that the feeling of

nationality developed itself, which has so greatly increased and strengthened at the present day. These tokens of a new era, which previously had been either unnoticed or trifling, were for the first time in the history of the human race called into existence or vigour in the celebrated Hussite movement, and bear the stamp of a new history, very different from the genius and nature of the middle age.

But hitherto the knowledge of the Hussite movement has rested on very scanty and very unsuitable documentary evidence; for the fact has been, that the records of the Hussite transactions have been partly destroyed or concealed, partly altered or neglected, by their victorious adversaries. Above all, the form, in which the most important piece of evidence respecting Huss and the Council of Constance, the book of Magister Peter Mladenovic, has hitherto been current, is defective, very often disfigured by mistakes, and corrupted by the interpolations of unknown writers of the sixteenth century.

Induced by these reasons, the official historian of the kingdom of Bohemia, Dr. Francis Palaeky, undertook the editorship of the above work, which has just appeared, in order to pave the way for a more complete and certain knowledge of the Hussite transactions.

In the composition of this work the editor has made it his aim to exhibit the genuine form of the documents necessary for obtaining an accurate knowledge and forming a just estimate of the Hussite transactions between the years 1403 and 1418. Among these are many things, and those matters of the greatest importance, which are now published for the first time; and as the editor composed his work not merely for the use of native, but also for that of foreign students of history, he has added a very accurate Latin translation, the work of a very skilful translator, Professor John Kviczala, to such documents as were originally in the Bohemian language.

The work consists of four parts, to which are annexed certain additions well worthy of consideration. The first part (pp. 1—150) contains all Huss's letters that have been discovered, arranged in chronological order, a good many of which have hitherto been unknown. Of these those written from Constance in the Bohemian language appeared in our April number in an English dress. In the second part (pp. 151—234), which consists of ten portions, will be found the accusations, beginning with the year 1408, brought forward against Huss before the Archbishop of Prague, the Roman Pontiff, and at the Council of Constance, along with Huss's replies thereto. The third part (pp. 235—324) contains Peter Mladenovic's very important account of the cause of Magister John Huss, pleaded and tried before the Council of Constance. This book of Mladenovic is exhibited in this edition with its text emended from several MSS. hitherto unknown, and with its component parts arranged in chronological order. The fourth part (pp. 325—698) consists of one hundred and twenty portions, and contains more than one hundred and fifty letters and documents, which relate to the religious disputes that went on in Bohemia between the years 1403 and 1418, and also illustrate many other very important matters, as, for instance, the origin of the Council of Constance, and the election of Pope Martin V.—documents which escaped even the extraordinary diligence of Hermann von der Hardt in investigating literary records. No less remarkable are the records which are exhibited in this work respecting the commencement of the sect of the Taborites from and after the year 1416.

In the additions we find (pp. 699—737) (1) the remarkable and hitherto almost unknown retraction (Oct. 18, 1389) of Magister Matthias of Janov, who was a kind of forerunner of Huss; (2) a catechetical exposition of the Christian faith, which appears in all probability to have proceeded from the pen of Huss, written in the Bohemian language, and accompanied by a Latin translation; (3) a good many remarkable passages extracted from the Bohemian works of John Huss, of which an account was given in our April number, wherein he has described himself and his controversies with the clergy; and (4) certain chronological notices, mainly extracted from MSS., which illustrate or are illustrated by the literary monuments edited in this work.

Two indices are annexed to the work, the one of documents, the other of persons and places (pp. 738—768), and prefixed to the whole is a preface, which contains all that it is requisite to know of the causes, sources, and arrangement of the book.

In this work a very copious and accurate collection of original documents is offered to the learned, which everybody must admit to be most suitable for obtaining a sound knowledge of one of the most important portions of history; and as the transactions, on which new light is thrown by this book, cannot be blotted out of the general history of the human race, but rather demand careful examination and consideration, the publisher expresses a hope that it will meet with the approbation of learned men, and be considered necessary to every library that lays claim to average, or more than average completeness.

The typography and paper are very satisfactory, and do great credit to the capital of Bohemia. Altogether the work is got up in a most compact and readable form, and is well worthy of consideration.

A. H. W.

The London Friends' Meetings: showing the Rise of the Society of Friends in London; its Progress, and the Development of its Discipline; with Accounts of the various Meeting Houses and Burial Grounds, their History and general Associations. Compiled from Original Records and other Sources, by WILLIAM BECK and T. FREDERICK BALL. London: F. Bowyer Kitto.

THESE pages will interest the Friends chiefly, and incidentally those of the London world besides who are interested in tracing sites and the associations of the past in their historic and much loved streets, and especially that unrivalled portion of them—the "City." Messrs. Beck and Ball do not aim so high as a philosophical anatomy of Quakerism; they only profess inquisitive note-taking among the surviving local records of their singular society, chronicling the rise and fall of those humble fabrics we know so well, the origin, migration, and subsidence of "meetings," and the rules and canons of their discipline. Such a modest archæology, ranging over just two centuries of a minor sect, has its charms doubtless for those in view of the compilers; and as they have performed their task with very creditable industry, such as only the enthusiast of any historic body can be expected to show, the more general inquirer will be sure to find somewhat to interest him within the bulk at the expense of traversing some desert intervals.

The Heresiologist will remark that the Friend derives his spiritual pedigree as follows:—Church—Presbyterian—Independent—Baptist—Friend. The chronological development corresponds with the successive degrees of perfection, from the Priests of Baal up to the Truth; and there we have the natural history of the Friend, the witness of the Kingdom Within, the advocate of the "exact letter" of Holy Writ, the opponent of compliments and vain swearing, the patron of plain dress, and the assertor of the principle of "numbers rather than names" for months and week days.

We are disposed to rely absolutely on all that these worthy investigators record as the fruit of their special researches, and if we suspend our credit beyond that we trust we may be forgiven, for our memory certainly suggests more than one or two discrepancies. Are our friends sure that "the members of this sect have never sanctioned persecution on account of religion"? Not in America? We have some dim recollection of "Presbyter" being "Priest writ large" occurring in Milton rather than James I; and we suspect the versior we find here (p. 9) of the Chathamian dictum—"Liturgy Popish, Articles Calvinistic, Creed Lutheran." The Creed our Friends must certainly know, but as to its relation to the Lutheran theology they must assuredly be in a fog. But it is a real grief and no little shock to us that such excellent Christians as these two authors evidently are have so dim an acquaintance with the modern reformed bishop. They will not take our word for it, we fear, but it shall not be our fault if they continue to believe that distant personage so awful as he looks. Have they ever seen one or actually felt the pressure of one of those mild hands? They certainly have written—"Magical, as is asserted, the result of his touch"! (P. 10.)

But it was a sad day for bishops when Friends first appeared in London. Cromwell was in his zenith in 1654, when good Isabel Buttery came from the North disseminating the latest tracts of George Fox on the kingdom of Heaven. Presently followed Edward Burroughs, an evangelist in the same cause, and made himself heard in that Babel of sectaries that the metropolis then was. How the bold youth did stand up against the high notionist, in the very steeple-

house, on first-day! And how he "threshed" out the stubborn Londoners at Bull and Mouth and withdrew with a "rich harvest of convinced people" to meditate and grow in the silent meeting of the upper chamber! Good souls! With stern virtues strangely mixed up with their own special madness, they strove their best to mollify the savage age and resist its tyranny. We see them all—Revolution Six-Smith, Hallelujah Fisher, Marvellous Scamfield, Obedience Waring, Returned Elgar, Silence Williams, Chasten Hoine, Temperance Poor, Obedience Cotter, Discipline Matthews, Modesty Newman—men or women, who can guess? How carefully they organized their charities, that none of their poor should want; how jealously they framed their moral rules, that all should be pure and creditable; how closely they watched their young people, that they should be openly and properly married—promptly expelling the scandal, for instance, of light-footed Hannah Lightfoot! It was a sore trial when they had to testify against all "such as marry by the Priests of Baal," or "bury among the Egyptians and Canaanites;" when their young men began to wear their hats beausishly, and their bereaved women would go into black at funerals. It did not always go straight at meeting. Sometimes the silent gathering would be "sottish, dull, and sleepy;" and troublesome brethren would come and raise dissensions, seducing disciples with their specious views on the sinfulness of raising the hat in prayer. But the community of Friends would soon have dwindled away under such virtues and trials as these. Martyrs and confessors made their history dear to them, and persecutions knit their hearts to each generation as it passed, and to the humble walls where they had listened, wept, and prayed. It was quite a minor punishment when James II.'s or Charles' soldiers would come and seize their room for a guard-house, or when Mr. Lieutenant and his ruffians would come in, under the Conventicle Act, and wreck them, while the Justice's coachman would ride them down as they crowded out, and so clear the street.

As a peculiar institution, the Societies of London Friends seem on the decline, and their biographers do not venture to say much as to any promise in this quarter of an evangelizing and civilizing agency. They sum up thus:—

"The first century of their career found Friends at its close very numerous in London, but the light of their faith and example was not very bright. Stern upright men also (such as Dr. Fothergill) from the North, inaugurated a revival, conducted in a spirit of silence, awe, and weight of spirit, under which, baptised and exercised, issued a succeeding generation zealous in philanthropic effort. Of this philanthropic period the records carry no trace; for the society as a *body* was not identified with the movements. Whether to any future compiler they may present traces of First-day School and mission work now happily so in the ascendant, remains to be seen; there are signs even in London that such may be the case."

C. H.

The Tory War of Ulster, with the History of the Three Brennans of the County of Kilkenny; Descriptive of Ireland from the Restoration to the Revolution, A.D. 1660—1690. By JOHN PRENDERGAST, author of "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland." Dublin.

If a clear diagnosis of a case is the best help towards treating it successfully, then the value of works like those of Mr. Prendergast can scarcely be over-rated. His intimate acquaintance with such MSS. as the Carte Papers in the Bodleian, and the "Book of the Council for the Affairs of Ireland" in the Record Tower of Dublin Castle, enables him to give us chapter and verse for every statement that he makes. And, although all students are aware of the delusiveness of dealing with original authorities in the spirit of a partizan, still if Mr. Prendergast was a partizan (which he is not), it would be but fair that the case for Ireland should be supported by contemporary evidence, seeing that the English view has received this kind of support from so many writers, and notably from the strongly anti-Irish Mr. Froude and Mr. Carlyle. To let contemporary documents say all they can, and not to be content with using them to establish a foregone conclusion, is the best way of silencing the rhodomontade about "Ireland's wrongs" which, absurd as it often is, not only tells with the Irish, but often half convinces the repentant "Saxon." What are "Ireland's wrongs"? We know that they are, to a great extent, things of the past, though (as with all wrong) their effect is still felt. But what were they

when they were in action, and how is it that they, more than other national wrongs, have rankled? Let us come to facts; we have too long been weighed down with a sort of nightmare of "English misrule, alien oppression, dominant caste," and the like; we can only shake this off by gauging what that misrule really was. Let the lions be painters; but stipulate that, instead of imagining their details, they shall be pre-Raphaelite in their exactness.

Mr. Prendergast's quotations show that Irish restlessness is due to definite causes, of which race is certainly not the chief. The people of some of the most disturbed parts of Ireland have no more right to be called Celts than modern Greece has to style itself a nation of Hellenes. M. Renan calls his Bretons a *douce petite race*; those who know much about the Chouan war might dispute the justness of the epithet; but, anyhow, the Irish congeners of the Bretons are rather to be looked for in county Dublin and elsewhere within the Pale, whither they surged back to avoid the wars and tumults outside, than in that Tipperary, which is usually spoken of as the typical "Irish" county, though Elizabeth's undertakers, Cromwell's debenture-holders, and the new men who were brought in at the Revolution, form the strength of its population. Character changes with circumstances in other places besides Ireland. An Englishman in the New World soon becomes a Kentuckian, a Yankee, or a "border-ruffian," according to his "location." The causes which have operated so short a time in America have been at work in Ireland ever since the Norsemen broke up the egg-shell civilization of the old Irish Scoti.

Tipperary was for centuries in the state in which Sallust tells us Etruria was on the eve of Catilino's outbreak: it was always easy *plebem sollicitare*, for the same reasons which made the Etruscan plobs listen greedily to Mallius; there were always *latrones cujusque generis*, "rogues and rapparees," "Tories abroad upon their keeping," of whose state of life Mr. Prendergast's "Tory War" gives us such a lively picture; there were sure, too, to be *nonnulli ex colonis*, "broken gentlemen," who, having lightly spent the lightly-won confiscations assigned to them, were ready for any sort of mischief.

The Tory, properly so called, was the Ulsterman who had been dispossessed by James I.'s planters; but the name was extended to those who, having lost all for Charles I., found themselves, after the Restoration, reduced to absolute beggary:—

"Their last resource was to levy black-mail from the adventurer or 'discoverer' in possession. This was effected by a regular notice alleging the need of marrying a daughter or sending a son beyond sea. Or some old dependents, Tories of the neighbourhood, sympathising with their former master, seized the usurping stranger's cows, or robbed on the highway, thus providing for him and for themselves too."

These men had been cruelly used; during all the time of the Commonwealth they had deemed themselves subjects of Charles II., changing sides according to his wishes from Spain to France and from France to Spain; they had fought and bled abroad for the very purpose of establishing a claim to be restored to their lands. They had dissolved their Confederation in 1648; and, being promised an Act of Pardon and Oblivion, and of recovery of their estates, they had put themselves under Ormond. Every way they had a claim on Charles; and yet the Carte Papiers show us Charles writing secretly to Sir C. Coote from Breda, and assuring him and the other Cromwellians that their lands should be secure if only "you will join in my service." It would have been hard to enforce restitution against men who, when the old owners talked about entail, cried out fiercely, "If we take arms in our hands, we will cut off your tayles." Still Charles might have done something; we all know how he did behave: the picture is a sad one which Mr. Prendergast draws of—

"A crowd of impoverished noblemen, tattered gentlemen of old descent, some of English blood, some of pure Irish. . . . Some of them had spent six years of misery in Connaught, some ten years under constant fire in Flanders, others in garruts in Paris and Bruges. . . . The dispossessed Irish were classed into *Innocents*, *Article men*, *Nominees*, &c. . . . Widows, men that were boys at school or studying in France or Spain in 1641, aged, sick, and impotent folk, and such as had been transplanted only on account of their religion—those were instances of *Innocents*. They lingered about the Court in vain, reminding his majesty how they were broken in France because they acted on his orders, and are made incapable of serving any foreign prince because of their constant adhering to and following his majesty's fortunes; yet in their own

country are not intrusted with, nor admitted into, any employment; but their estates are enjoyed by those who got them from usurpers; that they are run in debt for broad and clothes; some are dead for want, others in a starving condition, all expecting the same misfortune unless your majesty will at last effectually restore your petitionors to their estates, which the Earl of Ossory did in your majesty's presence promise should be done in three months, whereas three years are expired."—(MS. Collections about Acts of Settlement, vol. B, p. 413: Record Tower.)

Still more piteous is the petition which—

"Sheweth that most of yo^r. officers who served under your Royall Ensignes beyond sea have perished by famine since your Maties. happy restauraçon and the few that remains are now like to perish by the Plague, haveing not any meanes to bring them out of this Towne."

No wonder that those who got back to Ireland suspected a solidarity in wrong among all the English, and acted accordingly. The passing of the Act of Explanation (December, 1665) shut the door of hope on these poor claimants, and it caused, too, the deepest discontent and despair among the native gentry of Ulster, who had hoped to recover the fragments of their estates left them by James I. after the plantation. Here were ample materials for a great outburst of Toryism, the worst of which was that it put a stop to all trade and improvement: "the Tories (writes Sir G. Acheson) are against all industry and work, as tending to bring in British to oxtlude them."

But how can these old troubles have any bearing on the state of Ireland now? Because in Ireland the old order of things was in great measure preserved until almost the other day. For a long time, indeed, Irish discontent was so securely battened down under the hatches of the penal laws that we might fancy it would have died out: the spirit of the nation seemed broken; the policy of Tarquin towards Gabii had been thoroughly carried out; a whole people was left with scarcely a single representative even of its smaller gentry; the land had almost wholly changed hands. We may say that the same thing happened at the Norman Conquest, and that yet Norman and Saxon settled down as friends. They did not settle down at once: two centuries have not passed since the close of the period which Mr. Prendergast describes; and the Robin Hood ballads show that a state of things, not unlike that when the "Tories were abroad upon their keeping," lasted nearly as long as this in England. We are told that the French wars set Norman and Saxon at one; the truth is they did not get to complete equality till Tudor times: and it was this equalizing process which made Tudor rule broadly popular, despite the personal infamy and the loathsome Machiavelism of the chief members of the family. Moreover the equalizing process has been hindered in Ireland by difference of creed, by fuller civilization—always a bar to the rise of a subject class—and by the almost total want of that trade and manufacture by which so many Saxons raised themselves, in Tudor times and after, to the ranks of the aristocracy. The Encumbered Estates Act carried on what Catholic Emancipation had begun; but it carried it on after the English fashion: it turned ship-victuallers who had made fortunes in the long war into landed gentry; and its effect was seen in the absence of any men of position from the Fenian ranks: but a nation does not move at railroad pace; over here, the Tudor change was followed by the Stuart reaction, in which privilege tried to close the gates against "new men," while Puritanism was striving to set up a fifth monarchy. In like manner the Encumbered Estates Act had its reaction—which we call Fenianism—an effort, possibly an expiring one, against modernism, against quiet crystallization into English notions about tenancy, a protest for the old tenure—leavened, perhaps, with French ideas of '89, but mainly concerned (like every Irish scheme) about "the land." The book before us helps to show how it is that "the land" is, and must for a long while continue to be, Ireland's main difficulty: the peasant looks back to the time when his ancestor was ousted in one of the many confiscations; if he has no direct claim of his own, there are instances enough of the kind all around him. The landlord, on the other hand, two centuries after the confiscations, cannot help treating his tenant somewhat like a conquered enemy; even if his land-ownership only dates from yesterday, he soon learns the traditions of his class. That the quarrel is not wholly one of race is seen from the case of Wexford, where the '98 raged most fiercely, and whence Mr. Godkin assures us the percentage of

priests is some five times that from Galway; yet the Wexford men are, in great part, a colony from Somerset. Many, again, of these dispossessed Royalists, of these despoiled *Innocents*, whose tale Mr. Prendergast tells, were purely English; and many of them became Tories like their Irish fellow-sufferers.

We are glad, then, that Mr. Prendergast is carrying on his work of tracing in contemporary records the foundations of Irish discontent. To do so cannot add any ill-feeling to that which unhappily already exists, while it may help us to understand how it is that so much bitterness has been imported into the land-question, and how politics, far more than race-feeling, have made the Irish bigoted Romanists. We have said nothing about the matter of Mr. Prendergast's work: it is full of lively pictures of the time—the most *dilettante* reader will follow with interest the fortunes of O'Hanlon, who flourished about 1680, and of whom one story is that, being angered with Murphy, priest of Killeavy, who had tried to betray him, he threatened all who should attend Murphy's preaching with the fine of one crown for the first offence, two for the second, and with death for the third. We hope Mr. Prendergast will give us a good deal more of the result of his researches among the records of this period of Irish history.

H. S. F.

Francisco Moyén; or, The Inquisition as it was in South America. By B. VICUÑA MACKENNA. Translated from the Spanish with the Author's permission, by JAMES W. DUFFY, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and of the University of Chile, &c. London: Henry Sotheran.

LAST year we noticed a work on the Inquisition by Dr. Rule, who while chiefly detailing its history in European countries did not forget its proceedings in Spanish America. This portion of his task however was only a slight sketch, and the work before us answers well as a supplement to it. The particular region to which it belongs is Peru, and the period is rather a late one, the middle of the eighteenth century, when the Holy Office had lost most of its old power. The author is a native of the adjoining republic of Chili, a layman, an able writer, a restless politician in that restless quarter of the world, intensely Liberal in a land where to be anti-Liberal is to be intensely ultramontane.

An ecclesiastical dignitary of the latter bias in Santiago, the Chilian capital, had been writing up the Inquisition as a model of all that was good, the glory of churches and nations, the truest and tenderest friend of heretics themselves, and deserving the gratitude of posterity. It might have been safe to appeal to Chilians in this monstrous fashion, for the Inquisition was never established among them and has therefore left no memories of itself; but the panegyric found no readers and seemed worthy of no refutation. Soon however the Jesuits of the capital made this precious production a text book in their schools, and began to indoctrinate the young with its audacious nonsense, which at once decided our author to issue an antidote. He had met with some inedited MSS. in the national library of the neighbouring State of Peru, which were in fact nothing less than some stray original records of the Lima Inquisition, relating to the prosecution of one Francis Moyén, whose case seems to have escaped all the historians of the Holy Office. This answered his purpose admirably, for the papers were within reach of the public and their authenticity was indisputable; accordingly our author detailed the whole case in the columns of successive numbers of a daily newspaper of Valparaiso, where he resided, adding a running commentary on the Santiago ultramontane.

Having thus obtained an immediate and rapid circulation, the letters were made the foundation of a volume, which an English M.D. resident at Valparaiso has translated for the benefit of his countrymen. Facts like these show pretty clearly that a book on the Inquisition, which might be thought out of all relation to the age, is by no means so, as we had no hesitation in saying when we reviewed Dr. Rule. The Wesleyan divine in Great Britain and the keen politician on the Pacific shores seem to be as opposite as the poles; and yet they are both in the same year found studying the tribunal records of the Holy Inquisition; affording one indication out of hundreds that, unwelcome or inexplicable as the thought may be, the war of Hildebrand is still raging and as widely spread as the human race. The Papacy, with all its reverses, is not

discouraged: it is assaulting the United Kingdom with tremendous effort, and contesting every other part of the field with indomitable perseverance.

Francis Moyer was, as here described, an interesting character in his way; a sparkling, talented, thoughtless Parisian, full of adventure and, with his beloved violin in his baggage, ever on the wing. Voltaire and Boileau were winning the world in those days. Moyer, like every young man of the period, had read them, could quote them, and would sometimes utter himself in their particular sophy; half scoffing, and half religious, and half philosophical by turns, a thorough Frenchman, carelessly throwing off his first thoughts whatever they were and whoever was near. What also could be expected of a young man under thirty who knew no Christianity but French and Spanish Popery and in the Voltairian age? A fellow-traveller through the South American States, a dark-souled traitor Spaniard, who had shared the unbending intimacy of the road with him week after week, denounced him at the journey's end before the ministers of Him who came to seek and to restore that which was lost: and the result to the unsuspecting Frenchman was a sudden apprehension and a long martyrdom of twelve years of manhood's prime in the dungeons of the most abominable of all the Tribunals of this earth, till death relieved him in 1761. Poor Francis Moyer was not one of John Foxe's martyrs, and Señor Mackenna is not John Foxe: but this only shows that the dogmas of Rome are not religion alone, or else that religion has a strange and ineradicable relation with civil government and the life of nations which it deeply concerns every politician and every statesman, as well as every theologian, to study well. Señor Mackenna's pages are quite worthy of perusal by them all. His indignant pen writes—"Inquisitors invented hell long before Dante and Milton."

C. H.

The Life of Rossini. By SUTHERLAND EDWARDS. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THE period between 1792, the year of Rossini's birth, and 1869, that of his death, is certainly the most absorbing, if not the most important, period of modern music. Of course secondary and tertiary periods can never have the same kind of interest as primary ones. When Mozart died (1791) modern music, as we understand it—*i.e.*, orchestral, choral, cabinet, and operatic music—was created. The *Jupiter Symphony*, the *Requiem*, the *Quartette* dedicated to Haydn, and *Don Giovanni* are the foundations from which the stately fabrics of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Weber, Meyerbeer, and Spohr, have been raised. But crossing over to Italy, we find one man who has lived all through this extraordinary period, and whose popularity (whatever may have been his merits) has at different times eclipsed that of all the greatest musicians that ever lived. This man came into contact with all the chief composers of this century; was received when they were rejected; made several fortunes whilst some of them lived and died in penury; and even now is better, or at least as well, listened to on the stage as any operatic composer past or present.

This man was Rossini; and when we think how intimately he has been associated with almost every important name in art and literature for the last fifty years—having lived on equal terms with some dozen men by whom this age will be remembered—we turn to the pages of his biography with all the more interest.

A more dreary failure can hardly be conceived than the work before us. It is one of those books which discourage the public from reading, and good authors from writing, the lives of great men.

After the death of a man who has filled a great gap in the history of the world of art for upwards of seventy years, a little pause is necessary—a little reverence and care in selecting materials, collecting letters, anecdotes, and general information: many people will have to be consulted—some examination of contemporary men and events undertaken—and all this, if possible, by a personal friend—by one, at least, who understands art, and who is not a perfect tyro in music—by one who brings to his task some independent knowledge, some criticism, and a little love—of all which things there is simply no trace in Mr. Edwards' book. And necessarily so. We believe the book was in type—like a *Times* "leader"—before poor Rossini was dead. It is a book over which publishers rub their hands—not as over one born in due season, but "at the

nick of time." Such books, no doubt, can be written with advantage—well-considered books, which may have been waiting for years, and are published when wanted; but this is not one of them. It is more hurried than any "leader," and with less excuse. When a great man dies, of course the public must have short sketches of him at once; but a life is a serious matter; and to publish a catalogue of well-known operas, mixed up with a parcel of stale anecdotes, and a few questionable platitudes, and to call this a *Life of Rossini*, is almost as much an insult to the public who want his life, as an injury to any competent writer who may hereafter undertake to write it.

There is an increasing tendency to treat our great men with this damaging irreverence; and it must be everybody's interest in the long run—public and publishers alike—to put down this kind of flimsy and disreputable book-making. But the book-making spirit is irrepressible—the notion of loving work is smiled out of court. "Rossini had too much sense to love labour for the sake of labour;" however the writer adds, approvingly, that "he had a just regard for money." These conspicuous merits, as being important, are early mentioned on p. 5. They are typical of the book before us, which is written, no doubt, with a just regard for money, but certainly manifests not the slightest love for labour. Nothing could be more unsatisfactory than the sketch of the opera up to Rossini's time. It is the work of a man who, starting without information, has read but little, and misunderstood even that. In a few paragraphs the progress of Italian opera is supposed to be given; then, without any notice, we are suddenly introduced to Glück, who is allowed to have done some things in his way for opera. But although German composers are recognised, not a word is said of those great fathers of opera, the Frenchmen, Lulli and Rameau. Nor does Handel and his forty-one Italian operas seem worth noticing. Where Mr. Edwards learnt that "Glück did not do more than Piccini to extend the limits of operatic art" we cannot tell; nor what he means by saying that Mozart was more modern than his immediate successors. We, of course, ask, what immediate successors? Cherubini, Beethoven, Boieldieu, Schubert? The greatness of Mozart consists especially in this—that he placed his foot so firmly in advance that no composer since has been able to go back or be less modern than Mozart.

Not one of the important questions which occur to everyone in connection with Rossini is faced. The relative importance of German and Italian opera, Rossini's relation to the Italian-German school of Weber, the German-French school of Meyerbeer, the French-German of Berlioz, and the modern French eclectic school of Gounod; or, again, Rossini's relation to men like Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante, and Verdi—such questions have, naturally enough, not occurred to Mr. Edwards, or, if they have, he is able to shelter himself behind the witty saying of Rossini: "The only difference I know of in the music of different nations is the difference between good and bad music"—a very charming and witty thing when said by a man surrounded by jealous rivals of every school, but a very poor sentiment for a musical critic and biographer.

It is hardly possible to conceive the life of Rossini being dull—the intimate of Pasta, Catalani, Persiani, Malibran, Rubini, Lablache, Alboni, Grisi, Paganini, Dragonetti, and a score more names, any one of which is a centre of interest to the musician,—something there must be to tell about Rossini and such friends as those. Well, their names occur—that is all. The anecdotes are few and stale, and they are told with a kind of yawn: "The moment has now arrived for recording an anecdote—it is not pleasant to tell it for the five-hundredth time." But a true biographer should tell his story as if it had never been told before. He should fit it into his work like an old, but not less precious, gem in a new setting, and it would be sure to sparkle. But Mr. Edwards has the unhappy knack of making all his gems look like paste! There are not many of them. It is perfectly surprising that at a time when there are hundreds of men in London that knew Rossini; when a thousand details of his life and conversation have been indirectly published; when he has had nothing to do for forty years but make jokes and criticisms at Paris, and provide food to hundreds of admirers for hundreds of anecdotes; when there must be immense quantities of his letters not very inaccessible, and crowds of eager friends anxious to impart information—we say it is surprising that under such circumstances the public should be offered such a book as this so-called *Life*. The

few well-known stories are poorly pieced together. There is not a glow of feeling in the book throughout. There is a copious and catalogue-like mention of the composer's works which is far from being useless; but not one of them is fairly analysed, and the musical criticism is less than trivial. Imagine a detailed notice of the opera of *William Tell*, without even an allusion to what is, after all, the most important part of it—the magnificent overture! Add to this the simple nonsense talked about the *Stabat Mater*. Rossini himself says that he had written the *Stabat Mater* “mezzo-serio;” but Mr. Edwards is wiser than this: he laughs at the critics who think it in parts a little undevotional, and (is it possible that he can ever have heard it?) declares that the style throughout is “simple, fervent, and sincere.” “Whatever else may be said of Rossini's *Stabat*, it cannot be maintained that it is *not* in harmony with the stanzas to which it is set.” If we omit the word *not* we should have the exact truth about the *Stabat*. But the “Catholic Church,” we are told, “has accepted it without suspecting that Rossini's music was not religious in character.” Can Mr. Edwards have heard the kind of music which the Catholic Church accepts as religious? We have heard *Fra Diavolo* played at high mass in Rome, and the *Guza Ladra* performed during divine service by a military band, with their hats on, opposite the high altar. Such things does the Catholic Church accept as religious!

The book contains no account of Rossini's last illness and death; and we have nothing more to say of it—except that it cannot be said to contain an account of his life. H. R. H.

II.—CLASSICAL.

Latin Proverbs and Quotations. With Translations and Parallel Passages, and a copious English Index. By ALFRED HENDERSON. London: Sampson, Low, Son, and Marston.

A COLLECTION of Latin proverbs, at all approaching to completeness, has long been one of the desiderata of English literature. Much of our own proverbial wisdom is derived from Latin sources, and the slightest familiarity with Plautus, Terence, Horace, Juvenal, among Latin poets, and with Cicero, Sallust, Tacitus, and other Latin prose writers, will convince even a tiro that the mine of “old said saws” which ancient Rome has bequeathed to us is well-nigh inexhaustible. True, a great portion of this their proverb-wealth was due to judicious loans from the Greek; but the Latin proverbs are more deserving of the attention of English students, because it is directly from them that we have borrowed. It is a pity that to his *Handbook of Proverbs*, and his *Polyglott of Foreign Proverbs*, Mr. H. G. Bohn did not add *Manuals of Greek and Latin Pæremiology*; materials for both which exist in the “*Pæremiographi Græci*” and Binder's “*Novus Thesaurus Adagiorum Latinorum*,” published at Stuttgart in 1861; but a portion of what he failed to accomplish has been achieved by the late Mr. Alfred Henderson, whose enforced relaxation of the labours of professional life was the occasion of his turning an active mind to the contemplation of a store-house, with the wealth of which he became more amazed as his work advanced. If in his posthumous work we desiderate some features which, had they been added, would have enhanced the value of his undertaking, and given something like perfectness to what we must, as it stands, regard as only a step in the right direction, we are bound to add that the modesty of his preface disarms severe criticism, and that the nice taste and ready gift which he has evinced in his parallels from English literature, are calculated to win friends and readers for his book in other circles and spheres than those where scholarship is the first consideration. He appears to us to have been one of those who, led on by the charm of their work, assess the value of the treasure they are unfolding too highly to be deterred by fastidiousness from making it public; and hence it comes forth, not indeed arrayed with exactness of reference, or furnished with annotatory matter, to serve as a sort of pedigree-hunt upon each rare proverb or quotation, but rather as a pleasant and curious repertory, in which a public speaker may pick up not a

few apposite sentences to vary the stock and hackneyed quotations of a hundred sessions; a writer find wherewith to enforce almost any modern position by ancient authority; and a reader of contemplative turn become more than ever convinced how little there is of what is new under the sun. In the very first page of the volume we were forcibly struck with this last conviction. The third proverb quoted is "A fronte præcipitium, a tergo lupus" [a precipice in front, a wolf behind], and though in Latin this proverb does not probably go further back than Erasmus, it has a much older antiquity in the Greek proverb *ἔμπροσθεν κρημνός, ὀπίσθεν λύκοι*. But what is far more to our immediate purpose than tracing its genealogy, is the curious fact that in this proverb apropos of a dilemma, we have the actual germ, undreamt of by the writer, of one of the most striking of the "Poems written for a Child," "A North Pole Story: a Fact," which charmed the readers of that little volume in the beginning of last year.

Nor is this the only instance, by many, in which, through the adages of this volume, the same strange concatenation of ancient saws and modern representations of them is borne in upon our minds. Take the proverb which Mr. Henderson gives in p. 221, "Mense Maio nubunt malè," which is as old as Ovid and his *Fasti*, for his version of it (*Fast. v. 490*) runs:—

"Mense malas Maio nubero vulgus ait: "

and it will be found that the prejudice which existed against May marriages in old Rome is still in vogue in modern England. Whether, as Mr. Paley's note suggests, the ill omen is referable to "Maius" being the month of "old men," as "Junius" is of "the young," we know not: certainly there are not so many marriages in this month as in others; and certainly ladies have a pious horror of being married in May. How curious, too, is the precedent for keeping Christmas merrily, which Mr. Henderson, in p. 12, deduces from Horace's "Age, libertate Decembri utere," and which he illustrates from "Tusser" among ancient, and Walter Scott among modern English poets. And then, to show how ideas repeat themselves in different ages and languages, take the proverb of Publius Syrus, the mimographer of Cæsar's and Cicero's day,—

"Absentem lædit cum ebrio qui litigat,"

"He who quarrels with a drunken man injures one *who is absent*;" and see how, independently of the correspondence with it of the English saw, "He that is drunk is gone from home," it has a kind of echo in our vulgar saying that a man is not "all there," when through drink or other drawback he is beside himself. On the other hand, there may be noted in some instances a distinct contrast between the old and new moulds of thought. Erasmus has a proverb, which Mr. Henderson cites (p. 22), of pot-valiant people, whose courage oozes out "in pedes"—at their toes—(compare *Il. xiv.*, "*πᾶσι δὲ παρὰ ποσὶ κάππεσε θυμός*")—whereas, as we know, Sheridan adopts modern parlance in making Bob Acre's courage ooze out at his fingers' ends; and, perhaps even more commonly, we should describe the same sensation by speaking of "the heart leaping into the mouth." Such resemblances and contrasts are what constitute the charm of proverb-study, and we do not wonder that the author of the handsome volume before us found the collection of these old saws and modern instances a delightful occupation of convalescence.

He might, we think, have made his work far more valuable, had he much more often tracked each proverb to its author, and, not only so, but also to the particular play or poem of such author, with chapter or verse. In the absence of such land-marks, one is continually stared in the face by some pseudo-antique which is really a Greek adage in an Erasmian suit of clothes, or by a scrap of the Old or New Testament, such as "annulus aureus in nare suillâ," or "In sudore vultus tui comedes panem." Clearly these have no right to be quoted as Latin proverbs or quotations, and they take up the room of some venerable and genuine adages of ancient Rome which are missing from Mr. Henderson's pages. Thus we lack the presence of Seneca's true word, "Aliena vitia in oculis habemus, a tergo nostra," and Cicero's "Fluctus excitare in simpulo,"—to raise a storm in a tea-cup—(*De Leg. iii. 16*): and there is a still more marked absence of a great many curious proverbs from the Latin Fathers, which are unmistakable ancestors of trite sayings amongst ourselves.

But we must be thankful for what we have, rather than querulous as to what we have not. Another edition may be considerably enhanced in value by the sort of labour which every practised scholar is familiar with, of verifying quotations and citing authorities, and by the substitution of such *bond-fide* Latin proverbs as will turn up in such a process for those which, being of doubtful parentage and acceptance, now find a place in the volume. As we have it, however, this book purveys abundant entertainment even to the lazy reader; whilst it may be made the foundation of endless amusement to any one who knows how to use it. To illustrate both these positions in turn, we will cull a few proverbs hap-hazard. In p. 296 is given the prose adage "Nunquam oportet virum sapientem mulieri remittere frenum," a wholesome truism which Mr. Henderson amusingly illustrates by a stanza from the almost forgotten extravaganza of *Tom Thumb*. In p. 243, on the adage (from Erasmus) "Ne quære mollia, ne tibi contingant dura," he tags Sam Slick's memorable dictum, "Life ain't all beer and skittles!" and to several quaint sayings of antiquity he appends, by way of parallel, quite undesigned coincidences from the pages of Mr. Dickens. Fitly indeed does he draw his great bulk of parallel from the plays of Shakespeare; and, whether the subject be grave or humorous, our great dramatist sails so near the coast of Latin paronomiogy in his tritest sayings (though manifesting all the while the utmost ingenuity of adaptation and the utmost transmutative power), that, if other proof were wanting, we might infer his extensive acquaintance with Latin writers from his silent recognition of their adagial stores. Thus Ovid's sentence (*Fast.* i., 493, Henderson, p. 305), "Omne solum forti patria" expands by the touch of the bard of Avon into

"All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens."

And "Quod quisque sperat, facile credit" passes easily into "Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought." But the parallels to proverb-lore in this volume are not confined to one or two poets of a particular period of English literature. Ben Jonson and Thomas Hood, Dryden and Tennyson, Sir John Harrington and Robert Burns serve the compiler's turn and occasion with wonderful readiness. Here, for example, is his apt match for the monostich of Publius Syrus (p. 40)—

"Bona nemini hora est, ut non alicui sit mala,"

"Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break."—TENNYSON.

A word or two on the treat in store for such as are minded to make this book the base of further research. With the help of Binder's "Thesaurus," of Smith's "Latin and English Dictionary," of Bland's "Proverbs," and of a good index to Plautus, Terence, and one or two more Latin authors, they may amass a whole store of anecdote and illustration around a single sentence. In p. 91 Mr. Henderson gives, without reference, the proverb "Duobus sellis sedere," "to sit on two seats," and illustrates it by two familiar English turns of the same thought. A little research will show that this proverb originates from the mouth of Laberius the mimic, from whom Seneca quotes it. Hunting a little further, we find from Macrobius (*Saturn.* ii. 3) the occasion which suggested the saying. When Julius Cæsar introduced Laberius to the Senate, Cicero was there, and, intending a hit at Cæsar, said to the mimic, "We would admit you were we not so crowded." "Ah!" replied Laberius, "I remember you're in the habit of sitting on two seats." It might be possible to parallel from the Latin the proverbial issue of two-stooled policies. In p. 32 is given "Auribus teneo lupum," a figurative expression for a dilemma, or for "catching a Tartar." Mr. Henderson rightly indicates its origin with Terence. It may be added that the phrase is from the *Phormio* iii., ii., 21, and that more upon it is to be found in Suetonius (*Tiberius*, c. 25). Commentators on Terence explain the allusion in this way:—as the wolf has very short ears, it cannot well be held by them; at the same time there go your hold, of being devoured by the wolf. "Caudâ is another proverb of things extremely difficult to which the compiler of the volume under review is older than Erasmus; but the difficulty had presented

Latin literature as early as Plautus, who, in his *Pseudolus* ii., iv., 56, has "Anguilla est: olabitur." The monkish rhyming verse on the same topic, "Non habet anguillam per caudam qui tenet illam," is given in p. 277 of Mr. Henderson's book. That very remarkable adage, "Dii laneos pedes habent," which is cited without its author's name in p. 86, is from Petronius *Arbites*, c. 44. "The avenging gods," our author translates it, "have their feet clothed in wool." We would suggest as an improvement "*wear list shoes*," and have already hazarded a conjecture in this journal as to the possible bearing of the proverb on the reading *Phœccasianorum* *doorum* in Juvenal, iii. 218. "No sutor ultra crepidam" is traceable to Pliny's "Natural History;" "Nodum in scirpo quæris" (hunting for a knot in a rush that has no knots) is traceable to Ennius; and our "Many a slip between the cup and the lip" is certainly as old as Aulus Gellius (xiii. 17, 3), though it may be questioned whether it is to be found, as some aver, in any of the poems ascribed to Homer. But the interest which the search after the pedigree of very many of the proverbs, which Mr. Henderson has indicated, is endless. The volume, too, is so well printed, and has such an ample margin, that, though no friends to scribbling on the printed page, we can see no harm in suggesting to students who can boast of caligraphy as one of their accomplishments, to add to the value of their copies of Henderson's Latin proverbs by adding careful references to such adages as they can trace home. We have been enabled to do somewhat in this way with our copy, and, at leisure, shall do more.

.. What is still very much wanted is a Handbook of Greek proverbs.

J. D.

The Four Books of Horace's Odes, translated into English Verse. By EDWARD YARDLEY, Author of "*Melusine*" and other Poems. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THERE is more real merit in these translations than in three parts of those attempts in the same kind that have of late flooded the press. Mr. Yardley, besides knowing his Horace well, has the gift of verse and a bright fancy of his own. This last endowment is not always an unqualified advantage in a translator; but in him it has rarely led to worse results than a substitution of Horace's mind, which he has contrived to read with much insight, for his actual expression and form of words, and to occasional omissions of lines and stanzas, where he judges that the idea intended by the original comes out sufficiently clear without illustration by additional images and similes. He appears to have aimed at making Horace a favourite, in his translation, with English readers, by discarding all that can look strange to them, and to this end often omits names of places and countries recalling the wars and triumphs of Rome in Horace's day, putting instead some general and more widely-applicable expression. The result, however, is never found to strike the scholar in suchwise that he can say "This is not Horace," and in a great many odes such an one does find himself saying "This is spirited," "This is neat," "This is pretty." There is not the scholarly finish, and the evidence of thought-out weighing of interpretations we should find in Professor Co-nington's Horace, nor perhaps as great success as Mr. Calverley has achieved in his translated odes by apt choice of measure, and a union of faithfulness and spirit in something very near Horatian limits; but still Mr. Yardley's version of the odes is worthy to be read, and certain to be enjoyed, in almost every page which the fingers or the paper-knife may open.

We say "almost," because we make a reservation in the case of those odes which Horace has tuned to the measure commonly known as the fourth *Asclepiad*, and which in the original are for the most part rather in the grave or heroic vein and cadence, if we may so speak, than in a livelier and more lilting tone and measure. It is borne in upon us, as we turn to the nineteenth page and find the splendid opening of Ode xv. "*Pastor cum traheret*," rendered after the following light fashion:—

"When Paris, the shepherd, was bearing away
The wife from his host he had reft,
Old Nereus, becalming his ships, made him stay
And hear the sad end of his theft,"

if we read far enough we shall find ourselves in the act of reading the old

undergraduate song of Troy, which was in vogue twenty years ago, and in which Menelaus having found Helen "packs her off in a post-chaise." Still less does this measure suit Ode xxiv. ("Quis desiderio sit pudor," &c.), for though it may be said that Moore uses it in some of his melodies, it will not, we fancy, be found that these were strains of similar burden or spirit. Nor indeed, if we could make up our minds to this metre as representative of the fourth Asclepiad, could we help finding fault with a want of smoothness in Mr. Yardley's management of it in some verses, attributable, we suspect, to the difficulty of wedding words written in one length of metre to the conditions of another. Some critics will take exception, too, to his rendering the ode to Pyrrha, and such-like odes, in so unlike a measure as seven-syllable triplets. It is a direct abandonment of metrical conformity of any kind, and, as such, the more surprising when, though he makes no professions on the subject, he has in his Iambic odes and his Sapphic odes, recognised some such principle, we do not mean by naturalizing alien measures, but by conforming to the characteristic differences of length of verse which mark those metres. The last stanza of the fifth ode of the first Book will show our readers that in his scant equivalent he has room only for the spirit and feeling, not for any reproduction of the words of Horace—

"Wretched must thy lovers be :
Long ago I quitted thee,
And gave thanks for being free." (P. 9.)

But there is no denying that he has been successful in many other of his applications of metre. There is great charm about his equivalent for the Sapphic, as may be seen in this extract from Ode xvi. Book ii. ["*Laetus in præsens—dompsertit illi*"] :—

"The mind enjoying present bliss
Should shun the future, and repress
Sorrow with smiles. On earth there is
No present happiness.

"Not long did great Achilles live.
Death would not set Tithonus free,
And Time, perchance, to me may give
What it denies to thee." (P. 61.)

And we think that as regards an ode in another metre, the famous ode to Lydia (iii. ix.), on which so many translators have experimented with such imperfect satisfaction to themselves and to others, Mr. Yardley is entitled to claim a fair measure of success, both as to choice of fitting measure, and as to neatness and aptness of translation. The two last stanzas which we quote will show that he does not tie himself to literal reproduction, while they will also show his claim to have caught his author's spirit.

Hor. What if ancient love returned
And united us again ?
What if I for Lydia burned ?
Treated Chloe with disdain ?

Lyd. Fairer than a star is he !
Yet though you have proved untrue,
And are stormier than the sea,
I would live and die with you !" (P. 88.)

A sample of his management of the Alcaic stanza, which we regard as happy and successful for the most part throughout this volume, may be seen in Ode xxvi. of Book iii. ["*Vixi puellis nuper idoneus*"], and we quote it, because it illustrates the kind of treatment which he considers himself justified in adopting as to the words and expressions of his original, and is a clue to his theory of translation.

"I late was fit for girls, nor all
Ingloriously have I warred ;
But now, fixed to her temple wall,
To Venus be my arms restored.

"The torch extinguished now for ever,
The harp too that will speak no more,
Hang there together with the lever,
That threatened the opposing door.

"Goddess to whom the Cyprians
And swarthy Memphians bend in prayer,
Touch Chloe for her arrogance,
With thy sharp scourge high raised in air." (P. 104.)

Here it will be seen that ideas are taken out of the first stanza of the Latin, and fused with others which belong more prescriptively to the second, in the English. "Carentem Sithoniâ nive," too, in v. 10, is only reproduced by implication. But the general effect is, we think, Horatian. And so, for the most part, can we say of the mass of Mr. Yardley's translations. About their acceptance with strict literalists there may be a little doubt. With those who prize the general tone and flavour more than the precise form there can be no question of their welcome.

J. D.

III.—POETRY, FICTION, AND ESSAY.

Under the Willows, and other Poems. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. London: Macmillan & Co.

IN an interesting article lately published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, Professor Seely called attention to the fact that each of the chief European nations is in the habit, in enumerating its great names in art, of placing on a level with men who are recognised in all countries equally, some one whom it alone appreciates and understands. He explained this phenomenon by showing that in each case the man so honoured had done something for the special life of his country—had brought out and raised the *national* character in a way which only the nation itself could feel. This must, I suppose, to some extent explain the slight recognition which the great poet, whose last work we are about to notice, has received in England, in comparison with one so far his inferior both in melody and thought as Longfellow.

He is emphatically an American. The often grotesque humour of the "Biglow Papers" may, apart from the bitterness of their attacks on England, have somewhat startled our English public; and some of the noblest passages of the "Commemoration Ode" in the present volume are quite unlike (almost opposed to) the tone of thought of the two greatest living poets of our own country.

The politics of Tennyson, and of Browning, start from the individual. Either the thoughts of their heroes about themselves and others lead them to

"Mix in action, lest' they 'wither by despair,'"

or a long argument with themselves comes at last to such a conclusion as this—

"Here is a soul whom to affect,
Nature has plied with all her means, from trees
And flowers, e'en to the multitude; and these
Decides he save or no?"

With Lowell all this is altered. Of thought (even about great deeds) he is a little impatient; while heroes are great mainly as part of the nation which is the subject of his song. The three following passages from his "Commemoration Ode" will best bring out these points, and show, too, his greatness as a poet:—

"Weak-winged is song;
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height,
Whither the brave deed climbs for light.
We seem to do them wrong,
Bringing our robin's leaf to deck their hearse,
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse;
Our trivial song, to honour those who come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum,
And shaped in squadron-strophes their desires,
Live battle-odes, whose lines were steel and fire.
Yet sometimes feathered words are strong,
As gracious memory, to buoy up and save
From Lethe's dreamless ooze,—the common grave
Of the unventurous throng."

The next is from the passage in memory of Abraham Lincoln :—

“ Nature, they say, doth dote,
 And cannot make a man
 Save on some worn-out plan,
 Repeating us by rote.
 For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
 And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
 Of the unexhausted West,
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero now :
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
 “ How beautiful to see
 Once more a *Shepherd of Mankind* indeed,
 Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead.

* * *

“ His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
 Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
 A sea-mark now, now lost in vapours blind ;
 Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
 Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
 Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
 Nothing of Europe here,
 Or, then, of Europe fronting morn-ward still,
 Ere any names of serf and peer
 Could Nature's equal scheme deface ;
 Here was a type of the true elder race,
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.

* * *

“ Great captains, with their guns and drums,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes :
 These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.”

I have been obliged, for brevity, to omit some of the most poetical parts of this noble epitaph ; but it is in the third passage which I intend to quote from this ode that the true strength of Lowell's genius bursts forth :—

“ Lift the heart and lift the head !
 Lofty be its mood and grave ;
 Not without a martial ring,
 Not without a prouder tread,
 And a peal of exultation.
 Little right has he to sing
 Through whose heart in such an hour,
 Beats no march of conscious power,
 Sweeps no tumult of elation !
 'Tis no Man we celebrate
 By his country's victories great,
 A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,
 But the pith and marrow of a Nation
 Drawing force from all her men,
 Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
 For her time of need, and then
 Pulsing it again through them ;
 Till the basest can no longer cower,
 Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,
 Touched but in passing by her mantle-hem.
 Come back, then, noble pride, for 'tis her dower !
 How could poet over tower
 If his passions, hopes, and fears,
 If his triumphs and his tears,
 Kept not measure with his people ?
 Boom, cannon ! boom, to all the winds and waves !
 Clash out, glad bells ! from every rocking steeple !
 Banners, advance with triumph, bend your staves ! !

And from every mountain peak
 Let beacon fire to answering beacon speak!
 Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he,
 And so leap on in light from sea to sea,
 Till the glad news be sent
 Across a kindling continent,
 Making earth feel more firm, and air breathe braver.
 'Be proud, for she is saved, and all have helped to save her.'
 She that lifts up the manhood of the poor;
 She of the open soul and open door!
 With room about her hearth for all mankind."

But while we have dwelt on this magnificent ode as the most characteristic effort of Lowell's genius, we must not forget that in at least one poem in this book he has shown that he can appreciate and even imitate the styles of our own living poets. This is the more remarkable because the poem to which we allude is placed among "Poems of the War," and the undercurrent of thought is intensely characteristic of Lowell. The poem is called, "Two Scenes from the Life of Blondel;" and while the first scene again and again recalls Tennyson, the following verse in the second scene seems almost copied from Browning:—

"I might as well join in the safe old 'tum tum.'
 A hero's an excellent load-star—but, bless ye,
 What infinite odds 'twixt a hero to come
 And your only too palpable hero *in esse*!
 Precisely the odds (such examples are rife)
 'Twixt the poem conceived and the rhyme we make show of,
 'Twixt the boy's morning-dream and the wake-up of life—
 'Twixt the Blondel God meant, and a Blondel I know of."

And with his keen interest in and love for his nation, there are few poets who show more plainly the private feelings of life; the intense love of nature which came out in his "Vision of Sir Launfal," and relieved the fierce satire of the "Biglow Papers," reappears in the poem which has given its name to this volume. Indeed, so deep is the impression which the peculiarities of American climate and vegetation have made on him, that he returns with increased vigour to the old denunciations of May and praise of June which appeared in his former works. The warmth of his personal friendships, too, is seen in his Ode to Longfellow and his generous eulogy on Bryant; while the "Nightingale in the Study" shows the joyous self-abandonment of American thought on its purely artistic side. As a strange contrast in tone of thought to the rest of the poems, we quote in conclusion the "Ode to Happiness:"—

"Spirit that lov'st the upper air,
 Serene and passionless and rare,
 Such as on mountain peaks we find,
 And wide-viewed uplands of the mind:
 Or such as scorns to coil and sing
 Round any but the eagle's wing,
 Of souls that with long upward beat,
 Have won an undisturbed retreat,
 Where, poised like winged victories,
 They mirror in relentless eyes
 The life broad-basking 'neath their feet:—
 Man ever with the Now at strife,
 Pained with first gasps of earthly air,
 Then praying Death the last to spare,
 Still fearful of the ampler life."

C. E. M.

Peasant Life: being Sketches of the Villagers and Field-labourers in Glenaldie.
 Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

THIS book is delightful at once by reason of its freshness, its reality, and its dramatic consistency. Nowhere is there more tendency to be hackneyed than when dealing with the lower order of Scotch country life. There is a great temptation to try to make capital out of it, by edging in a representative character to relieve a landscape, or to play the foil to a more commanding indi-

viduality. There is nothing of this kind in "Peasant Life," nor is there any attempt to get variety and force by the introduction of incident. There is no effort, no aim after what is great or striking. The author succeeds, because having completely grasped his characters he can be simple. The book consists of a series of carefully studied cabinet pictures, each with a choice, though not always romantic, central figure, skilfully relieved by quiet contrasts of temper, and tendency in the subsidiary characters. With a few simple touches the best types of the Scottish peasantry, and some of the worst, too (for the author is obviously an impartial observer), are set distinctly before us. For graphic portraiture, dramatic clearness, and intense realism of manner, this volume stands almost by itself. Here we have tenderness, humour, pathos, and even sentiment, adjusted in fine proportions, and each enhancing the other. What could be more humorous than Muckle Jock's defence of himself against May's trick to send him off to bed when he was waiting upon his ailing father? what could be more tender than his shy reserve which would not suffer him to say a word to May even for his heart's peace? what more touching than his concern for her at the crisis of the fever, and Betty's sternly pathetic words, "I'm wae for ye, Jock; I fear she'll dee. I wish tae God it was mase!" In "Kate Rose and her Bairns," we have the same qualities, set on a ground yet less artificially relieved; whilst the "Bourtree," the "Red-tiled Cottage," and the "Mason's Daughter," as entering more into the common field of passion, have each ample materials to furnish forth a three-volume novel. They are perfect in their quiet, simple reserve and respectful self-sufficiency—bits of life worthy of a master. The patient, pawky reserve; the slow, wise stolidity and distrust of everything pertaining to mere sentiment or feeling; the sudden outburst of unexpected passion and fervour in quiet self-contained natures at great crises—all these have been caught and put on the canvas with a calm self-restraint that adds much to the effect. A better book as a judicious "alternative" to the exciting circulating library course of reading could scarcely be conceived.

The chief fault we have to urge against it, is that the author has quite overreached himself in his effort to attain verisimilitude by studied artificial means. Are we to believe that this book was really written for the purpose of awakening sympathy towards these "poor but honest" strugglers, and of eliciting something like practical aid for them? Why, the tenderest personal interest is represented as being almost unequal to lead Kate Rose to the acceptance of a small loan even when starvation stared her and her little brother and sister in the face. Either Kate had no right to be where she was, or dramatic truth at once vitiates the moral intent assumed by the author. And then the sub-acid cynical vein which is squirted out upon us now and then, is it real, or only assumed as a kind of indirect makeweight? If real, then the best matter of the book refutes it. Surely Muckle Jock's love, which when once struck out of the clay-wrapped flint of his nature shed a mild radiance over all the lower prosaic plane of his life, is itself instance sufficient. And if, again, it is assumed, we cannot compliment the author on his expedient. Yet we are, after all, inclined to the latter notion; for to believe it real would be to doubt the genuine insight and artistic power of the author, with which it is quite inconsistent. The true and effective lesson of the book is this, that genuine nobility and independence of character develops itself amidst the most unpromising circumstances—circumstances which, for purposes of art at all events, it could not well be extricated from without loss to genuine and faithful development. We believe there is need for improvement in the social condition of the Scotch peasant; but the moral we should draw from the book would be this, that caution and delicate discernment are very necessary in any attempt made in behalf of this class, in order to preserve the soft and beautiful bloom of independent feeling, which is their chief characteristic—that gold thread in the texture of their lives, which glistens so brightly when it is brought out from dark and dusty corners into the sunlight by such skilful hands as those of the author of "Peasant Life."

H. A. P.

Leonora Casaloni: a Novel. By T. A. TROLLOPE. Two vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

THERE is an air of nobleness about what Mr. T. A. Trollope writes; he has a fine feeling for beautiful scenes, whether of nature or of art; he catches

character well, and makes us understand what he means to paint; he disdains exaggeration, and (which is saying the same thing in other words) he evidently aims at simple truthfulness of effect. Qualifications much lower than these would suffice to the production of a readable novel, and, accordingly, "Leonora Casaloni" (which originally appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*) is interesting. But for all that, contradictory as this will seem, it is a little heavy. The author scarcely succeeds in *transplanting* the imagination of the English reader up to the point which is necessary for the enjoyment of an Italian story. This, however, was the point to which the greatest effort was due; and, apparently, Mr. Trollope has done his best. Certainly some transplantation of the imagination, some decided change of scenery and national character, was essential, if the hardened novel-reader was to enjoy at all a new story, turning in the first instance upon that ancient source of plot-tangles—the interchanging of two children put out to nurse. Leonora is the daughter of a cardinal, however, and that certainly makes a difference. In the last scene of the story, when Leonora, now a woman, meets the mother who has for years ignored her existence, Mr. Trollope takes occasion to remark that "it is a mistake to suppose that the mere knowledge—the mere announcement of the fact that any tie of blood exists between two persons—will avail to produce the affection which should accompany such relationship; and it is an insincerity to represent that it does so." Undoubtedly, these things are so, and the ignoring of the truth, or at least the not allowing due moral force to it, constitutes the one blot upon Bouque's "Undine," which so bitterly interferes with the reader's enjoyment of that otherwise "entire and perfect chrysolite" of a book. But it is scarcely possible that the suddenly-disclosed knowledge of a previously unknown relationship such as that which exists between parent and child, should not produce a deep thrill and much excitement. Even when the parent has neglected his or her duty, it must surely be so. The sole weak point in "Silas Marner" has always seemed to us that Eppie takes the discovery of her parentage so coolly; that there is no particular struggle in her heart between her love of use-and-wont and gratitude to her foster-father Silas, and the strange unfathomable impulse which seems as if it must accompany the consciousness that one has literally sprung from another living being. It is an awful thought; and the only thing that can explain Leonora or Eppie is that neither of them had had children. Still, even an under-statement of the truth is better than melodramatic falsehood.

Nanni, otherwise Il Gufone, a poor ugly fellow, who loves Leonora, but whom she does not "affect," returns, at the close of the narrative, to the "convent of the Camaldolese monks, which is memorable as having afforded hospitality to Dante. And," Mr. T. A. Trollope adds, "if that circumstance had not acted as an incentive to induce the present writer to visit the place, the foregoing excerpt from the chronicles of a great Roman family would never have been presented to our English readers." In this one sentence we have disclosed to us the source of whatever failure there is in the book. It is the venerable, inartistic, "founded-on-fact" fallacy over again. It is, no doubt, possible to found a powerful work of fiction upon fact; how can we deny it, with Scott's novels, and Mr. Kingsley's "Hypatia" and "Westward-Ho!" staring at us from the book-shelves; with Miss Tytler's "Citoyenne Jacqueline" at our elbow (a work, by-the-by, which very greatly depends for its effect upon the success of the imaginative transplantation in it), and a few other examples of the kind? But if your story is "founded on fact," pray hide it both from yourself while you work, and from us while we read. A subtle, shrinking sense of what is truthful must be wounded at every step, while you are trying to put life and meaning into scenes and persons that we are sure you can *know* nothing about. The assumption of fiction is that you know,—*how we do not care*; the assumption of biography is that you know, *by means of which you inform us*; but in a mixture of biography and fiction, or history and fiction, we are tossed about between the assumptions of the two kinds of knowledge. It needs the solvent and fusing power of the poetic spirit, in one or other of its forms, to deal with this difficulty. However, to return, "Leonora Casaloni" is unusually superior to the ordinary run of circulating library books; it is, in fact, a novel to read and to respect, but not to enthral or to live long.

M. B.

The Sacristan's Household. A Story of Lippe-Detmold. By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Mabel's Progress," &c. With two Illustrations by Marcus Stone. Two Vols. London: Strahan & Co. 1869.

NOTHING could well be simpler than the elements out of which this story is composed—the loves of a German boy and girl, both belonging to what, we suppose, would be called the lower middle class. But on this slender thread the author has had the skill to hang one of the sweetest and most graceful little prose idylls it has ever been our good fortune to come across. Much of its charm, we incline to think, arises from its perfect harmony of construction and colouring. Every character and incident seems natural and in its right place, and not brought in for the sake of producing some special effect, however telling, out of keeping with the tranquil and tender tone of the whole. The only point to which we feel inclined to take some exception, as at variance with the general treatment, is the discovery that little Liese, the heroine, is, after all, a countess. We do not think the blot, if it be one, of much importance; but the author has made us know the little girl so well as a simple country maiden, that we have neither the wish nor the power to see her as anything else. Could he not have been content with finding her entitled to a competent fortune, which might have removed all the obstacles in the way of her marriage, without bestowing a title and a castle, where we feel instinctively that she will be thoroughly uncomfortable, and into which he himself has not the heart to introduce her?

After Liese herself, the characters on whom most pains have been bestowed are Simon Schnarcher, the choleric, domineering, and impetuous, but at bottom not bad-hearted, though terribly ill-tempered, old sacristan, or k^ustor of Horn, a townlet of Detmold, and the Justizrath von Schleppers, a crafty old lawyer, who conceals a perfectly insane desire to know all about everybody and everything that comes in his way under the guise of a seeming inattention and abstraction in his own thoughts. But all the *dramatis personæ*, from the highest to the lowest, are drawn with fine discrimination, all with a sufficiency of touches to make us see as much of them as is necessary, none with such elaboration of detail as to render them obtrusive, and cause them to fill a larger space on the canvas than is their due. This self-restraint is the more to be commended as the author, if his sense of symmetry had not hindered him, might easily, by drawing some of his characters more life-size, have heightened the effect of the book—at least with uncritical readers. A little stronger colouring would, for instance, have rendered Frau Hanno Lehmann, the farmer's wife, and Herr Peters, the apothecary, broadly comic characters—in the hands of Mr. Dickens, or one of his imitators, we venture to say they would infallibly have become so—and made of Joachim, the charcoal-burner, a weird and mysterious being, from whose action some great and terrible consequences might confidently be looked for.

Besides the artistic skill with which it is put together, "The Sacristan's Household" possesses a great attraction in the vein of subtle and delicate humour which pervades it from first to last—a humour of which it is not too much to say that it reminds us over and over again of George Eliot. As for instance:—

"But they have immortal souls, have women! I'm sure a God-fearing man like you wouldn't deny that, Herr K^ustor."

"That, sir," replied the sacristan, decisively, "is a religious point. I don't approve of arguing upon religious points out of season. No doubt women have souls; but it's one of them mysteries that we ain't intended to understand in this world." (Vol. ii. p. 113.)

And again in Frau Lehmann's description of Liese's lover—a very distorted one by the way,—

"Otto Hemmerich has no respect for anything on earth, or in the heavens above,—no, nor in the waters beneath, for that matter!"—bringing out the last clause as though it were a powerful climax." (Vol. ii. p. 75.)

And this of the Justizrath:—

"Von Schleppers would have been grieved if you had murdered his brother,—he was a far from inhuman man,—but it would have been a decided consolation to him to find out how you did it." (Vol. i. p. 142.);

There is an exquisite description, too, of the coming on of evening at the end of the first volume, which is enough to show the author to be rarely gifted in this direction.

"The twilight deepened. The moon's slender horn took a more golden brightness. All the varied sounds that came from the townlet were blended together into one murmur full of placid pathos." (P. 266.)

That "placid pathos" seems to us a gem in its way. But we must conclude, though, did space allow, we would gladly dwell still longer on the merits of this beautiful little story.

G. S.

Chaucer's England. By MATTHEW BROWNE. Two Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THE first thing to be said about these volumes (one of the most important things that can be said) is that they are pleasant to read; secondly, to obtain this pleasure one need not come prepared with any large possession of antiquarian information. Mr. Matthew Browne disclaims more than once, for his own part, the title of an erudite in our early life and literature. He nowhere attempts to extend the material boundaries of our knowledge by pushing forward into unexplored parts; but he has read Chaucer, and the early ballads, and the Miracle Plays, and Sir John Maundeville, and a good deal besides these, with loving care, and in a spirit of meditative pleasure; the familiar forms have redisposed themselves in his imagination, and they come to us not in the dry light of the mere antiquary's mind, but enriched by what a nature can communicate which is wise, charitable (in a deep sense of the word), humorous, and framed for thoughtful enjoyment.

The name "Chaucer's England," expresses accurately the scope of the work. It is not an account of Chaucer and his writings, though the poet himself naturally appears as a figure in Chaucer's England; we see him riding with the other pilgrims Canterburywards. It is not an account of England in the fourteenth century; many important social and political movements of that period are very slightly handled or altogether passed by, because, although existing in England, they have little or no place in *Chaucer's England*. Thus there is no sign that the poet had "caught up the true prophecies of the insurgent spirit of his time, or that he knew how what we now call the English character was beginning under his eyes to shake off alien elements, and consolidate itself for the great struggle" which lay before it. This insurgent spirit of the time is accordingly only glanced at by Mr. Matthew Browne. England of the fourteenth century is viewed by him through the openings presented in the works of Chaucer, and we cannot charge it as an offence against him (as another critic has done) that he has not been untrue to the unity of his design.

We confess, however, we opened the book with a hope of our own which has been disappointed. Poets who have accomplished some one supreme work are formidable rivals of their earlier or less illustrious selves. The "Vita Nuova" has been too much engulfed in the brightness and darkness of the "Divina Commedia." The severe grace of "Paradise Regained" would attract more readers than it does were not the overmastering presence of "Paradise Lost" felt by all. The "trumpets storn" of Spenser (how inappropriately did he name "stern" those trumpets which gave forth such serene, silver music of war and of love!) have drowned too much the delicious tunes of his "oaten reeds." And more, perhaps, than Dante, Spenser, or Milton, has Chaucer proved the injurious rival of himself. For twenty readers who know something of the "Canterbury Tales," we doubt whether one has the slightest acquaintance with any of Chaucer's other works. Yet these other, which only by comparison can be styled minor works of Chaucer, are not alone invaluable illustrations of the growth of his powers as an artist, but are many of them perfect and delightful poems. Sir P. Sidney knew this ("Chaucer undoubtedly did excellently in hys 'Troilus and Cresseid'"); so did Dryden and Pope when among their few modernizations they included "The Flower and the Leaf," and the "House of Fame;" so did Wordsworth; so did Keats (witness the beautiful sonnet written in Mr. Cowden Clarke's copy of Chaucer); so did Mrs. Browning; so did the author of the "Dream of Fair Women." We had hoped that Mr. Matthew Browne would have made his readers feel that in

"Chaucer's England" there was a great poet unknown as the author of the "Canterbury Tales," yet well known notwithstanding as the chief poet of his time. He has done a little, but not much to fulfil this our particular hope. In the chapter, "Female Types in Chaucer," the minor poems would have contributed much to complete the view presented of Chaucer's conception of the characters of women. Yet even the picture of Blanche, in the "Book of the Duchess," is not glanced at, which, although containing something of the conventional troubadour ideal of a perfect lady, and here and there echoing lines from Guillaume de Machault, seems to us a genuine portrait, and as exquisite a one as the range of poetry can supply; being at the same time, like the Wife of Bath, a type as well as a portrait.

After a sketch of Chaucer's life, character, and genius, and some account of the story of the "Canterbury Tales" and the pilgrims, follow chapters which treat of chivalry; the mediæval art or science of love; female types in Chaucer; the spirit of pleasure and mirth abroad in old England compared with that of the present time; the part played by women in mediæval life; fools and jesters; the feeling with regard to decency and indecency in the fourteenth century, with special reference to the grossness of some of Chaucer's writings; food, house, dress, and minor morals; the familiar handling of sacred things, with illustrations from the miracle plays; wonder, knowledge, belief, and criticism (including ready assent to the marvellous and miraculous, alchemy *à propos* of the "Canon's Yeoman's Tale," the scientific spirit and Roger Bacon, the religious critical spirit and Wickliffe); the Church of the middle ages; town and country life, and the feeling with regard to external nature; trade and travel with illustrations from Sir John Maundeville.

The two characteristics which Mr. Matthew Browne finds most impressively to belong to the writings of Chaucer are those which, adopting the phrases of "a reader of culture and sensibility recently introduced to the poet of the 'Canterbury Tales,'" he styles his lightness (buoyancy) and his Englishness. The following is a specimen of Mr. Matthew Browne's best style as a critic:—

"Chaucer's verse is full of buoyancy; its very art is easy, the wind is not free, it is a south-west air with a rhythm in it, and a masterly skill in the pauses. Flippancy, or even happy smartness, is easy to manage, and implies none of the highest qualities of a writer of verse; but lightness or buoyancy chiefly impresses the mind when the flights taken are long enough to give the idea of strength as well as that of elasticity. The power of taking a long sweep before coming to a pause, and then of beginning again with a spring from the pausing-point, is a well-known characteristic of the best poetry. It is a characteristic of which we had the last *magnificent* example in Milton. . . . How long an albatross will remain poised in the air without apparent motion by a ship's side, I forget; but if it had, like a sea-gull, some of the vivacity of the swallow or the martin, it would represent the flight of the Chaucerian or the Miltonic verse as contrasted with the swallow-flights of poets who cannot remain long upon the wing."

Chaucer's Englishness appears in the essential objectivity of his mind, and in the directness of his touch (of both which his coarseness is in some degree a consequence); but it is especially in his "good-fellowship" that Mr. Matthew Browne finds his Englishness conspicuous. We have considerable doubt whether Chaucer was in fact the "good fellow" he is here taken for. It seems natural at first sight to suppose that the teller of so many capital stories, the amused or tender sympathizer with so many various men, the painter who drew the "Wife of Bath," the "Miller," and the "Frere" possessed social qualities of a high kind, and must have added much to the mirth of the Canterbury pilgrims. Yet this seems to us a complete misconception of the manner of man that Chaucer was. The "good-fellow" is never a delicate humorist; he cannot be an artist; he does not calculate effects; even in telling an after-dinner story he gives you instead of the point of the story his own excellent animal spirits, and on the strength of his own hearty laugh takes success for granted. It is the retired, silent, all-observing, amused and not amusing man, who has power over our smiles, and, like Chaucer, over our tears as well. And such a character agrees with what Chaucer has told us of himself. The eagle, which bears away Geoffrey, in mortal fear lest he should be "stellified," to the House of Fame, informs the poet that he had been commissioned by Jupiter to do so, because

Chaucer, though always enditing of love, knows no love-gossip, not even of his next-door neighbours:—

“Not of thy very neighbours
That dwollen almost at thy dores
Thou hearest neither that ne this.”

But after his return from office he sits the long evening poring over books, and, although his abstinence is little (how the truth of this touch verifies the rest !); lives thus “like a hermit.” And the party of Canterbury pilgrims did not get much enlivenment from its poet; such at least was mine host’s opinion:—

“He semeth clvish by his contenance,
For unto no wight doth he daliance.”

“Daliance” meaning *gossip* (see *Promptorium Parvulorum*).

But Chaucer, if he was no “good-fellow,” had, in common with “good-fellows,” a trait of character which Mr. Matthew Browne is the first we have seen to note,—an intolerance of what some people call “elevated” or “idealistic” views of life and duty. Intolerance is, perhaps, too strong a word, for the poet’s *bonhomie* and easiness of moral temperament made him tolerant of all things save those which are obviously fatal to happiness—oppression and cruelty, especially cruelty to women. This easiness of nature seems to us the presiding quality of Chaucer’s character; that which explains the rest. Life was taken pleasantly by him. If his light is never pure white, his darkness is never blackness of darkness; there are lights and shades in all his prospect. He cannot draw with an unflinching hand the line between right and wrong. He cannot hate passionately. His very satire has something genial in it, and gets its victim laughed at; it does not burn into his flesh like red-hot iron. His disposition is towards good,—witness his many alterations of Boccaccio, ridding his English poems of the lithe Italian impurity of “Lollius,” the sower of tares. But the zeal of God’s house did not eat him up. In all things Chaucer was the opposite of his great predecessor Dante. Mr. Matthew Browne finds Dante “mean” and “filthy.” We fear that Chaucer could never have given occasion to that last charge as Dante did had Chaucer even traversed Hell, for he never saw as Dante did with his spiritual eyes (and therefore with the eyes of his concreative imagination) the filth of sin. But, indeed, it would have been impossible for Chaucer to conceive a “Divina Commedia,” for he could never have made out the places which divide Hell from Purgatory, and Purgatory from Paradise. In the Tabard and on the pleasant Kentish road he felt on familiar ground; he would have been decidedly *désorienté* in Ptolomea, or the Ninth Heaven.

The following corrections should be made in a second edition:—vol. ii. p. 190, “eyen steep,” not deep-set, but bright, glittering; “yeddynges,” songs embodying some popular romance, not stories; p. 222, “harlot,” perhaps “a loose fellow,” but not necessarily so; p. 241, “snews,” *snows*, we hope, but fear it means, as Mr. Wedgwood gives it, simply “abounds;” p. 259, “solempnely,” pompously, not solemnly; we are not sure whether Mr. Matthew Browne has observed that “tapstere,” in the character of the Frere, means barmaid; p. 323, in acknowledging that he has not read the latest writers on Chaucer, Mr. Matthew Browne inadvertently writes “Mr. William Morris,” where Mr. *Richard* Morris, we presume, was intended. E. D.

IV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

The House of Commons. Illustrations of its History and Practice. By REGINALD F. D. PALGRAVE. London: Macmillan and Co.

THIS volume contains three lectures delivered to the Reigate South Park Working Men’s Club in December, 1868. Mr. Palgrave has done well to publish them, for they constitute a valuable manual as to the forms and practices of the House, and a manual, too, which could only have been put together by one who thoroughly knows the subject, both in its historical and practical aspects, and who possesses the rare faculty of selecting truly salient points, and of

illustrating them with the aptest facility and succinctness. The reader who wishes an exhaustive treatment of the history and position of the House of Commons from a strictly constitutional and scientific point of view, must go elsewhere—to Hallam, to Sir Erskine May's works, or to Mr. Bagehot's admirable volume on "The English Constitution," in which we have the results of long study, large knowledge, and not a little political insight. Mr. Palgrave—as, indeed, was necessary to success in the original purpose of these lectures—is garrulous, pictorial, and anecdotic; but he manages to interject between his sallies, sandwich-wise, not a little genuine information, and his book is perhaps the best preliminary accessible to a wider course of reading on the subject. Of course the history of the House of Commons involves itself with the history of the whole country, social and political, and has even, more or less, directly to do with the wider history of the world; and here and there, as at pp. 29—32, Mr. Palgrave, with not a little ease, throws light over quarters and questions which he has not time to explore or to discuss.

But the special value of the book lies in the racy collection of anecdotes with which Mr. Palgrave has adorned his survey. Had the book been more ambitious and exact, it would not have been so suitable for its purpose, and would not have gained anything like equivalent value in other directions. This, for instance, is excellent:—

"One evening, while the debate was in full swing, a tall, grim-faced member rose from his seat, got up and walked down the floor of the House. He moved along stately; his eyes were fixed in an austere and solemn stare. Behind him, close behind him, crept in timid eagerness, a shabby, puny member, miserly in look and gait. Bursts of laughter pealed forth. And why? Because there went the haughty gentleman upon his solemn promenade, but all unconscious that his sword-hilt had whisked a dirty brown wig from off the head of his neighbour on the bench, the miser Elwes—and quite unconscious that the wretched wig still dangled upon the sword-hilt. And there, too, at his heels, went the wig's owner, shuffling swiftly along, bobbing in vain after his dirty brown wig. It must have been a funny sight. And in times further back, the Commons so greatly enjoyed such small comicalities, that they recorded them in their Journal. For instance, we find on those venerable pages this entry, dated Thursday, May 31, 1604: 'A jackdaw flew in at the window' of the House, and that the jackdaw 'was called omen to the bill' in debate; a bad omen apparently, for the bill was soon after thrown out. Again we are told that on May 14, 1606, 'A dog comes in. A strange spanyell, of mouse colour, came into the House of Commons.'"

The episode on Sir John Trevor's shame (pp. 62—66) is inexpressibly touching. So, too, is the following:—

"A Speaker once was driven into a corner—he found that 'Aye' or 'No,' guilty or not guilty—must be settled by his casting vote. For the question he had to decide was, whether or no, Lord Melville, as Treasurer to the Navy, had been guilty of official misconduct. It was in the year 1806 that this accusation was brought before the Commons, and it provoked, as you may suppose, the utmost zeal and heat. Much was proved against Lord Melville; much, however, of the desire to prove his guilt sprang from party-hate. His accusers may have loved justice, but they certainly also loved to plague an antagonist. The famous Mr. Pitt, George III.'s prime minister, was strong on Lord Melville's side, his friend and colleague; but the opposing party was zealous and powerful. The fierce debate ended with an even vote: 216 members declared for Lord Melville; 216 voted for his guilt. Lord Melville's fate was thus placed in the Speaker's hands: to be decided by that one vote. Yet it was long before the Speaker could give his vote; agitation overcame him: his face grew white as a sheet. Terrible as was the distress to all who awaited the decision from the chair, terrible as was the Speaker's distress, this moment of suspense lasted ten long minutes: there the Speaker sat in silence—all were silent. At length his voice was heard: he gave his vote, and he condemned Lord Melville. One man at least that evening overcame. Mr. Pitt was overcome; his friend was ruined. At the sound of the Speaker's voice, the Prime Minister crushed his hat over his brows to hide the streaming tears that poured over his cheeks; he pushed in haste out of the House. Some of his opponents, I am ashamed to say, thrust themselves near, 'to see how Billy Pitt looked.' His friends gathered in defence around, and screened him from rude glances. During a quarter of a century, almost ever since he had been a boy, Mr. Pitt had battled it in Parliament. His experience there was not victory only, but often defeat. This defeat, however, he sank under—it was his last. He died ere many months had passed. The death of that great man was hastened by Speaker Abbot's casting vote."

We have much pleasure in recommending Mr. Palgrave's book, which, while it is well calculated to instruct, forms at the same time most pleasant and interesting reading.

H. A. P.

Letters from Australia. By JOHN MARTINEAU. London: Longmans. 1869.

MR. MARTINEAU here reprints, with additions, his contributions to the *Spectator* from the Antipodes, written in 1867 and 1868. A sojourn of fifteen months, divided among such vast territories, was of course far too short for him to expound with authority many of the novel and interesting questions that only an intimate acquaintance and long experience are competent to discuss, and the author does not affect to come before the English public in the character of an old colonist; yet within the range of his observation he proves himself to have been a careful, candid, and shrewd reporter. In some respects a temporary visitor will satisfy home curiosity better than the "oldest inhabitant" to whom all novelties have long become too commonplace for him to think of mentioning. Appreciating whatever seems to deserve credit in those rising nations, and candid in his survey of their peculiar position, without deeming that best for them which is best for the mother country, Mr. Martineau is decidedly anti-democratical in his general view of politics and ready to expose the weak points of colonial constitutions and proceedings, for the warning of those Englishmen who are so ready to adopt the absurd idea that people constituting themselves in the bush, in the goldfield, and on the edge of illimitable territory are the true model on which the parent nation in an old and crowded country should proceed to reconstitute themselves. Though the multitude of authors who have sought to photograph the various views of colonial civilization for the people at home is well-nigh countless, Mr. Martineau well deserves to have his many readers among those who are in search of information and instruction; while his letters have likewise a special interest for others who (like himself, as it appears) may be in search of health from long sea-voyages and those striking changes of air and climate which the Australian continent affords during the various seasons of the year.

C. II.

Hints on Clerical Reading: especially intended for Clergymen, and Candidates for Holy Orders. By the REV. HENRY DALE, M.A., Rector of Wilby, Northamptonshire. London: Rivingtons.

THIS little book is well calculated to answer its end, being for the most part sensible and intelligent. It contains however very little that has not been said over and over again. Nor does it, while giving many excellent rules for clerical reading, go quite to the root of its usual defects. We are persuaded that they are owing in the main to the too frequent want, on the part of the clergy, of any pains taken to apprehend the meaning of that which they are set to read. When a man's present and available knowledge of the meaning of Scripture goes no further than the words of the English version before him, every chapter is laid thick with traps for false emphasis; and it is not by setting right in particular passages that he can be made into a faultless reader.

We are sorry to see that in some cases Mr. Dale has himself sanctioned and recommended error. For instance:—

"In the second prayer of Ministration of Public Baptism of Infants, between, and at the end of, the following clauses: 'So give now unto us that ask: let us that seek, find: open the gate unto us that knock:' it is important that the voice should be suspended, and a pause made after the last of them, to show that the word 'so' qualifies each of the clauses, and is answered in each alike, by the 'that' at the beginning of the following one."

There can we think be no question that this view is entirely wrong; that "so" means "in the manner just mentioned," and "that" means "in order that," without any connection with "so." This second alternative Mr. Dale gives indeed as *possible*; but surely the other should never have been proposed, alien as it is from the simplicity of style prevalent in the English Liturgy; and we cannot understand how Mr. Dale can add, "It is hard to say which of these two modes express the actual meaning of the composer of the service."

The following is even worse:—

"In the opening invocation of the Litany, it is an inveterate mistake of parish clerks—and, in some cases, it is to be feared, of parish priests also—to take away the stop after 'the Father,' making the following words depend upon that: as though the title 'Father of heaven' were here given to the First Person of the Trinity: which it certainly is not."

We thought that it had been by this time sufficiently shown, that the supposed mistake is perfectly right, and that the title "Father of heaven" is that which is here given. What does Mr. Dale make of *ὁ θεὸς πατὴρ οὐρανῶν*, of the Greek? And does he know that the insertion of the comma is a mere king's printer's improvement, having no authority from the "sealed book?" It is sad to have a mistake which introduces something so like irreverence into a solemn invocation, encouraged by one modern writer after another.

From his next recommendation also we take leave to differ:—

"In the petition which immediately follows, an unauthorised stop is frequently introduced after 'us,' instead of the words being read, as they are intended to be, in the closest possible sequence, 'us miserable sinners;' like 'we sinners' at the beginning of a subsequent petition, and 'us thy humble servants' in the second Collect for Peace. The mistake probably arises from recollection of the almost identical expression in the general Confession: 'But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders;' where there is a comma after the pronoun."

But, comma or none, it is surely improbable that so ponderous an adjunct as "miserable sinners" can be anything but predicative, and equivalent to "miserable sinners that we are." This ought to be indicated very slightly indeed, but so as to avoid that which Mr. Dale recommends, the running "us-miserable-sinners" into one.

Nor is our writer always quite at home in the sacred text. He remarks on John xix. 25, that

"It is sometimes misrepresented to uneducated hearers by too long a stop after the word 'sister:' as though *four* persons were mentioned, in pairs: 'His mother, and His mother's sister: Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.' The stop ought to be shorter there, and longer after Cleophas; to show that the latter clause is explanatory of the former: 'His mother; and His mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas; and Mary Magdalene.'"

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Mr. Dale returns again to the question of emphasis; and again, as it seems to us, not without tripping here and there. He remarks:—

"In the prayer of St. Chrysostom there is often an emphasis laid so strongly and exclusively on the words 'two or three' as to suggest the idea that the very smallness of the number assembled is what entitles it to the Divine blessing; though the words of Christ here referred to are clearly an encouragement to *united* prayers, however few there may be to offer them. The stress, therefore, ought to be still stronger on 'gathered together' than on 'two or three.'"

But surely the stress on "two or three" has no such effect as is here supposed, but rather the contrary effect; viz., that of inducing an *a fortiori*: if the promise be even to "two or three," much more to us, the congregation here assembled.

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All this is no doubt pragmatically correct: but how much better and more reverent, at such a time, and with such solemn words, to sink all such considerations, and pronounce the words unobtrusively and uniformly. Happily, the good taste of the clergy usually prevents such emphasis as Mr. Dale here recommends; it surely would grate on the ear and divert the thought of many a devout communicant.

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H. A.

Gun, Rod, and Saddle. Personal Experiences. By UBIQUE. London : Chapman and Hall.

UNDER this title, a sportsman of considerable experience, and whose travels justify by their variety and extent the *nom de plume* he has adopted, presents to the reader a number of sketches illustrative of his favourite pursuits, furnished by his "opportunities," in the forests of Asia, on the prairies of North America, on the highlands of Morocco, on the ocean, and on the rivers of Japan. These sketches are not sufficiently finished to form a complete hand-book for the instruction of hunters of "the big game;" but they are bright, pleasant, practical, and have the dash and suggestiveness of real adventure about them. The first is called "Wolf Coursing," and is certainly calculated to excite a wish for that out-of-the-way amusement, which the writer enjoyed on the Western prairies. The third is entitled "A Seal Preserve," and illustrates Mr. Dilke's story of how he was taken to "see the lions," at San Francisco.

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Adventures on the buffalo plains, bear hunting, the pursuit of all kinds of huge creatures in their higher jungle and desert ; adventures in remote places in China ; descriptions of "strange bright birds;" practical lessons in the use, and disquisitions on the structure, of fire-arms, on fishing apparatus, on horses and their management, and on many cognate topics, form the contents of a widely diversified, animated, and amusing little volume.

F. C. H.

Flood, Field, and Forest. By GEORGE ROOPER. With Illustrations and Etchings by CECIL BOULT. London : Chapman and Hall.

It is melancholy to think of the number of college lectures that will be 'cut,' schoolboys' heads turned, Virgils and Euclids indefinitely postponed, to make room for the study of the kind of muscular Christianity described in "Flood, Field, and Forest." Mr. Rooper is one of those who has always steadily practised what he knows ; and when we say that no method of capturing the birds, beasts, and fishes of his native land is unknown to him, and that he is willing to divulge all his secrets, we have probably said enough to recommend his book to all whom it may concern.

This is at once the most personal and impersonal of records. "*Quorum magna pars fui*," Mr. Rooper may indeed say, and yet although we never for a moment lose sight of Nimrod, Nimrod is not so much himself as the fox, the salmon, the hare, or the rat. So intimate indeed is the writer's knowledge of the animal creation, and so keen his sympathy with it, that, if he could, we are sure that he would not hesitate to transform himself into the very vegetables or game his wild animals delight to feed on, if only he might be changed back into the dear creature and have a hunt and a meal in his turn.

But before going into particulars, let us say that this book is made of real healthy stuff ; it is neither sensational, nor cruel, nor slangy, nor pedantic. The keynote of broad natural morality is fearlessly and happily struck, and the sportsman appears in his real, and, at the same time, his most engaging character—as the most fearless animal-pursuing, but tender-hearted and humane of men. There is evidently in the writer's mind a firm and clear distinction

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between lawful and unlawful, sportsmanlike and unsportsmanlike, cruel and humane, hunting. The distinction might with advantage be more widely acknowledged. With a mind far too full of his subject matter, perhaps we should say far too healthy for much analysis of motive, Mr. Cooper has nowhere drawn out this distinction in anything like a general proposition, but we gather from numberless remarks and instances that true sport should always possess one or more of these qualities, skill, courage, fair play. A battue may be unsportsmanlike, when the pheasants are almost too tame to rise, for no skill is involved, no courage, no fair play. Badger baiting is condemned owing to the utter want of fair play in confining a plucky animal to a hole and worrying him to death with a succession of fresh dogs. We suppose that rat-hunting, which our author describes with enthusiasm, must be acquitted on the plea that the rat may escape, though how, it is difficult to see, when the ground is chosen and occupied as described in Chapter VII.

Broadly speaking, sporting finds its chief justification in that instinct which impels man to hunt and destroy wild animals, an instinct which seems to find its counterpart in the cunning and agility which the hunted animals display. "The beauty of it is," as an old fisherman once said to us, "you pit your intellect against the fish's, and you beat him;" and as at that moment the fish which our friend had just taken off his hook slipped through his fingers and jumped into the water, we always thought the remark fair from the fish's point of view.

The first half of the book, concerning the salmon and the fox, is the most artistic and complete, and makes us almost regret that fewer subjects had not been selected and treated through the volume with the same masterly and almost poetic manner; however we should then have lost much interesting matter.

The salmon is positively enchanting as he sits done up in straw in his basket opposite the railway traveller, and gives him a description of his whole life. "We live under the water—we see the monsters and the minnows of the deep—we snap at the sham flies and get hooked; but hooked does not mean caught, and we often weary Piscator, who, in his own simple language, 'has been enticing the members of the funny tribe to engulf into their denticulated mouths the barbed hook at whose point is affixed a dainty allurements.'"

Sometimes the fish on being hooked will run the whole tackle out, and then if there happen to be no knot tied at the end, will sail clean away with it; at other times, the fish has been known to leap on shore, and the instant the tackle was relaxed, shake the hook out and jump in again; at others he will run round a rock, saw the tackle asunder, or get a dead pull and snap it; at others he will leap up and fall back with his whole weight on the line, and so break it: and many other salmon devices might be cited to show that hooked is not caught. As the fish recounts his passage from spawnhood to salmonhood, we realize the delightful sensation of lying under dark stones and hearing the river rush and foam by, then sporting in the cool sunshiny gravelly bed, and seeing one's fellow-creatures come to grief without any blank misgivings about our own future. Then we get sick and moody, and hear rumours of the great deep blue salt water, and as we drift along the river that rolls to the sea we are joined by other fish who feel poorly, and in sweet converse with those of an opposite sex we rush faster and faster until we reach, in the words of the poet, "the blue, the fresh, the ever free."

"Rude health and vigour returned to my frame, the parasitic suckers from my gills at the first taste of the wholesome salt water fell off, my colour darkened and brightened, my form developed, my power of swimming increased, and I felt the confidence of safety which arises from a consciousness of strength."

Fox-hunting, from the fox's point of view, is equally admirable, and the narrative is managed with a skilful sort of fairness to everybody. Foxes, dogs, and huntsmen are equally respected—the cry of hounds one moment discourses excellent music—at another it becomes the yell of fiends—the race is exhilarating and at the same time full of tragic interest; one longs for the dogs to catch the fox, but one can't help hoping the fox will get away from the dogs. The sportsmen must not be disappointed, but when the fugitive jumps into a tree and the dogs lose the scent, or rushes into a cottage and jumps into a cupboard where he is protected from further molestation, we heave a sigh of relief and reflect that after all no one is much the worse for his escape.

The side glimpses of sapient old huntsmen like Stubbs, or silly pretenders

like Mr. Muff, relieve the excess of animal life without being out of harmony with it, as most of the gentlemen described are gifted with plenty of animal spirits. The famous description of the "run" at the end of Chapter VIII. is the best thing of the kind we have read since Dick Turpin's ride from York in "Rookwood."

To younger readers the second half of the book, called "Bolsover Forest," may possibly be even more attractive than the first. It is full of excellent anecdotes, quaint and curious lore, and smart sketches of character; but why do not "boyhood pleasures," and the scattered adventures and crude experiences of Part III. come first in the book, and the two finished sporting idylls, "Salmo Salar" and "Fox's Tale," last? Our young friends will find in this last part the most delightful information about birds' nests, dogs, ducks, cats, rats, snakes, ferrets, and badgers. They will learn how to teach hounds, manage guns, and generally outwit the animal creation.

We have only room for one random specimen of description—the wily fox catches the hare on the open down:—

"I see her now, creeping, crawling, crouching closely on the ground, moving silently and surely almost as slowly as the hands on the face of a clock. So patient was she that the stupid old hare as she fed grew accustomed to the brown shapeless mass which, by imperceptible degrees, lessened the intervening distance, accommodating its movements to hers, but making five feet in advance for every three that her intended prey moved away, until at last the spring was made and the poor squeaking victim found herself in the embrace of her deadly enemy."

We must add that the numerous woodcuts are singularly well chosen, and the little etchings by Cecil Boulton are full of vigour. H. R. H.

The Metropolitan Police Force in 1868. By Custos. London: Ridgway.

OUR property is notoriously insecure, our persons by no means safe, and our police force certainly quite as large as the British payor of taxes is likely to tolerate. Crime is on the increase, and the vigilance of the police is notoriously inferior to the skill of our professional thieves. Of course the question which the general public has been for some time repeating is, not, Why don't the police succeed in recovering our property and bringing the criminal to justice? but, How is it that thousands of notorious criminals are allowed to live in our midst, and carry on their practices under our very eyes, when the police know them, their vocation, and their abodes? It may be well to recover stolen property, but it is far better to stop the thief; indeed, it seems to ordinary minds absurdly unpractical to tolerate the profession of the thief and then object to the practice of the professional. The thief may well reply, with Falstaff, that, once having admitted his vocation, we can scarcely account it a sin for a man to labour in it.

We confess we opened this pamphlet hoping to find this blot clearly pointed out, and some remedy suggested. But the pamphlet evidently proceeds from one who is intimately acquainted with and publicly connected with the force; and, characteristically enough, the one thing which to the public seems so all important as the only real means of safety, viz., the suppression of thieves, does not strike the writer as being matter of any interest to the police.

The police are "to preserve order" (when the thieves come out), "to prevent crime" (when they are quite sure crime is just going to be committed), "to detect and apprehend offenders." We believe the writer is merely quoting, in good faith, from the Acts for regulating the Police of the Metropolis. All we say is, here we have the official police mind, which is cumbered about much serving, and just leaves out the one thing which the public consider needful.

We pass to some interesting statistics and some suggestions, which seem to us valuable as far as they go.

What is the area covered by the Metropolitan Police? About 100 square miles. There are about 6,000 men, or 1 to every 566 persons. Between ten at night and six in the morning 4,000 men are on; 2,000 are divided into two "reliefs" for the other sixteen hours. Three hours only out of these sixteen, viz., from seven to ten, are committed to the whole of the 2,000; and, for the remaining thirteen hours every day the metropolitan district is confided to the care of 1,000 men. Now it must be remembered that 700 square miles have to be watched, and some of these square miles contain no less than fifty miles of streets; we then have the following reassuring result

—The largest number of men between ten at night and six in the morning is six to a square mile; between seven and ten at night, three to a square mile, between six in the morning and seven in the evening 1.5 to a square mile, giving two-thirds of a square mile to each man.

On the whole, it is gratifying to find that "Custos" does not think "that the system is free from imperfections," and the principal blots are three in number:—1. The inducements to enter the service are not sufficient, and the facilities for leaving it too great. By constant change we suffer from a permanent body of raw recruits. 2. The absence of commissioned officers to control and supervise the several divisions. It is scarcely credible "that between the commissioner, whose position may be said to be similar to that of the general of division in the army, and the official, whose social standing is not higher than that of a non-commissioned officer, there are but two assistant commissioners, whose functions—to pursue comparison—are somewhat analogous, to those of generals of brigade." In July, 1866, the Chief Commissioner found himself in Hyde Park at the head of from 2,000 to 3,000 men, assisted by one, or at most two, commissioned officers. Had he commanded 2,500 soldiers he would have had upwards of a hundred. It is quite true that the police is not the army, and is not habitually called on to take the field, but the want of commissioned officers means, to the inhabitants of London, want of discipline and efficiency in the every-day duties. Non-commissioned officers are not sufficiently respected by the police, or the people; nor are they generally raised above the level, socially or morally, of the men whom they command. 3. A better local organization, which would enable the inhabitants of a district to obtain speedy attention and redress, as the amount of time now wasted in getting hold of the police authorities often renders their good-will useless when gained.

We shall be glad to see these and any other remedies applied, but we are still persuaded that, so long as professional, well-known criminals are at large, by hundreds and thousands, all attacks on the effects, instead of the cause, must prove comparatively abortive.

H. R. H.

V.—GERMAN AND FRENCH LITERATURE.

Bericht über die wissenschaftlichen Leistungen im Gebiete der Entomologie, während der Jahre 1865 und 1866. Von DR. A. GERSTÄCKER. Berlin: Nicolaische Verlagsbuchhandlung. London: David Nutt.

It is only to the professed entomologist that this Report can be of real use or interest. With the exception of a few striking instances of facts in insect life, already more or less familiar to us all—depredations of Termites, instances of Parthogenesis, and the like—the general reader will find very little to repay his perusal. He will not, however, lay down the report—of which this is but the first instalment—without admiring the energetic erudition of the German mind. Whatever has been added to the domain of entomological science, whether discovery or theory, in any part of the world, during the years of '65 and '66, seems to find a record here.

L. C. S.

C. F. Ph. v. Martius. Ein Lebensbild von Dr. HUGO SCHRAMM. Leipzig: Verlag von Ludwig Denicke. London: Williams and Norgate.

If this sketch of an active, honourable, and prosperous career had been written with less turgid enthusiasm, it would perhaps have been more acceptable to such readers, at all events, who had not the privilege of personal friendship with Von Martius, and can find in this volume very little of incident or scientific discovery to justify the flourish of trumpets in the preface. Martius, who early in life chose to devote himself to the study of botany, was one of an expedition sent out in 1815 by the Munich Academy of Science, to explore the central regions of South America, and bring back an account of their Fauna and Flora. After four or five years spent in travel, chiefly in Brazil, he returned to his own country, was appointed Professor of Botany at Munich in 1826, and—high in general esteem and happy in domestic life—continued to hold that post until his death in December last.

L. C. S.

Das Leben und die Lehre des Mohammad. Nach bisher Grosstentheils unbenutzten Quellen. Bearbeitet von A. SPRENGER. Zweite Ausgabe. Berlin: Nicolaische Verlagsbuchhandlung. London: David Nutt.

THIS is a very learned and thoughtful work, well deserving of a far more elaborate notice than our space allows, but even a brief statement of the author's views and aims may help to procure for it in this country something at least of the recognition it has already secured in its own. Herr Sprenger is one of those men gifted with definite purpose and persistent enthusiasm, of whom Germany has such abundant cause to be proud. Early impressed by the important and wide-spread influence exerted during the Middle Ages by Moslem culture upon Christian Europe, and convinced that so long as this was not fairly taken into account "the history of humanity" could never be adequately written, he formed a resolve while still quite a youth to devote himself exclusively to Oriental research. Accordingly the best years of his life were spent in Asia, for twelve of these he was the superintendent of a Mahometan High School, and the most intimate friendships he ever formed, were, he tells us, with Moslems. Thoroughly familiar with their modes of thought and social habits, as well as with their literature and traditions; accustomed to discuss critical and philosophical questions with their theologians, and having access to sources of information till now unused, Herr Sprenger may well claim to be in a position to trace the origin and development of Islamism, and to disentangle its historical from its legendary character. And being at least as anxious to introduce into the East the conquests of Western thought as to impart to the West more comprehensive views of a great Oriental faith, he expresses a hope that his present work may lead to the foundation of something analogous to the Baur School among Mahometan theologians.

From an author writing in this spirit we are prepared to expect an elaborate introduction to the special biography; ample and valuable information regarding the religious movements in Arabia that preceded and rendered possible the character and career of the Prophet. In this first chapter Herr Sprenger displays a great deal of recondite erudition, yet even here, fortunately for his readers, his style is always lucid, and when once he brings Mahomet on the scene he deals so skilfully with the immense mass of material afforded him by Arabian literature, as to make his narrative not only instructive, but amusing. The third chapter, treating of Mahomet's visions, and referring them and the fits that accompanied them, not to epilepsy, but to a form of hysteria, is full of psychological interest, and presents us with many remarkable cases of the hallucination that solitude, hunger, and the exciting air of the desert or the mountain-top have been known to produce.

One of these is so striking that we think our readers will thank us for extracting it, even though it carry us away from the East to the Engadine, and from the seventh century to the present day. When so searching a critic as Herr Sprenger has satisfied himself with the evidence for its authenticity, we will not cavil at its marvellousness, but give it on his authority and that of the "Fogl. d'Engadiana" of the 12th of November, 1858:—

"A girl of twelve, living in the service of a farmer at Putschai, was sent by him on one of the last days of October to summon a man from Valpatschun to Putschai, to prescribe for a sick bullock. On arriving at Valpatschun she duly found the man—Jannet Notul by name—but he was ailing, and unable to accompany her, and therefore, though the evening was closing in, she had to return alone. But neither that night, nor the next, did the child re-appear at Putschai. Her parents, who lived in another village, her master, and the neighbours sought for her assiduously in the valleys, and on the heights around, but in vain; and prayers were offered up in four village churches, as well as in many village homes. During this period of anxiety two men, however, deposed to having heard loud and triumphant shouts on the top of the mountains, and one to have seen through his pocket telescope a young girl running rapidly along the edge of precipices deemed inaccessible by the boldest chamois hunters. At two o'clock on the afternoon of the third day the missing child made her appearance at Cierfs, and passing through several other villages presented herself that evening at her master's house at Putschai. This is the statement she then made, and to which she still steadfastly adheres, although the recollection is becoming painful to her:—

"I was returning from Valpatschun to Putschai when an old woman advised me to take a path that ran higher than the road by which I had walked to Valpatschun. I came to two trees, and there I saw a very tall man stretched out on the ground. At first I was frightened, but soon recovered myself, and when he rose and beckoned me to follow him,

I obeyed. In a few minutes he was joined by two other men, who led me up and down the mountains till we reached the Schuls district. Sometimes the three men accompanied me, sometimes only two, and a little dog. It was impossible to me to turn back, night and day I needs must go on, only I was allowed to stop and drink. I never felt hungry. They let me about and holla as much as I liked, but if I named any of my master's people they signed to me to be silent. I never felt the least fear, and could run along places, which I was aware would at any other time have been very dangerous, and where even the little dog had to go roundabout to rejoin me. When we neared Schuls my awful companions seemed to lose their power over me; but they went with me down to the valley, and there vanished, and I came home."

To return to Mahomet. At the first he was much alarmed by the visions and voices that haunted him, and dreaded lest his mind should be giving way, or he prove possessed by demons. But Cadijah reassured him, arguing that so truth-telling and upright a man was not likely to be given over to evil spirits, and that the mysterious influence must be divine. "Without her love and her faith," says the author, "Mahomet would never have been a prophet, and when death deprived him of her, Islamism lost much of its purity, and the Koran of its elevated tone." L. C. S.

Histoire du Second Empire (1848—1869). Par TAXILE DELORD. Tome premier. Paris: Germer Baillière. 3^{me} édition. London: Williams and Norgate.

M. TAXILE DELORD is no friend to the second empire, of which he has written the history. But, as he frankly avows this, the reader is soon put upon his guard. He writes, however, with the authority of one who has witnessed many of the events he describes, and who has personally known many of the men of whom he speaks. He thus gives to the world one of those contemporary accounts which, at all events, will be of great use to the future historian.

The description of the *Coup d'Etat* is full of details, the more interesting and piquant as they refer to men still living, and some of them still engaged in the political struggles of the day. The same M. Thiers who was arrested in his bed, awakened from his slumbers by an armed police, is, we are happy to say, elected by the Parisians, again to wage a parliamentary war with Louis Napoleon, (M. Taxile Delord, we observe, has been less fortunate at Vaucluse). Our own countryman, Mr. Kinglake, receives, we are glad to find, a passing tribute. To the English historian, "eloquent, exact, impartial," is ascribed the first accurate and detailed account of the manner in which the second empire was inaugurated.

Doubtless many acts of cruelty were committed which the authors of the *Coup d'Etat* themselves regretted. The soldiers were inflamed with drink, and sought a pretext for firing. What they wanted was an enemy, or some one to take aim at. The frequenters of the Exchange were returning home at their usual hour, discussing monetary affairs, when they found themselves in presence of soldiers levelling their pieces at them. Those who did not beat a rapid retreat were shot. An itinerant vendor of ^{predation} beer went ringing his bell as usual to summon his customers, and the soldiers, attracted by the bell, made him a mark for their bullets. The poor fellow fell, struck by twenty of them!

We have here only the first volume of M. Delord's history, and will therefore venture to say of it this only, that the details it furnishes cannot fail to be read with interest. L. C. S.

La Vraie Liberté. Quatre discours par E. DE PRESSEDÉ. Paris: Librairie de Ch. Meyrueis. London: Williams and Norgate.

FOUR brief religious discourses, which bear the name of M. de Pressensé, will carry at once their own recommendation with them. The author is so well known, and his position in the Christian Church is so well defined, that any criticism of them would be superfluous. They are well written, full of spirit and intelligence. *La Vraie Liberté* is, of course, the Christian faith and Christian life; and his readers will agree substantially with the observations he makes. They will perhaps think that a little violence is done in order to bring all these observations under the head of *Liberty*. Liberty is an excellent thing, and so is good government, whether we are reasoning on politics or on the inner life of each individual; and some of M. de Pressensé's topics would fall more naturally under the last head than the former. L. C. S.



SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

Spectrum Analysis. Six Lectures delivered before the Society of Apothecaries, London, in 1869. By HENRY E. ROSCOE, B.A., Ph.D., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in Owens College, Manchester. London: Macmillan & Co.

SINCE the announcement of the law of gravitation more than two centuries ago, no discovery has been so rapid and so fruitful in its scientific results as the method of Spectrum Analysis. What the law of gravitation has done for the motions of the heavenly bodies, that, the method of Spectrum Analysis has done for the materials of which they are composed. In one respect, indeed, the latter has proved itself, for the present, an engine more powerful and a process more searching, than the former: for instance, it took two centuries before Savary demonstrated that the law of gravitation extended to the stars; whereas from the time of its earliest conception, Spectrum Analysis embraced and disclosed, not their material composition alone, but that also of nebulae and comets. Moreover, gravitation as yet has not been successfully applied to the great cosmical motions of the stars; whereas the other method is competent to exhibit and render almost visible both the fact and the amount of their approach or retrocession from our globe. When Mr. Carrington in 1863 published his great work on solar spots, that most cautious and accurate observer concluded his volume with the question—"What is a sun?" It is scarcely too much to say that Spectrum Analysis commenced its career by furnishing a very large contribution towards a reply.

In the conviction that it will be acceptable to very many of the

readers of the *Contemporary Review*, we propose to give a succinct account of the nature and the history of this new and most important branch of scientific research; and in so doing we shall endeavour to divest it, as far as possible, from technical expressions, and exhibit the subject in such a form as may be intelligible to persons whose education or pursuits may lie in a very different direction. Happily for such, Spectrum Analysis, like other great and fundamental truths of nature, is intrinsically simple in its conception, and admits a comparatively easy exposition; while at the same time the story of its proud achievements is among the most fascinating and instructive of the many fascinating episodes in the history of science.

Newton, nearly two hundred years ago (1675), was the first who showed experimentally that the white light of the sun consists of a combination of coloured rays of very definite and now well-known tints. He discovered that when this white light passes into any new transparent medium, as, for instance, out of air into water or glass, the various coloured rays of which it consists are, by the molecular action which takes place at the confines of the two media, *variously* bent out of their course, and that thus the white light becomes spread out, or dispersed, as it is termed, into a coloured sheet. In the course of his experiment he admitted a beam of sunlight into a darkened chamber through a small circular hole; he then caused this beam to pass through a glass prism, and finally received the light, thus dispersed into its constituent colours, upon a screen prepared for the purpose. The bright riband of coloured lights thus formed upon the screen, he called the solar spectrum; and it is from the critical examination of similar rainbow-like spectral visions that, as we shall see in the sequel, modern philosophy enables us to detect, in many instances, the nature of the glowing substance which emits the light: happily, the sun and the great cosmical bodies in the material universe are among the instances amenable to so simple an analysis.

It seems surprising that it did not occur to so acute a mind as Newton's, that inasmuch as every part of the light proceeding through the circular hole would form its own spectrum on the screen, that which became visible on the screen must be an overlapping of many spectra, presenting thereby a compound rather than a single phenomenon. In fact, the solar spectrum thus obtained was an extremely impure spectrum, and its true nature, thus consequently masked, evaded his observation.

In 1802 our great countryman, Dr. Wollaston, repeated Newton's experiment in a far more accurate, and even in a still simpler form. He viewed the light admitted through a very narrow chink in a window-shutter with a glass prism held close to his eye, and he found

that the spectrum or riband of coloured light into which this thin line of white light was dispersed was crossed in the direction of its breadth by four or five definite and dark lines. In fact, by admitting the light through a very narrow linear slit, instead of through a circular hole of considerable dimensions, as Newton had done, he almost entirely obviated the overlapping of spectra, and obtained the solar spectrum in tolerable purity. These dark lines, which recent experiments have shown to furnish a master key for unlocking many of the choicest secrets in the economy of the universe, Wollaston, unfortunately for science and his own fame, supposed to possess no physical significance; and, in fact, he regarded them, not as interruptions of light, but as merely the definite lines of separation between the constituent colours of the spectrum. The experiment itself seems to have attracted but little notice at the time.*

Thirteen years after Wollaston's discovery, Fraunhofer, at Munich, who had succeeded in manufacturing glass of a purity heretofore unknown (which purity is an essential element in the experiment), again repeated Newton's examination of the solar spectrum with consummate address and ingenuity. Like Wollaston before him, he admitted the sunlight into a dark room through an exceedingly narrow slit; but instead of receiving the spectrum on a screen, as Newton had done, or of viewing it through a prism held close to the eye, as Wollaston had done, the Bavarian optician placed the prism at a considerable distance from the slit, and then, in order to amplify the result, viewed the spectrum *through a telescope* placed close to the prism. Fraunhofer, by this disposition of his apparatus, now saw the gorgeous riband of light constituting the solar spectrum as it had never been seen by human eye before; to his infinite astonishment, it was crossed in the direction of its breadth, not as Wollaston had seen it, by four or five black lines, but by as many hundreds. These lines he carefully mapped, and henceforth they were called after their discoverer's name, *Fraunhofer's Lines*.

A modification in the arrangement, but not in the principle of Fraunhofer's apparatus, has latterly received the name of Spectroscope. The effect produced by the *distance* of the thin slit is now obtained by placing it in front of a lens, and in its focus, which lens may then be placed close to the prism, thereby reducing the whole apparatus to the more convenient and manageable compass of a few inches. It is to the late Mr. Simms, acting under the suggestion of the Astronomer Royal, that we are indebted for this important

* It is not a little curious that the same memoir in the "Philosophical Transactions" which contained Wollaston's experiment, contains also the first account of Dr. Young's researches on the undulatory theory of light: it has taken sixty years to show us the intimate relations of the one to the other.

improvement. The spectroscope, therefore, is in principle an extremely simple instrument, consisting in its essential parts of a thin slit through which the light to be examined must pass, or of any other means by which a *line* of light can be produced, and of a prism as the analyzing agent. We have ourselves, more than once, succeeded in rendering visible a few of the more prominent of Fraunhofer's lines by means of the lustre from an ordinary chandelier held close to the eye, and a slit cut in a sheet of pasteboard suspended against the window of a room in full daylight.

For nearly half a century after the discovery of these singular interruptions in the solar spectrum, their origin and physical significance remained an enigma, sorely perplexing the minds of philosophers. That they were indications of the absorption or extinction of certain definite colours or species of light either by something in the sun, or by something in the earth's atmosphere, seemed probable enough; but what that something was, or where it was, continued to be an impenetrable secret. This probability of absorption was greatly strengthened, or perhaps reduced to a certainty, by a discovery made by Sir D. Brewster in 1832. This eminent experimentalist found that the spectrum of the light of an oil lamp, after it had passed through the orange-coloured vapour of nitrous acid, was scored with innumerable lines resembling Fraunhofer's, though by no means coincident with them; thus pointing to absorption as the probable cause of the latter, although it left the precise nature and place of the absorbing medium just as much a mystery as before.

We must now go back a few years. Before the year 1830 many experiments had been made by Sir John Herschel, Sir D. Brewster, Mr. Fox Talbot, and others, on the spectra formed by the combustion of various metallic salts reduced to the state of luminous vapour by powerful flames; and these spectra were invariably found to consist, not like the solar spectrum of a continuous riband of coloured light interrupted by thin dark lines, but of certain *detached bright lines* of coloured light, few in number, but so exceedingly definite, and so peculiarly characteristic of the particular metals employed, that Sir John Herschel in his memorable treatise on Light, published in 1830, says that the examination of such spectra "promises a wide field of curious research," and "*affords in many cases a ready and neat way of detecting extremely minute qualities*" of the substances in question. These words, like many other words of true philosophers, in the sequel, proved to be prophetic; for it was ultimately found that the peculiar discontinuity of these spectra of luminous metallic vapour contained the real clew to the explanation not only of Fraunhofer's lines, but of other phenomena possessing even a cosmical rather than a terrestrial relation.

Several experimental philosophers in process of time all but grasped the clew leading straight to the explanation of these mysterious lines which, as it were, score the solar spectrum; but it was reserved for Kirchoff in the autumn of 1859 to take that one short and successful step which his predecessors had unfortunately missed. By an ingenious contrivance he placed the spectrum of the sun, and the discontinuous spectrum formed by the glowing vapour of a metal, *in juxtaposition*, so as to admit of exact comparison. This he did, metal by metal; and to his infinite astonishment he found that in the case of several of them the bright lines of which their spectra consist coincided precisely with dark lines in the solar spectrum. In the case of iron the result was nothing short of amazing. Each of the four hundred and sixty* *bright* lines which *at irregular intervals* form the spectrum of the glowing vapour of iron volatilized by the electric heat, coincides precisely with a similar *dark* line in the spectrum of sunlight. Analogous results were obtained in the case of many other metals, and hence there arose the irresistible conviction that Fraunhofer's lines were in some way or other connected with the existence of intensely hot metallic vapours. It is curious to remark that no less than twenty-five years before Kirchoff's memorable and cardinal experiment, Mr. Wheatstone, in the "Philosophical Transactions," had published a diagram of the spectra of seven of the metals, and had gone so far as even to indicate, though roughly, the position of their bright lines relatively to the *colours* of the solar spectrum: had he but proceeded one little step further, by placing any one of these metallic spectra in juxtaposition with the solar spectrum itself, he would have anticipated by a quarter of a century the important discovery of the great physicist of Heidelberg. The identity of the bright yellow line forming the whole of the ordinary spectrum of heated sodium vapour with the dark double line D of Fraunhofer had, in fact, been established both by Professors Miller and Swan some years before Kirchoff's experiment; nevertheless, this suggestive fact remained all but barren, excepting so far as a happy divination which occurred to the mind of Professor Stokes, explaining the chief mystery of the whole matter, but which, unfortunately, that philosopher permitted to remain unpublished to the world of science.†

As it was, Kirchoff not only showed the identity of vast numbers of the *dark* lines in the solar spectrum with the *bright* lines of the spectra of several of our terrestrial metals, but he soon arrived at the

* Kirchoff did not map out or discover all the 460 iron lines at present known. It has been found that new lines become observable by increasing the heat of a glowing vapour. The vibratory theories of heat and light would lead to the anticipation of this fact, and Professor Frankland's experiments verify the suspicion.

† Professor Balfour Stewart's Report to the British Association, 1861.

cause of this strange but significant reversal from bright to dark. It had long been known that the relative capacities of various substances for the emission or radiation of *heat* were the same as their relative capacities for absorbing it. A similar principle had been shown by Professor Balfour Stewart to exist in relation to light. Ruby-coloured glass, for instance, *absorbs* or stops green light; if it be sufficiently heated, it *emits* this same green light. This is an experiment admitting an easy verification in an ordinary fireplace. Now, it was just this very principle which Kirchhoff seized upon as indicating the true cause of Fraunhofer's dark lines. He contended that the general body of the sun would, like any other solid (or quasi-solid) body, when sufficiently heated, emit rays corresponding to all the lights in the solar spectrum; but if it is surrounded by an atmosphere containing the vapours of metals, then each metallic vapour will absorb or stop those particular species of light which it has a peculiar aptency to emit, and which, in fact, form its own spectrum. This explanation, simple as it is, is sufficient to account for those phenomena in the solar spectrum which for sixty years had excited the curiosity and baffled the genius of the most accomplished of our physical philosophers. That the explanation is not only sufficient, but that it is a correct statement of facts, appears from more considerations than one. First, the spectra of metallic vapours have been actually reversed by causing the light which they emit to pass afterwards through a second stratum of similar vapour heated to a less degree; and, secondly, because it is inconceivable that, not alone one or two, but *many hundreds of lines*, irregular in position, and varied in intensity, should coincide absolutely with similar lines in the spectrum of sunlight, unless the one and the other were due to the same cause, namely, the presence of absorbing vapours of certain definite metals. If it be objected that other substances besides heated metallic vapours might conceivably produce the phenomena of Fraunhofer's lines, it must be borne in mind that on submitting the question to a strict calculation, the result is *many millions of millions to one* against the probability of such a coincidence; in other words, the truth of the hypothesis is assured to us with as much certainty as that of gravitation.

But if such be the physical significance of bright or dark lines in any spectrum in general, and especially of the dark lines in the solar spectrum, what a new world of thought was at once thrown open by the new discovery! In the first place, here was devised a new and peculiarly delicate method of analysis adequate to the detection of substances, whether hitherto unrecognised or already known, by the prismatic examination of their heated vapours; and the immediate result was the discovery of no less than four new metals—two of

them at Heidelberg, by Bunsen, in 1860, viz., cæsium and rubidium; a third, thallium, by our countryman, Mr. Crookes, in 1861, at Manchester; and a fourth, indium, by MM. Reich and Richter, in 1863, in the blende of Freyberg. Some idea may be formed of the delicate and penetrating powers of the spectroscope from the fact that 40 tons of the mineral water analyzed by Bunsen were evaporated in order to obtain so small a quantity as less than a quarter of an ounce (200 grains) of the mixed metals. More recently the same instrument has been applied to the microscope, and is thereby rendered competent to the immediate detection of substances existing in masses which are far too small for any but microscopic manipulation; for instance, the action of poisonous substances on a single corpuscle of blood.*

But that which has excited and still excites the most lively interest is the application of the method to the unhopèd-for determination of the material constitution of the remote bodies in the universe; the sun and the stars, comets and nebulae, meteors and zodiacal light, each and all yielding to the marvellous scrutiny of the new analysis.

So early, indeed, as in 1814, Fraunhofer examined the spectra of certain stars, and he found therein a general though not an absolute resemblance to the spectrum of sunlight. Unable himself to read the wonderful lessons contained in the dark lines which interrupt the continuity of their light, it was reserved for our countrymen, Messrs. Huggins and Miller, to state with confidence that the stars, like the sun, are incandescent bodies, each surrounded by an atmosphere containing many of our terrestrial metals in the state of glowing vapours. Mr. Huggins has also shown that many of the nebulae certainly contain vaporous aggregations of hydrogen, nitrogen, and some other gaseous substance not as yet identified with any known terrestrial element, and all of them in a state of intense incandescence. The same patient and sagacious philosopher has detected hydrogen in the nucleus of several comets, and unmistakable traces of carbon in two of these mysterious bodies: he has thus added another link to the chain of evidence which connects the comets with certain rings of meteoric matter circulating round the sun. Finally, all these marvellous and unexpected phenomena which have flashed as it were into the human cognizance within the last seven or eight years, go far to establish the truth of Laplace's hypothesis, that the whole visible material universe is an evolution of things, arising from the condensation of vast tracts of gaseous or vaporous matter scattered through the regions of space.

But the most extraordinary revelations made by the application of the spectroscope are those which have been still more recently brought

* Stokes, R. Soc. Proceedings, 1864. Crookes, R. Soc. Proceedings, 1869, June.

to light regarding the vast plutonic operations which are now proceeding, and which, without any great exaggeration, may be said to be even visible on our sun. It is no doubt known to the majority of our readers, that when the sun is completely concealed by the dark body of the moon during a total solar eclipse, certain luminous protuberances, varied in form and extent, become visible even to the naked eye, some of which extend to the enormous distance of from twenty to eighty thousand miles from the general photosphere. At the recent solar eclipse of 1868, expeditions were despatched by the various European Governments to examine the nature of these strange flames by the infallible methods of the new Spectrum Analysis. It was at once discovered that the chief ingredient in these rose-coloured protuberances was hydrogen; but, in addition to this, Mr. Janssen in India, and Mr. Lockyer in England, each independently of the other, discovered that the traces, or rather the spectra, of these rose-coloured flames could be observed at all times in the bright sun *without the intervention of an eclipse*. Mr. Huggins so far improved the method as to render the entire forms of these flaming protuberances visible when the sun shines in a clear atmosphere. Hence the well-instructed eye may now behold the amazing spectacle of jets of glowing hydrogen gas shooting (and almost waving about) for thousands of miles beyond the body of the sun, out of the incandescent vaporous atmosphere of metals which surrounds it.

It is thus from an astronomical, or, as we may properly call it, a cosmical, rather than from a chemical point of view, that the results of the new process appear the most astonishing, and possess the greatest promise for the future. To the philosophical astronomer the prism has become the necessary supplement of the telescope. The province of the telescope lies in the determination of the forms and positions of the vast and remote bodies which constitute the visible universe; that of the prism lies in the unhoped-for analysis of their material composition. It has already made us acquainted with certain envelopes of glowing metallic vapours which constitute the atmosphere of the sun, and especially of that envelope of hydrogen* which overtops them all, and from which torrents of the heated gas are seen to surge forth in fantastic changing forms for tens of thousands of miles; it has already demonstrated the identity of stars with suns; and in nebulae and comets it has detected the existence of vaporous materials the same as those which to the chemist are the most familiar of terrestrial elements. These are scientific achievements without a parallel in the annals of the progress of knowledge, but we are persuaded that a more remarkable and still more important

* First rendered visible by Mr. Lockyer in 1868. Proceedings of R. Soc., Nov., 1868.

future is in reserve for the new process. The very recent researches of MM. Frankland, Huggins, and Lockyer, afford some happy indications that from Spectrum Analysis we may be able to determine the amount of heat and of molecular condensation in the vaporous envelopes of the sun, and in the materials which form the nebulae. If this should prove to be the case, then in process of time it will be possible to detect the progress of any *changes* which may occur in the sun or the nebulae with respect to the temperatures of both, and in the aggregation of the materials of the latter. Herein we discern one of the great features of the astronomy of the future. We may confidently hope that the prism will determine such mooted questions as the periodic variation of temperature or the slow secular cooling of the sun and its envelopes, as well as any growing condensation of nebulous matter into suns and planets, and will ascertain the motions of recession or approach of the remoter denizens of the universe towards our earth. It may even give the inhabitants of this earth some effective and intelligible warning that their great material system of existences is on the wane.

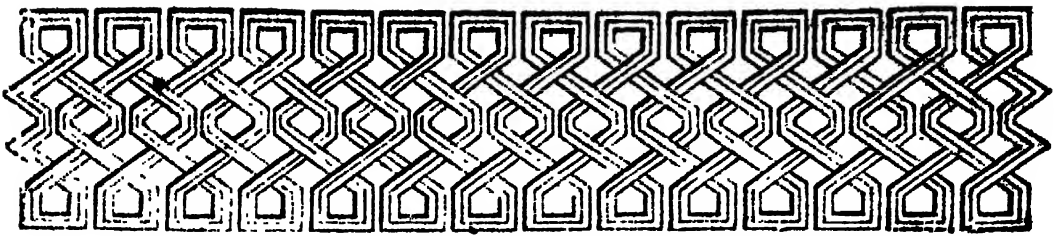
The means by which all this unexpected and unexampled accession of knowledge has come to us may appear to some of our readers to be altogether incommensurate on the score of its extreme simplicity. Simple no doubt it is in its ultimate conception, and in the one final step, but it must not be overlooked that Spectrum Analysis is not the product of a single mind; it is an evolution from the thoughts of two centuries. Mr. Huggins, for instance, could not have detected the recession of the star Sirius from our earth, but for the inheritance of knowledge bequeathed by a long line of illustrious predecessors. For the successful attack on such a problem, it had been necessary for Newton to lay the foundation of the theory of sound; for Dollond to achromatize the telescope; for Fresnel and Young to recognise and to measure the vibrations of the luminiferous ether; for Fraunhofer to map the spectrum, and for Kirchhoff to discern its physical significance; for Faraday to discover voltaic induction; for Daniell and Grove to equalize and control the voltaic force; and, lastly, for two generations of accomplished mechanics to devise the means of keeping a star apparently motionless in the field of view of a telescope. We are disposed also to consider Wollaston's invention for the manipulation of platina as underlying all the above processes which are in connection with chemistry; and a default in any one of these great precursors in the work would have been either fatal to the final result, or would have indefinitely delayed it.

If prismatic analysis is thus competent to disclose to us not only those characteristics by which we distinguish certain substances from

certain others, but differences also in their densities and temperatures, it becomes by no means improbable that it may, in the future, disclose to us the molecular arrangements and molecular motions of matter in general. It may be destined ultimately to pierce, or to remove, that hitherto impenetrable veil which seems to separate what we term inorganic from what we term organic and vital. It may one day lead us to speak even of the evolutions of thought in the terms of ordinary physics. Nor is there any real cause for alarm in such anticipations. For it seems to be a wise and beneficent provision by the great Author of Nature, that while a long preparation of mind, or of many minds, is necessary for the evolution of a great and generic discovery, so also time is thereby afforded for that other and gradual preparation of mind which is essential for the general reception of the newly-discovered truth, without a shock to the reverence, the hopes, or the convictions of the age when the discovery is first enunciated in a formal expression.

It is here that our article might properly conclude, but we must not forget the circumstance which suggested our presenting it to the readers of the *Contemporary Review*. The circumstance we allude to is the publication of a most remarkable volume on Spectrum Analysis by Mr. Roscoe. The *précis* given of the history and results of this new and searching method of analysis has been necessarily rapid, and from our own independent point of view; but in Mr. Roscoe's admirable volume the reader will find the whole subject set forth in complete detail. The fundamental and the illustrative experiments are explained with great simplicity, and there are admirable drawings of all the apparatus employed. Nothing is omitted which is necessary to render this most fascinating branch of science readily comprehensible for the tyro, or complete for the purposes of original and more extended investigation. The exquisite engravings of Kirchhoff's Solar Spectrum, in four tints, and the introduction of several valuable tables essential to the study of the entire subject, demand our especial acknowledgment. Thanks to the wise liberality of the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan, this truly beautiful volume is equally adapted to the drawing room table as an *édition de luxe*, and to the study of the philosopher as a book of reference.

C. PRITCHARD.



TWO FRENCH MARQUISES.

PAULINE DE NOAILLES MARQUISE DE MONTAGU.

ADRIENNE DE NOAILLES MARQUISE DE LAFAYETTE.

THE French, it is well known, are a culinary nation, and like their food, as we should consider it, over-cooked. It appears to be the same with their literary appetite: the number of forged, hashed, and dressed-up memoirs and letters which have lately been concocted is becoming so serious, that it will soon be almost impossible to trust anything which comes out of the literary workshops of Paris, without an amount of verification and research which would generally be better expended upon the original documents of the period in question.

A curious piece of this vicious activity has lately appeared in a volume of memoirs concerning the Marquise de Montagu, a great lady belonging to that most interesting time, the end of the old and beginning of the new world, as it may be called, in France.

The little work had a great success, and passed through six editions in a few months, when its authorship was disputed in a way singularly little to the credit of M. de Noailles, "duc et pair," who allowed himself to be supposed to have written the book, whereas his only share in it appears to have been that he altered and spoilt a portion of the work of a certain Callet by throwing (for the greater honour of the family) a halo of sanctity over sundry very worthy *incrédules* of both sexes, whose lapses were lamented by the Marquise de Montagu herself in very plain terms.

The case was brought before the Tribunal de la Seine, and M. Callet was cast; apparently because, as he had accepted the very small sum for which he had originally agreed to put the papers into shape, the fact of his having made a larger work, which took treble the time and trouble, without any bargain, did not legally entitle him to more pay. He had allowed the work to be printed without his name "for the benefit of the poor." But when he found that it had been published, and was selling by thousands, and that, in the face of letters which he had received from the family treating him as its author, it was attributed by all the Reviews to the Duc de Noailles, who graciously accepted the credit of the book, without taking any notice of the remonstrances addressed to him, M. Callet came forward to vindicate his rights to the honour, if not the profits, of the enterprise.

It certainly seems as if it would have been well worth a few more francs to the "noble family" in question to avoid such an exposure as took place at the trial and after. In a pamphlet with which he consoled himself for his defeat, considerably at the expense of his enemies, M. Callet relates with most inconvenient frankness how, the materials being very meagre, he added sundry "charming episodes" to the story, which seemed somewhat bare, not only with the full knowledge and approbation of the friends, as shown in their letters which he printed, but how they suggested the "cooking" of different passages. He goes on to tell how "j'ai inventé M. de Montagu qui était parfaitement nul," and to give many other curious particulars of the condiments now used to garnish literary dishes for Parisian palates.

Still, at the moment of his greatest rage, when it is his interest and his pleasure to show with curious cynicism how many lies he has told, he reiterates again and again that the character of Madame de Montagu herself is true to the letter; and a collection of the original documents which has just been published by the family shows the truth of most of his particulars. By the help of the composer's exceeding candour, we can disentangle what is true from what is fictitious in the narrative, and the life of one of her sisters, the wife of Lafayette, contained in a new volume, enables us to complete the picture of the De Noailles family.

The memoirs begin at a period when French social life must always have an intense interest for us—*i.e.*, when the spirit of the Great Revolution was beginning to stir the minds of the people. The earnest struggle after improvement of the awakening nation, mixed with the waning frivolities and pomps and ceremonies of the old Court, the unconscious way in which the world went on marrying and giving in marriage, dancing, feasting, philosophizing, and

conversing, without a suspicion of what was so close at hand, has, for us who know the end, a fascination like that of watching the great river above Niagara; the stream flows on apparently as usual, but the dull roar of the cataract is in the distance, and the frightful plunge almost in sight.

We have lately heard much of the crimes and follies of the French aristocracy as the main cause of the evils of France; but, says M. Léonce de Lavergne, no prejudiced witness in favour of the nobles, in the "Assemblées Provinciales," "there cannot be a greater mistake; in great social transformations it is impossible to hope that the past should yield absolutely without resistance, but it certainly never resisted less. . . . If one portion of the noblesse and the clergy were mistaken enough to cling to their privileges, another part, and that both the most illustrious and the most influential, abandoned them without reserve, and carried, indeed, a sort of passion into their disinterestedness. The men of our day have gained in experience, they have lost in warmth of soul." "The philosophy of the eighteenth century had grievous faults, but let not its merits be forgotten—it exalted generous feeling even to imprudence, and its principal votaries belonged to the privileged classes." The accounts of these two sisters give very remarkable evidence of this spirit; that of the Marquise de Montagu, belonging to the old Conservative party, and of the Marquise de Lafayette, a Liberal of the Liberals. They were both daughters of the Duc d'Ayen (Noailles), a thorough grand seigneur of the *ancien régime*, who divided his time between the army and the court, clever, sharp-witted, belonging to the "monde aimable, brillant, et causeur" of the eighteenth century. He was Colonel of the Noailles cavalry regiment, which had been raised by an ancestor at his own expense for the Spanish War of Succession, and had gone through the last four campaigns of the Seven Years' War at the time when war was conducted with as many formalities as a minuet; which sounds strange in our days, when wars are finished in as many months or even weeks. He afterwards became Governor of the Roussillon, was first Captain of the Household Guards, and constantly about the king's person, busy with agriculture and philosophy, besides which he was an active member of the Academy of Sciences. His five little daughters scarcely ever saw him; and it is evident that his wife, who was older than he was, and very superior to him in every respect, was a somewhat unhappy woman; his character, indeed, appears to have been one which it required "much delicacy" to fit into the proper key of holiness required by M. de Noailles.

The duchess was a grand-daughter of the great Chancellor d'Aguesseau, an earnest, serious woman, with a touch of Jansenism in her,

devoted to her children's education and to good works, who led an extremely retired life in the immense Hôtel de Noailles, the great gardens of which ran down as far as the Tuileries. One of the daughters relates how, after dining with her at three o'clock, they used to follow her into a large bedroom, the walls hung with crimson silk laced with gold, with an immense bed in the corner. Here they sat for the evening, the duchess, still quite a young woman, in a *bergère* with her snuff-box, her books, and her needles, the children each trying to sit next to her; and a beautiful account is given of her character and mode of education, her anxious affection for her children, and tender desire for their highest welfare, the chief object, indeed, of her life.

The daughters were all disposed of while they were still what we should consider children; the eldest married her cousin, the Vicomte de Noailles, of very advanced Liberal opinions, when only sixteen; and the duchess was hardly spoken to by her husband for a whole year because she refused to accept the proposals of the Marquis de Lafayette, aged fourteen, for her second daughter, aged twelve. He was an orphan, and in possession of a large fortune, and the mother was afraid of trusting her little girl to such uncertain waters. As time went on, however, and she heard much good of the lad, she ended by giving her consent, on condition that the two children, as they were in age, should live in the Hôtel de Noailles, and on these conditions Adrienne, aged fourteen, was married to the young marquis, aged sixteen. Three years after this, fired by the accounts of the War of Independence, he set out to America, accompanied by his brother-in-law, the Vicomte de Noailles, leaving his wife with one child already born, and another coming; she was passionately attached to her husband, and besides the grief of his departure, she had to fight his battles with her own family, particularly against her father, who was furious at the line in politics which his son-in-law had taken. After being wounded at the defeat of Brandywine, 1778, Lafayette returned to France to assist in organizing an invasion of England, and when this was given up as impracticable, he once more joined the insurgents in America, and took an active part in the next campaign. In 1782, after five years' fighting, the success was complete, and Lafayette, "friend of Washington, and conqueror of Cornwallis," as the biography pompously calls him, returned to receive great honour and glory at Paris for his deeds. The poor queen took an active part in the demonstrations of delight at this success of Republicanism, which was in so many ways driving a nail into her own coffin. The mere expenses of the French share of the war in America amounted to more than a thousand millions of francs (£40,000,000), as M. de Lavergne mentions incidentally, and made an immense increase necessary in the already

overwhelming burden of taxation. The disputes produced by the extreme unpopularity of such demands from the king in the Provincial Assemblies, although for an object ardently approved by the nation, broke up several of the most promising of these local parliaments. As France was in nowise called upon to interfere in the disputes of England with her colonies, and the war was undertaken, indeed, to injure her (as De Lavergne allows), far more than to benefit the Americans, the retribution on the Government was singularly rapid and complete.

It is difficult to realize how completely the great world at Paris was going on as usual during this period, so troubled in our eyes, as shown by the accounts of the marriage of the third daughter of the family, Pauline, who was now sixteen. "Negotiations had been opened" with a young Captain of Dragoons, the Marquis de Montagu, of orthodox principles and possessions, and ancient family—the "preliminaries of the treaty," for such it really was, once over, the poor child, in a gorgeous gown, blue satin over white, *à la Turque*, whatever that may be, was introduced to her *prétendu* at a solemn interview. She was excessively frightened and did not dare to look at him, and was most thankful to him for not speaking to her. At last he was taken up to see a fine portrait of Washington which was in the room, and when his back was safely turned, the bride elect for the first time raised her eyes, and saw the man with whom she was to pass her life.

After the contract was signed there was a "grand reception, in a different toilette for every day—*tout Paris y passa.*" All the Montagus were there in battle array, drawn up on one side, and almost all the Noailles on the other. The poor girl, *tirée à quatre épingles*, bolt upright by her mother in the centre, was presented to each fresh arrival; the three reverences, with which M. Jourdain has made us so familiar, being performed by each before her. Then came the presentation of the magnificent presents of the *corbeille*, chiefly diamonds, which served afterwards a strangely different use; for the Montagus lived long on their proceeds during their exile. The wedding-day ended with a supper for sixty people; and two days after the bride was carried off, in a great blue coach all over gilt stars, to her father-in-law's house, where she describes her intense loneliness among the utter strangers by whom she was surrounded. Splendid *fêtes* were given in her honour by her new relations—*bosquets illuminés*—garden parties at midnight. She was presented at court in "white and blue garnished with rose colour," which sounds like a picture of Greuze, and hung all over with jewels. She was much admired: her large dark eyes, black hair, and pale complexion had a "success" which delighted her father-in-law, the Vicomte de Beaune. A perpetual round of balls, plays, *cercles de la*

reine, petits soupers, succeeded, and one is not much surprised to hear a year after of the death of her baby, and that her own health was so much injured that she was obliged to go to Bagnères. She soon drew back, however, from this whirlwind of gaiety, which was not to her taste, and must have contrasted strangely with the occupations of Madame de Lafayette, who was at this time assisting her husband most efficiently in his numerous plans of reform. He had bought an estate in Cayenne in order to carry out the gradual emancipation of the negroes, and he committed the superintendence of all the details of their education and conversion to his wife. At the Assembly of Notables, in 1787, he did his utmost to obtain for the Protestants their civil rights, and Madame de Lafayette received the *pasteurs* at Paris, and assisted him in his philanthropic objects by every means in her power. He attended most diligently to the debates in the Assembly of Auvergne, which was presided over by the Vicomte de Beaune, with whom he had much influence; and measures of the greatest importance were on the point of being carried out there, when all their efforts were cut short by the fierce debates on additional taxation, and the parliament suddenly closed by the king.

The conduct of the nobles at this period was very remarkable; "almost all the guarantees against the abuses of power which have been obtained during thirty-seven years of representative government were demanded by them before '89," and the tone of the *salons* was even curiously liberal. "Society," says Madame de Staël, "had never been so brilliant, and at the same time so serious, as during the time between 1788 to 1791. Women, held almost as distinguished a place in it as men, and by their liberal tendencies, their love of the public good, and the resources of their *esprit*, urged on the progress of the new ideas." The letters lately published of the great ladies at the head of French society—the Comtesse de la Marck, Mesdames de Brionne et de Bouffleur—show their strong and intelligent sympathy with liberal thought and opinion, their patriotism of the best kind, their interest in reform, their dislike of despotism, while all the grace and elegance of the old manners were preserved. They prove also how deeply and widely ^{and} when this ^{insurre} had spread. "The revolution," says De Tocqueville, in the *ancien Régime*, "threw down and uprooted much which never can be replaced;" and he goes on to show not only on how many questions it has obstructed and delayed the progress of reform, but that there are even points on which it has never since been resumed.

One of the greatest misfortunes of France was the complete success of the policy of Richelieu (whose apotheosis was characteristically celebrated about two years ago by Napoleon III.), the annihilation, namely, of all local centres of intelligence and administration which

had been till that time conducted by the nobles, the only leaders possessed by the nation in the transition from the feudal period. They had been dragged down from their true position of useful work in the provincial parliaments and magistracies, and reduced to the odious *tracaseries* of court life; to imbecile struggles as to whose wife might sit in the presence of the queen; questions of *haute politique* as to whether a marshal or a duke should sign his name first; and duels as to who should enter the Louvre in a coach. "Le fauteuil à bras, la chaise à dos, le tabouret ont été pendant plusieurs générations d'importants objets de politique et d'illustres sujets de querelles," says Voltaire; while "most serious misunderstandings arose as to who was to present the king with his napkin, or help on the queen with her shift."

It is proof of a very remarkable rise in a single class to see the changed tone of this very noblesse at the period in question. The different National Assemblies had been working diligently throughout '87 and '88.

"The list of measures brought forward and discussed in the Cahiers de la Noblesse, at the time of the Etats Généraux, show that the nobles demanded all the civil and political rights which are supposed to have been conquered from them, more developed even than those we now possess, after the fearful circuit which we have made. It will be seen that they left nothing to be invented by our modern Liberals. All the great principles of representative government are there,—national representation by election, equal taxation, fixed periodic meetings of the Etats Généraux, where only laws were, with the sanction of the king, to be passed, responsibility of ministers, individual security and liberty, liberty of commerce, of labour, and manufactures, liberty of the press, abolition of *lettres de cachet*. 'The abolition of feudal rights,' says Chateaubriand, 'was brought forward by feudal deputies—the Montmorenci and the De Noailles.'"

The family indeed of the Noailles and their connections bore their full share in the work. The Duc d'Ayen (Noailles) was president of the parliament of the Limousin, well fitted to lead it, and extremely anxious for its success; M. de Beaune, assisted by Lafayette, presided over the Assembly of Auvergne; the Marquis de Grammont was an active member of the Etats de Franche Comté; and several members of the family were engaged in the Assemblies of Picardy. Seven, with a ~~small~~ ^{few}, belonged to the Assemblée Constituante, but the brilliant hopes with which this had been greeted were beginning already to grow dim. The chances of reform instead of revolution became every day less; the absolute power vested hitherto in the king had made the people expect all change to be worked out at once by an act of the royal will; and when the whole machine was out of gear, and he was as utterly powerless as any of his subjects to correct the errors of centuries, every misery and every injustice was laid to his door. Popular tumults took place during the sitting of the Assembly, the revolutionary spirit was

rising, with no one to control it. The current in the direction of revolution had become too strong for the nobles to stem; they had been cut off from the sympathies of the people every year more and more; their privileges had remained, while their duties had been taken from them. "They had ceased to be an aristocracy, and had become a caste," says De Tocqueville, in a very interesting chapter of the "*Ancien Régime*," which shows the manner in which this rock was avoided in England. The divorce between theory and practice among the French nobles had become so complete, that the knowledge of the manner in which affairs could be conducted had entirely died away amongst them.

"While their imaginations were inflamed by the political and social theories of the philosophers and literary men, the almost infinite ignorance of practical life in which they lived prevented them from seeing the obstacles which existing facts offered to the most desirable reforms, or the perils which accompany the most necessary revolutions,"—"the sum total of the changes demanded by the three orders in '89 amounts to a simultaneous and systematic abolition of all the laws and all the usages in the country, and forms of itself one of the most dangerous and vast revolutions ever proposed, without its authors having the remotest notion of what they were doing."

It is curious and touching to read after the event the honest expectations entertained of the sort of sentimental millennium which their measures were to bring about—the belief that knowledge and disinterestedness were chiefly possessed by the most ignorant and most destitute of the people, and that all injustice and inequalities would be remedied, and right and law could not fail to be executed, when they should obtain the management of their own affairs.

After the taking of the Bastille, however, many of the nobles who had hitherto been on the Liberal side took fright at the course of events. M. de Montagu's father was among the first; his mother was a daughter of the Duke of Berwick, and grand-daughter, therefore, of James II., which probably did not assist his love of revolutions. He quarrelled with his son for refusing to emigrate, and was so indignant at the conduct of Lafayette for accepting the post of Commandant of the National Guard, that he would not allow his daughter-in-law to have any intercourse with her sister. Madame de Montagu had just lost her second little girl; she was a tender-spirited woman, and these family dissensions distressed her so deeply that her health entirely gave way, and her husband, too glad to get away from Paris for a time, took her to Franche Comté, where her youngest sister, Rosalie, had lately married the Marquis de Grammont, and afterwards to visit her father at Lausanne, where the Duc d'Ayen had retired for a time. Here it is related that they paid a visit "to the historian Gibbon, 'le savant le plus

laid qu'on ait vu," which is perhaps the most curious tribute that the author of the "Decline and Fall" has received. They afterwards retired to their château in Auvergne, built on a lofty terrace, with a magnificent view of the valley below; its great hall furnished with crimson damask, and hung with portraits of all the barons, knights, bishops, cardinals, abbesses, and *grands mattres* belonging to the family. They were received with loud acclamations by the peasantry, and for two winters Madame de Montagu's usual pleasant intercourse with them continued; but after the king had been arrested at Varennes the country began to rise, and walking in the fields with her little girl, she heard cries from behind the hedges of "A la lanterne!" though the people did not dare to show themselves.

She was now persuaded that the only chance for the king was by help from without, and did her best to persuade her husband to join the army at Coblenz. After the scene in the Champ de Mars when Lafayette himself caused the National Guard to fire on the people who were clamouring for the death of the king, M. de Montagu consented to emigrate; his wife had a stolen interview with Madame de Lafayette and a sad parting with her mother and eldest sister on her road to Paris, where they made arrangements as for an expedition into the country; but it is a proof how little even yet she realized their situation, that when M. de Grammont advised her to take her diamonds, she replied, "Why should I? We are not going to a *fête*." They reached England in safety, and established themselves in a cottage at Richmond, where M. de Beaune joined them, and where her remaining child, the little Noémi, soon died. And now began for them all the life of poverty, the shifts of every kind for bare existence, which the French *émigrés* of the upper class were apparently so ill prepared to meet, but which they bore with such unflinching gaiety and courage. M. de Beaune soon left them to take the command of the Auvergne Corps of the Armée de Condé, and M. de Montagu at length determined to join his father; his wife followed him to Aix, where the army of the Coalition was assembling. The news from Paris grew worse and worse, and most of Madame de Montagu's relations were in the heart of the fray. In the attack on the Tuileries, on the 10th of August, her old uncle, the Maréchal de Mouchy, had warded off the attacks of the mob upon the king by literally standing before him; her father, who had returned from his safe asylum in Switzerland when troubles were expected, spent the night as a sentry in the palace, and narrowly escaped in the massacre of the Swiss Guards; while his fourth son-in-law, the Marquis de Grammont, was supposed to have been killed, and was sought for by his family among the dead.

Faithful to the last, they both attended the king through the fearful scene in the Hall of the National Convention, which ended in his deposition, and only left him when they could do no more, saving their own lives, indeed, with the utmost difficulty.

The Marquis de Lafayette, an amiable, vain, well-intentioned man, fond of notoriety, seems continually to have been thrust, by the circumstances of the day, into a far more important position than he was fitted for either by his talents or his character. He now was attempting to stay the course of that "fierce democracy" which he had so vainly thought to wield; he resigned the command of the National Guard, resumed it again, was violently attacked for his conduct in the Champ de Mars, resigned a second time, and finally retired to his château de Chavaniac, in Auvergne. He afterwards accepted the command of one of the three armies just raised; and after the declaration of war against the Allies, was present at several skirmishes; but when he heard that the king's life was in danger, he refused any longer to obey the orders of the Assembly, and was succeeded by Dumourier; a price was set upon his head, and he escaped across the frontier, only to be immediately seized and put in prison by Prussia, on the part of the Allies.

The war began in earnest. Austria and Prussia, with six or seven thousand of the *émigrés*, under the Duc de Bouillon, were marching on the frontier, "where it is evident they expected to make short work of troops whom they considered as mere raw, undisciplined levies. Nothing, however, could stand against the terrible energy of the Republic, which had now been proclaimed. Victory after victory followed on its side, the battle of Jemmappes brought things to a crisis," and the Marquis de Montagu, who had been present at it, rejoined his wife at Aix, and escaped once more with her to England. "La Révolution était consommée."

The Republic, having conquered the enemies of liberty, now turned against its friends. Lafayette's wife had been imprisoned, at first only in their home in Auvergne, but she was soon brought to Paris, when she was transferred from prison to prison, expecting her sentence of death from day to day. Her brother-in-law, the Vicomte de Noailles, an ardent Liberal, who had fought under Washington, was proscribed and forced to escape to London: he had made arrangements for his wife to follow him, that they might together return to America, but she could not bear to forsake her mother, who was nursing the grandfather of the race, the old Maréchal de Noailles, and his equally aged wife. He soon died, but the maréchale's mind was weakened by age, and they could not leave her. The vicomtesse was the eldest of the five sisters, and must have been a charming woman, "full of piety, virtue, and affectionate devotion."

She was her mother's darling, and sustained her with cheerful courage to the end. The three ladies were first detained as "suspects" in their own home at Paris. In April, 1794, however, they were taken to the prison of the Luxembourg, where they found the Maréchal de Mouchy, father of the Vicomte de Noailles, who had been there now for five months with his wife. The maréchale had been born in the palace, now a prison, and married from the room above that in which they were confined.

Among the prisoners also was the Duchess of Orleans, their cousin, daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre, and widow of Philippe Egalité, who had been executed a few months before; she was extremely ill, but no mattress was allowed her, and the Duchesse d'Ayen gave up her own bed to her, and nursed her as long as they remained together. The beautiful young vicomtesse waited on them all, made the beds, cleaned the cooking utensils. "Sometimes," says an eye-witness, "she could hardly get through the hard work of her house-keeping, for she sat up almost every night either with her grandmother or the Duchess of Orleans." Twice a week, under pretext of getting a little air, she was allowed to go to an upper story where she could see a corner of the garden of the Luxembourg, to which her three little children were brought by their tutor. Her last letter to them is most touching.

"God sustains me, and will do so to the end, I have the firmest conviction. . . . Good-bye, Alexis, Alfred, Euphémie; keep God in your hearts all the days of your life; cling to Him with unshaken courage. Pray for your father, work for his true happiness; remember your mother, too, and that the object of her life has been *de vous élever pour l'éternité*. I trust to meet you in the bosom of our God, and I give you all my last blessings."

The Revolutionary tribunals were by this time in full operation, and there was a pleasure in the exercise of power for power's sake—a sort of childish absence of reason for what was done—which is very remarkable, while it is scarcely known how impartially their cruelty was exercised upon all classes alike. The lists, indeed, show that a far larger part of the victims belonged to the *bourgeoisie* and the working people than to the nobles and the clergy.

The prisons were overflowing, and as a means of clearing them the courts were instructed to move faster; the accused were no longer allowed any counsel; some forms of justice had been observed; these were suppressed; they were to be judged *en masse*, and the juries "were no longer to execute the law;" on the contrary, they "were to have no law but that of their own consciences, enlightened by the love of their country, towards the triumph of the Republic and the ruin of its enemies." It now became a general massacre. Sixty prisoners, taken at hazard, were brought up every day to the Con-

ciergerie, condemned all together between ten and two o'clock, while at four the carts came to carry them to the guillotine.

The old Maréchal de Mouchy, aged eighty, and his wife, were among the first to be taken away to death. He was accused of having been "an agent of the tyrant in distributing sums of money for the payment of refractory priests." He was also attacked for having in his room "un ci-devant Christ." The "*Histoire des Prisons*" says that the aged pair were an object of respect to all the *détenus*, and were never spoken of without a sort of veneration. As they passed out to execution between a line of respectful and sorrowful spectators, one of them called out, "Courage, M. le Maréchal!" He turned round, and replied with a firm voice, "A dix-sept ans j'ai monté à l'assaut pour mon roi, à plus de quatre-vingts je monte à l'échafaud pour mon Dieu. Mes amis, je ne suis point à plaindre."

One day the concierge observed that he had been to Fouquier Tinville for orders:—

"I found him stretched on the ground, pale and exhausted; his children were playing with him, and wiping the sweat from his face. I asked what was to be done to-morrow. 'Let me alone, Hely,' said he; 'I ain't up to it. What a life it is!' Then, as if by instinct, he added, 'Go to my secretary, I must have sixty; it doesn't signify which. Let him choose.'"

On the 3rd Thermidor, after having seen most of their companions removed, the three ladies were carried to the Conciergerie, which, at that period, was equivalent to death. Madame d'Ayen was reading the "*Imitation of Christ*;" she kissed it, and begged that it might be sent to her children; it is watered with her tears; but afraid of the shock which the parting might give to the sick Duchess of Orleans, she concealed the summons entirely from her.

When they reached their fresh prison, wearied by the rough carts in which they had been carried, they could get no food, as it was nine o'clock—after which time none was allowed to enter the place—and no beds, as they could not muster the forty-five francs demanded by the gaolers, all they possessed, but fifty sous, having been already taken from them at the Luxembourg. The citoyenne Lavet, one of the prisoners, who escaped to tell the story, gave up her bed to the poor old maréchale, and made a sort of couch with straw, where the Duchesse d'Ayen lay down, begging her daughter to do the same. "What is the use of resting on the eve of eternity?" she answered. "Her face was like an angel's, and showed the peace of her soul; such calmness was never seen in that horrible place." The next morning, at six o'clock, she attended carefully to her grandmother, who was painfully troubled and confused by all that was going on

around her, and dressed her mother, arranging her *coiffure* for her. "Courage, maman ! nous n'avons plus qu'une heure," said she. A little food was brought them by a friend, and they were led away amidst the tears of the other prisoners, whom they had only known for twelve hours.

The group before the tribunal on that day, July 22, consisted of forty individuals, unknown to each other, who were accused of conspiring to assassinate the members of the *Comité de Salut public*. These conspiracies had just been invented to clear the prisons, which would no longer contain the enormous number sent there. The President addressed the Duchesse d'Ayen, who asked him to speak rather louder, as she was a little deaf. "Eh bien, citoyenne, tu conspirais sourdement !" he shouted ; which produced "a hideous laugh" from the judges and jury. As soon as the duchess heard the accusation, she observed that Dillon, who was called the head of their conspiracy, had been dead six weeks before they were imprisoned. "But," said the President, "you knew the Levi women?" She replied no, they had only seen them once, and in prison. He interrupted her with, "Silence ! that is quite enough. Citizen jurors, you hear by her own confession that the accused was acquainted with these Levis ; they were concerned in this conspiracy, and have lost their guilty heads on the scaffold, therefore" . . . the rest was understood.

A poor servant was the person sentenced before the duchess ; the one after her was a miserable commissionaire who, being on his station, had carried a letter, given him by an unknown person, for fifteen *so/s* ; the President did not even take the trouble of reading the letter, but said that it was evidently connected with the conspiracy, and the man was condemned to death in spite of his tears and protestations.

The miserable idea of dying without absolution had been terrible to these poor women, and before their last imprisonment their confessor, the Abbé Carrichon, had promised to meet them on their road to the scaffold, and absolve them as they passed, the only way in which it could be done. He describes the scene : "The first cart passed out of the gate of the prison *avec huit dames toutes très-édifiantes* ; amongst them the old Maréchale de Noailles, in mourning for her husband. In the next came six men, and the duchess, in a blue and white striped *déshabillé*,—she looked about forty ; her daughter, the vicomtesse, was beside her, dressed all in white, looking much younger than she really was, "like one of the virgin martyrs which we see in pictures. All had their hands tied behind their backs." Though they looked anxiously round as they came out of the court, they did not see the priest ; he followed the carts at the risk of his

life if he were discovered, but fruitlessly. At last, in despair, he was on the point of giving it up, for the crowd was too great to get near them, when a storm came on and scattered the people, and the furious gusts of rain wetted *ces dames* to the skin; the poor old *maréchale* was beaten about by the violent wind; she tottered upon the miserable plank without a back on which she sat, her hands tied behind her; her great cap fell back and showed her grey hairs. Some wretches in the street called out, "There she is! the great lady who used to have such fine coaches, now in the cart like the rest!" At length he was able to approach them; the ladies saw him; he raised his hand and pronounced the absolution; and the peace and calm and security which appeared in their faces were beautiful, he says, to see. The storm ceased, the crowd returned, and they reached the *Barrière du Trône*: the old *maréchale* sat down on a piece of wood, calm, but quite worn out, and her eyes fixed. Most of the spectators were laughing and amusing themselves with the horrible spectacle. She was executed third in number, then six other women were guillotined, and it was the turn of the duchess; her face was resigned, with a sort of noble, simple devotion in it, evidently occupied with the sacrifice of herself which she was making to God, and as if she were glad not to see her daughter die. The executioner, a tall man with the coolest possible manner and a rose in his mouth, tore her cap roughly off; it was fastened with a pin to her hair, and an expression of pain passed over her face. She was followed by the *vicomtesse*, who went on encouraging her companions to the last. As she set her foot on the bloody ladder, she heard a young man amongst them blaspheme, and turned to him with an entreating look, "En grâce, monsieur, dites pardon."

In five days after their execution the "terror" was over; Robespierre was dead, and they would have been safe.

The bodies were all carried in carts, where everything was swimming in blood, to an outlying desert place called *Picpus*. "A hole, thirty feet square, had been dug there, and each day the victims of the day were thrown in, pell-mell, the heads after the bodies, no winding-sheets, dressed in their ordinary clothes, while no mark or sign was permitted to be made whereby friends could recognise the spot."

Executions were going on in three different parts of Paris. The prisoners were shot at the *Champ de Mars*, and there was a guillotine on the *Place Louis XV.*, and one at the *Barrière du Trône*. This last was only at work for six weeks, when the fall of Robespierre brought its labours to a sudden close; but during that period more than thirteen hundred persons were put to death in that place alone. The official list shows that 100 of these were under twenty-five years of

age—boys and girls are among them—1 of fourteen ; a great number of old men—182 between sixty and sixty-nine, 10 between eighty and eighty-five ; 176 women.

“ They were of all ranks, but the greatest number were obscure labourers, humble artisans, poor workmen, little shopkeepers, colporteurs, unknown to each other and to the public, far from their homes, without counsel to assist them, and without witnesses, judged by a mock tribunal, taken to execution like beasts to a slaughter-house, without priests, without friends, without consolation, and then thrown into *le trou de Picpus*.”

The great chemist, Lavoisier ; the poet, André Chénier ; Loiserelles, who answered in his son's name, and died in his place ; Sombreuil, Governor of the Invalides, whose life had once been saved by his heroic daughter ; Général Pernot, aged eighty ; the Abbé de Fénélon, founder of the asylum for little Savoyards, same age ; the Duc de St. Simon, ninety ; an old concierge, eighty ; the Maréchal de Mouchy, seventy-nine, and his wife ; the Maréchale de Noailles, eighty, her daughter and grand-daughter—“ *trois générations en un jour ont péri*.” These are a few among the list of victims in that one place.

Mesdames de Montagu and Lafayette, after their return to France, bought the spot, with the assistance of their friends, together with the ruins of an old monastery close by, where a convent of Perpetual Adoration was built, of which there is a most vivid description in “ *Les Misérables*.” It is strange to compare Victor Hugo's history of its horrors with the account of the comfort derived by the De Noailles family from the idea that “ *ces saintes filles* ” are praying day and night before the “ *Holy Sacrament* ” near the scene of these fearful atrocities. A chapel was also built there, which is more in harmony with our feeling, where the thirteen hundred names are inscribed on tablets round the choir, and a society of missionaries established near.

Madame de Lafayette escaped sharing the fate of her mother and sister by a few days only : she had been confined for above a month in the prison of Le Plessis (once a school, where her husband had been educated), which contributed its regular daily quota of twenty prisoners to the sixty required each day for execution, and where she expected her own summons almost hourly for fifty days. Even after the death of Robespierre had set her companions free, she was detained as the wife of a man who had betrayed his country. In vain the Minister of the United States interceded in her favour ; she was kept in confinement through the whole of the severe winter, from '94 to '95, almost always without fire or comforts of any kind. The passionate political quarrels, the petty jealousies of the prisoners in each fresh gaol to which she was sent, were very distressing to her, but in every case she gained the hearts of those confined with her.

Her children had been left in Auvergne with an old aunt of

Lafayette's, who narrowly escaped proscription. As their parents' property had all been confiscated, they were only provided for by the kindness of the people in the village, and were thus saved from being sent to a "hospital for the poor," with which the officers of the Republic threatened them. As soon as their mother was released, she determined, like the brave and devoted woman she was, to set forth with her two little girls in search of her husband, who had been transferred from one prison to another, and from the hands of Prussia to those of Austria, while by a refinement of cruelty his family were not allowed to know where he was. Before starting, however, she resolved to secure the safety at least of her son, under the protection of the United States, and despatched him with his tutor to the care of his godfather, General Washington.

She then returned to Chavaniac, where her poor old aunt was now suffered to live. One comfort awaited her on the road. Her sister, the Marquise de Grammont, came out with her husband to meet her. They had no money for posting, and dangerous companions were to be found in the public carriages; they had therefore walked from their home in Franche Comté to Paris, and finding her gone, had followed her, still on foot, back to Auvergne, where the delight of meeting is described by the children. A decree had been passed restoring the property of those who had been executed to their heirs, and part of the immense possessions of the Duchesse d'Ayen came to Madame de Lafayette. M. de Grammont assisted her with money and advice in arranging her affairs, and many were the journeys on foot to Paris which she had to undertake before these were settled, or she could obtain her passport for leaving France.

The permission was at length given her. It was only granted, however, for America, and she therefore embarked with her children at Dunkirk, in order to reach Germany through Hamburg, near which Madame de Montagu and several other branches of the family had taken refuge with an *émigré* aunt, the Comtesse de Tessé. They had begun by establishing themselves all together in Switzerland, but were soon compelled to leave this shelter, and had been driven from place to place, finding no rest for their feet, to Bruges, Brussels, and then to one town after another in Germany, as their enemies closed in upon them. At length Madame de Tessé hired a sort of farm-house near Altona, where she collected her nieces and their children about her. To fit this good lady to figure among the saints seems to have been difficult even for M. de Noailles; it appears from the second memoir that she "was a philosopher, a Voltairian, *piquante*, gay, *vive*, absolutely without religion (as understood by them), but bearing her misfortunes with as much resolution as any of the party." She is therefore called a "figure originale."

She seems, however, to have possessed more common sense than most of her family, and had saved enough of her property to enable her to live comfortably, while she must have had a large heart to receive and provide for all the relations who required her help.

Madame de Montagu's delight at seeing her sister was almost painful in its excess; indeed, the execution and sufferings of so many of her nearest and dearest friends appear to have preyed upon her mind in her safe retreat far more than if she had been in danger herself. Madame de Lafayette could not, however, be persuaded to remain amongst her friends. She set forth once more with her little girls to Vienna, to ask leave to shut herself up with her husband in the fortress of Olmutz, where she discovered him to be. His health had suffered severely by three years of rigorous captivity, and he was allowed neither books nor writing materials. Madame de Lafayette had been imprisoned as the "wife of an abominable retrogradist;" the marquis was punished first by Prussia, and then by Austria, as "an abominable revolutionist;" "he was the man," they said, "who desired universal liberty, and his existence was incompatible with the security of the Governments of Europe." Both extremes seemed resolved to show themselves in the worst colours. She obtained an audience of the emperor, who with some difficulty granted the gracious permission which she asked, upon condition, however, that she should share all Lafayette's privations. The account of the manner in which these high-born women, worn out by the sufferings they had undergone, were treated by the chivalrous Francis, always declaiming against the sins of the Revolution, is almost incredible. Lafayette's crime consisted in having sought to reform the political and social abuses existing in France. The ladies were innocent even of this, but they were allowed neither decencies nor comforts; they were even deprived of knives and forks, and forced to tear their food with their fingers; and Madame de Lafayette describes the distress of her little girls when they were first introduced to these miseries of prison life, while their father tried to comfort them by telling them how he used to see it done by the Iroquois Indians.

They were subjected to more cruel privations; the marquis was suffering from very painful abscesses in the side and legs, brought on by the rigour of her confinement in the Republican prisons, but she never was allowed an arm-chair to sit in; no servant, not even a woman to assist in cleaning the room, was permitted to them. The doctor could speak no French, she could only consult him in Latin, and always in the presence of an officer. When at length, after about a year, she applied for permission to go to Vienna for further advice, the emperor replied that she might leave Olmutz if she pleased, but that she must not return there.

Her dignified answer is given : she says that

"I owed it to my family to ask for the assistance which was necessary to my health, but the price which is put upon it cannot be accepted by me. I cannot forget that when we were apparently at the point of death, I by the tyranny of Robespierre, M. de-Lafayette by the sufferings, both moral and physical, of his captivity" (the antithesis was sufficiently bitter), "it was not permitted to us to obtain any information concerning him, nor to inform him that we, his children and I, still existed. I will not expose myself again to the horror of another separation. Whatever, therefore, may be the state of my health, and the objections to such a residence for my daughters, we shall all three," &c.

Her state became very critical. Her sufferings were great, but not the smallest alleviation was granted her during the following eleven months, which elapsed before they were set free. Still her patience and cheerfulness continued unabated. It considerably diminishes our sorrow for the present distress of Austria to remember how she behaved in the days of her power. At length, upon the joint remonstrances of America, Germany, and England* (where Fox took up their cause very zealously), Lafayette was set at liberty in 1797, after five years' imprisonment. His family had been with him about two years.

Their passage through Germany was a continual triumph. The prisoners, who at first could hardly bear the open air, gradually recovered their strength, all but the poor mother, who could scarcely live through the fatigue of the journey. At length they reached the little colony at Witmold, near Altona, where the meeting with her family was almost beyond her strength. They all continued together under Madame de Tessé's wing for four or five years longer, till the return of order in France; and their cheerfulness, in spite of constant distress and anxiety, their enjoyment of whatever small pleasures their life afforded, is very remarkable. The tedium of their long suspense was relieved by the return of the young Lafayette from America, now grown to be a man, and by the marriage of his eldest sister to the brother of one of the marquis's companions in captivity; also by the conversion of some German Stolbergs from "la bigoterie Protestante," which took place under the joint labours of the two sisters, and of which the memoirs are very proud. Both Adrienne and Pauline were ardent Catholics, and were always assaulting "the errors of Calvin and of heresy" wherever they went.

Madame de Montagu, saddened by the agonies of anxiety which she had endured during the previous years, seems never to have regained her spirits; her time was chiefly occupied with the "Œuvre des Émigrés," as she called it, the support, namely, of about 40,000

* In the second memoir the credit of the release, curiously enough, is given entirely to Bonaparte.

French exiles, chiefly of the higher class, almost penniless, who were scattered all over Europe, and for whom she worked night and day. Although nearly destitute herself, she contrived by her wonderful exertions to secure employment for some, pensions for others, subscriptions and the sale of their little valuables for those whom she could not otherwise assist; and the amount of good which she accomplished is said to have been extraordinary.

In 1801 Madame de Lafayette went back to France to obtain, if possible, permission for the return of her husband. It was refused, but by his wife's advice he took advantage of the breaking out of the fresh Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, and arrived suddenly in Paris with a passport, which she had obtained for him under another name. The First Consul was extremely indignant, and threatened to send him back immediately to Holland. Madame de Lafayette, however, obtained an interview with the great man, and spoke in her husband's favour with such success that at last Bonaparte observed, "Madame, I am charmed to have made your acquaintance. You are very clever, but you do not understand affairs." The marquis, however, was allowed to remain at his wife's house of Lagrange till the legal end of his proscription.

Meantime, Monsieur and Madame de Montagu had been trying to obtain possession of their ancient domains; and it is curious to enter into the feelings of these unfortunate people, who had fled from France after losing half their relations on the scaffold, and returned to find everything belonging to them sold and destroyed, and contrast them with the state of mind of the peasants who had acquired the lands often in perfect good faith, as they had been sold by the Government of their country, the account of which is given so vividly in the "Conscrit" and its sister volumes.

It is evident, however, that the feeling towards the old nobles was often of a very affectionate kind. Monsieur and Madame de Montagu were received in Auvergne with open arms, the people pressing round them and kissing the hem of Pauline's gown; while an old doctor, bent on restoring the family, went from house to house collecting the property which had been carried off, or bought in for next to nothing, and supplying the money to get it back from his own savings and the price of a vineyard belonging to his wife. On another estate the movables had been concealed and saved by the concierge and his family, and were restored on the arrival of the master. This, be it remembered, was not after the Restoration, but during the time of Napoleon, when nothing but obloquy was to be got by such demonstrations in favour of *ci-devants*.

The Montagu family after this period lived chiefly at Fontenay, a magnificent old fortress which came to them through the Duchesse

d'Ayen from the Duc d'Épernon, in the principal tower of which the massacre of St. Bartholomew was said to have been arranged.

The Lafayettes inhabited Lagrange, a fine old castle surrounded by a moat, dating from the time of the Crusades, which in the division of her mother's property had fallen to Adrienne's share. Her health had been entirely broken by the privations which she had undergone, from which she never recovered, though she lived on for eight years,—a period to her of true and almost unbroken happiness, devoted as she was to her husband and children, and desiring nothing but to live for them. The "*ardente Adrienne*," as her friends called her, was indeed a noble, tender, admirable woman, more liberal-minded than her sister Pauline, and far superior to the husband whom she worshipped so fondly. Although she was sometimes pained by his lack of Catholicism, "she was a Fayetteite beyond all things," and her aunt De Tessé used to laugh at "her faith, which was," she said, "a mixture of the catechism and the Declaration of Rights." In the delirium of her last illness she "uttered many things which had been always too sacred for her to speak of," expressing that deep love of her husband which had been the passion of her life, and when almost in the act of dying, she turned to him and said, "Je suis tout à vous, je vous aime Chrétienement, mondainement, passionnément."

A very pathetic letter written by her husband after her death, in 1808, describes how, "during the thirty-four years of a union where her goodness, her tenderness, her high-minded delicacy and generosity of feeling charmed, brightened, and honoured my life, she was so one with me that I could not distinguish my own separate existence. She was only fourteen and I sixteen when she became wrapped up with all my interests. I thought I loved her dearly, and knew how much she was to me; but it is only in losing her that I find out how little there is left of me."

Madame de Montagu lived for above twenty years after her sister, but she retired almost entirely from the world and devoted herself to good works; "the sorrows and sufferings of her early years had made her feel for others," and her piety, her faith, her virtues, fill the last chapters of her memoir; while her "knowledge of the Bible, which was as familiar to her as to a Lutheran minister" (no great compliment to the priests), is curiously commended. She died in 1833, and in the account of her last years the Restoration, the return from Elba, the Second Restoration, the Revolution of 1830, pass before us like shadows.

The days of the Revolution seem to us so far removed that it is sometimes difficult to remember how many of the men and women belonging to that old world lived on and worked in our own time.

The Marquis de Lafayette, among the foremost in 1780, was, as is well known, again brought forward in the Revolution of 1830, when he was one of the principal agents in placing Louis Philippe on the throne; while the Marquis de Grammont, whom we find defending poor Louis XVI. at the peril of his life during the massacre of the Swiss Guards in '92, appears as a Député of the Saône as late as 1841, under the parliamentary régime. His property in Franche Comté was never confiscated, and he and his wife, the youngest of the sisters, had contrived to live there undisturbed all through the different stages of the Revolution. "Villarsexel," as Madame de Montagu describes it, somewhat in the Rambouillet style, was "the Kingdom of Virtue and Capital of Peace, where reign comfort, simplicity, harmony, love of duty, and the desire of right." Here the "Sainte Rosalie," last of the family, died, aged eighty-five, in 1853, having lived in the same château for sixty-seven years, "loved by every one—the poor belonged all to her family."

The constant and tender friendship which continued unbroken in the family and its connections, in spite of the extreme diversity of their political opinions, is very touching. The Duc d'Ayen (Noailles) was strongly Royalist; one son-in-law, the Vicomte de Noailles, was as ultra Republican; after serving in America under Washington, he was killed in a successful attempt to take a sloop from the English by a rather ignoble stratagem, while the glee with which this is related sounds strange, when one remembers the blood and treasure poured forth by England in the Bourbon cause, which the memoir is intended to advocate. The Marquis de Montagu and his father were fighting on the same side as the English, against their own country; the young Alexis de Noailles, one of the three children whom their mother had gazed at so fondly from the windows of her prison, was killed fighting gallantly at the head of his troop of horse under Napoleon, at the battle of Beresina; the Lafayettes belonged to what may be called the Constitutional party; the De Grammonts were moderate Royalists, while the Vicomte de Beaune was a fierce old aristocrat of the *ancien régime*; but in spite of this variety they preserved their affection for each other throughout.

It speaks well for a class when so great a number of men and women, connected with one family, show such an amount of self-sacrifice and devotion to what each considered (though from very opposite points of view) the service of God and man.

That among the French noblesse of that period there was much selfishness, frivolity, and tyranny, there can be no doubt; but there was to be found amongst them a very large minority of high-minded, noble, and generous men, "who had a perfect passion of self-sacrifice," says De Lavergne. "The reforming party might,

indeed, be fewest in number, but the most considerable men by birth belonged to it, and the majority of the clergy, including the more important of the bishops, went with the *Tiers Etat*. This radical revolution was headed by two nobles, Mirabeau and La Fayette, and two priests, Sièyes and Talleyrand."

"In those days," as some one has said elsewhere, "men lived for an opinion, quarrelled, fought, sold their life's blood, the best treasures of their intellect, the best years of their life for it." It was no languid assent to the truth of an idea appreciated by the intellect which they gave, but an ardent passion which they thought worth living and dying for.

It may be doubted whether France has gained much by putting her destiny into the hands of clever adventurers, jobbers in the funds, generals without occupation, and ministers without characters to lose; men in haste to get rich, and, knowing that their term of power is short, utterly unscrupulous as to the means—the De Mornys, Pélissiers, and the like. There are at least some kinds of crime from which a certain stake of position and class opinion may be said to withhold even unscrupulous men. Moreover, De Tocqueville has declared in a most striking passage that societies in which the aristocracy have been destroyed are precisely those which seem to have the greatest difficulty in escaping absolute government. "Men," he says, "being no longer bound together by any tie of caste, class, corporation, or family, are only too much inclined to care only for themselves and their own interests, and to retire into a narrow individualism where all public virtue is stifled. The desire to grow rich at whatever price, the love of gain and of material enjoyments, become the common passion." He complains that "the great virtues which I so often find among our fathers, and which are the most necessary for us—a true spirit of independence, a love of great objects, the faith in ourselves and in a cause—we can hardly now be said to possess." "I am accused," he ends, "of a very untimely taste for liberty, which I am assured that no one cares for any longer in France."

It is far too sweeping a condemnation to say, with De Lavergne, that "no one has gained by the Revolution—every one has lost by it;" but even an advanced Liberal may be tempted to feel that a convulsion which shook every institution, social and political, in France to its centre, has perhaps produced the smallest amount possible of good compared with the sufferings which it entailed upon all classes for so many years. The frightful abuses of the *ancien régime* have, indeed, been swept away, but so much that is valuable has been lost in the process, that the nation may be said to have paid very dearly for their destruction.



THE EARLY CHRISTIAN AGE,

IN ITS LITERARY ACTIVITY, HISTORICAL CONSCIOUSNESS, AND CRITICAL SPIRIT.

IN a previous article on the subject above mentioned * we called attention to some of the characteristics of the Early Christian Age, with the view of endeavouring to meet the charge, so often and persistently brought against it, that it was guided in the reception of its authoritative and canonical books, not by historical evidence, but by subjective and dogmatic feeling. It is not enough, however, to dwell merely upon these general characteristics, or upon the legitimacy of the inference to which they lead. We must look a little more closely into the matter; and, in doing so, two points especially demand consideration. First, we have to ask how far the principles upon which books were actually received by the Fathers of the second century have a right to be regarded as historical. Secondly, we have to test the value, in relation to our present subject, of the special objections made to the manner in which our canonical books are referred to by them.

I.

It is unnecessary to occupy time with the inquiry what the principles ^{partly} spoken of were. It will hardly be disputed that they

* *Contemporary Review*, April, 1869.

were Historical Tradition as an outward, Dogmatic Tradition as an inward, test of works making a claim upon the Church's faith. "But though," says Mr. Westcott, "external evidence is the proper proof both of the authenticity and authority of the New Testament, it is supported by powerful internal testimony drawn from the relations of the books to one another, and to the early developments of Christian doctrine."* In other words, external and internal evidence are the two principles with which we have to deal. Let us look at them for a little.

The first of them is essentially historical. It is a mistake to imagine that by "tradition," as spoken of by the Fathers, was meant only vague and loose report. It was rather the handing down of a positive belief from one generation to another, from father to son, from teacher to pupil; and that, too, at a time when the man of the younger generation, the son, the pupil, knew well that the evidence upon which the belief rested was within his power; that the man of the older generation, the father, the teacher, was speaking only what he knew and testifying only to what he had seen. Nay, it was even more than this. When we speak of testimony thus conveyed we are apt to think of it as taken up by the younger only when the older has passed away. So long as it is given it seems to us the testimony merely of one person, or stratum of persons, separated from those going before or coming after, like the strata of a geological formation. It seems, therefore, however correctly handed down for a time, to be liable at the instant of transmission to changes—innocent and unintentional it may be, yet still changes—which could no longer be corrected by the original authority. But such is not the nature of the tradition with which we have to deal. It was the tradition of congregations, of local and even wide-spread churches, the places of whose departing members became only gradually vacant, and were only gradually supplied, the community all the while retaining its one organic life. The original authorities lived long beside those to whom they had communicated their belief, heard their views, joined in their confessions, shared their worship, listened to the manner in which they, in their turn, began to instruct their children, their catechumens, or their converts, and must have marked the first departure from statements of fact communicated by themselves. It is no doubt a characteristic of tradition that, notwithstanding this, it ceases, when it comes down from a remote point, to be worthy of implicit reliance. Like the generations through which it lives, it changes, and the generations themselves are often unconscious of the change. They think that they are the firm maintainers of the old beliefs, when, in reality, they have widely departed from them. Nor can we, in looking back upon the course that has been run, fix upon

* On the Canon, p. 539.

the moment when the change occurred. We can only say, after a long series of years, the beliefs are not what they once were. But the series of years must be long. A single generation does not give the remoteness necessary to weaken our faith in it regarding anything held to be of great moment. Two generations do not do so; and it ought ever to be borne in mind that we need no more than two in the case of nearly all the most important books of the New Testament. By A.D. 160 these books, though the number was not complete, though it may be doubted if even the idea of a New Testament Canon had clear and full possession of the mind of the Church, were recognised almost as they are now. From that point, then, two generations backward bring us to the apostolic age. We have not to deal with tradition in the wide vague sense of magnitude generally suggested by the word; we have to deal with the tradition of some sixty years. At the end of that period many lines must have existed like that which, beginning with the Apostle John, brings us, after only one intermediate step, to Irenæus. Polycarp had been the disciple of St. John; Irenæus was the pupil of Polycarp; and, if the idea be correct that Irenæus accompanied Polycarp to Rome when he went to visit Anicetus about the year 160, and that he proceeded thence to discharge the duties of a presbyter at Lyons,* the pupil must have been already in ripe manhood before the master died. We may be sure that this was not a solitary instance of the kind. Scattered throughout the Church, and testifying to her convictions, there must have been many such. How then can a tradition, coming down from St. John to Irenæus, be spoken of as vague and unhistorical? What right have we to suppose that the Fathers held little positive intercourse upon points whose importance we know they felt, because little of that intercourse has been preserved; that few conversations were held because almost none have been recorded? Surely we are not warranted to conclude that, because we have but rare opportunities of seeing the working of their minds on one another, mind did not then work on mind as it does now; that, because we seldom hear them speak, they did not actually speak on points which the whole character of the age, the positions they had to maintain, the controversies they had to settle, made it of consequence to determine with the utmost possible certainty. The beautiful letter of Irenæus to Florinus is itself a testimony to the contrary. It is too well known to make it necessary to quote it. Enough that there hardly exists any document of any age bearing more decided witness to the manner in which old persons love to dwell upon the memories of youth, and to keep not a fanciful, but an actual, past before them in all the vividness of historic reality. Apart, therefore, from every other consideration, we are entitled to infer that the men of the earlier part of the second half of

* Cave, *Hist. Lit.*, p. 39.

the second century, in depending upon the tradition of the first generation of that century, really depended upon history. Only a single generation intervened; and by its length—let us rather say its shortness—must we measure the shortness of the tradition by which the authenticity of nearly all the books of the New Testament is established.

Other considerations, however, ought to be taken into account. For, in the first place, it was not a matter of indifference to the early Fathers whether or not they could establish a connection between the writings quoted by them as authoritative and Apostles or apostolic persons by whom they believed them to have been composed. Our opponents themselves allow this, although they use the fact as explaining the alleged multiplication by the Church of writings to which apostolic names were falsely attached. We have already seen in our first paper that this charge against the Church is altogether groundless. It was heretics who forged, and who used the sacred names of Apostles to give currency to their own wild lucubrations. But their very doing so is a striking homage to the existence of the feeling whose existence we contend for, that it was on all sides allowed to be important to be able to connect any venerated writing with a venerated name. Instances of this abound. Thus it is that Justin Martyr not only asserts that the "Memoirs" he so frequently refers to were written by Apostles and companions of Apostles, but does it with the emphatic word *φημί*—'εν γὰρ τοῖς ἀπομνημονεύμασι ἃ φημι ὑπὸ τῶν ἀποστόλων αὐτοῦ . . . συντεράχθαι*—clearly showing both that he had grounds satisfactory to himself for what he said, and that he attached great value to the authorship in question. Thus it is that Irenæus prefaces his account of the circumstances under which the Gospels were composed with language which proves that he has not the slightest idea of resting his sense of their value only on the statements contained in them, but that he depends on the fact that they were written by persons who could speak with authority: "We have learned from none others the plan of our salvation than from those through whom the Gospel has come down to us, which they at one time proclaimed in public, and at a later period, by the will of God, handed down to us in the Scriptures, to be the ground and pillar of our faith."† And thus it is that Tertullian, when arguing against Marcion, maintains first of all that that collection of the Gospels which he designates the *evangelicum instrumentum* has for its authors Apostles and apostolic men to whom the function of writing them had been intrusted by the Lord; and then proceeds in a way which demonstrates that his statement was founded not upon internal, but upon external and historical, grounds.‡ For, had it not been so,

* Dial. c. 103.

† Contr. Hæc. iii. 1, 1.

‡ Adv. Marc. iv. 2.

how could he have held that even a Gospel written by a disciple of Apostles would not have been authoritative unless stamped by apostolic sanction? Or how could he have found an argument against Marcion in the fact that that heretic's Gospel wanted the *plenitudo tituli* and the *professio debita auctoris*? To maintain that a man like Tertullian might have thought these requirements satisfied by a vague report as to the apostolic origin of a book, and without his having satisfactory evidence of such origin, is to attribute to him a childish credulity at variance with his whole character; and to suppose that a heretic like Marcion would have hesitated to prefix an Apostle's name to his mutilated Gospel if he had believed that the mere presence of the name would be enough, and that no proof would be demanded of him that the book was correctly claimed for its professed author, is to ascribe to him a measure of timorousness or conscientiousness with which his unscrupulous conduct in other respects is completely at variance.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples. Those given are enough to show that importance was attached to apostolic authorship; and that, this being so, it is at least highly improbable that such authorship would be regarded as established by vague traditions embodying neither the processes nor results of historical investigation.

A second consideration bearing upon this point is to be found in the fact that the tradition establishing the authenticity of particular books was especially sought for in the Churches to which these books had been first addressed. It is thus that Tertullian, arguing against Marcion,* contends *id esse ab Apostolis traditum quod apud ecclesias Apostolorum fuerit sacrosanctum*, and then appeals to the Corinthians, Galatians, Philippians, Thessalonians, Ephesians, as the proper vouchers for the Epistles written to them, thus showing that the tradition upon which he depended was one that had formed itself in circumstances least liable to suspicion, and lending to it as far as possible the character of history. His appeal was to no loose general impression, but to the convictions of those who were best able to speak with authority as to documents sent specially to themselves, and in which, therefore, they could not but take a greater than ordinary interest.

A third and last consideration in connection with the point before us may be noted. It is suggested by the use which we find Clement of Alexandria on one occasion making of the verb *παράδιδωμι*. This verb is used by Clement not in the simple sense of "to hand down," but in the deeper sense of "to hand down as true and authentic;" for, quoting a sentence said to have been uttered by our Lord in answer to a question of Salome, he says—"First, then, it is to be observed

* iv. 5.

that we have not this saying in the four Gospels that have been handed down to us, 'εν τοῖς παραδεδομένοις ἡμῖν τέταρτον εὐαγγέλιον, but in that according to the Egyptians."* The Gospel according to the Egyptians had also in one sense been "handed down," but in Clement's eyes it was not a παραδεδομένον; it wanted the marks belonging to that class of writings; it was not historically authenticated by the testimony of the successive generations of the Church to his day.

The tradition, then, upon which the early Christian Church depended as an outward testimony to her sacred books, was a historical principle. It was not loose statement or vague impression. It was a distinct acknowledgment given to the authenticity of her books by those who were best able, and who, considering the shortness of the time over which it was needful that their testimony should extend, were easily able to speak with authority on the point.

But, it may be asked, were the Fathers not incapable of forming an accurate judgment in matters of the kind; and, in the case of Irenæus at least, who must be understood to speak the sentiments of his time, is there not clear evidence that they were so? Does not the reasoning of this Father with regard to the four Gospels show that historical considerations had nothing to do with the grounds of his belief that there were only four? We have already quoted Baur's contemptuous language as to the reasoning in question.† Is such language just, or is the inference, however plausible at first sight, well founded? The passage is the well-known one in the work of Irenæus against Heresies, iii. 11, 8, where he begins with the words, "The Gospels may neither be more nor fewer in number than those of which we have spoken;" and then, apparently giving reasons for this statement, goes on to say:—

"For, since there are four zones of the world in which we live, and four principal winds, while the Church is scattered throughout all the world, and the pillar and ground of the Church is the Gospel and the Spirit of life, it is fitting that she should have four pillars, breathing out immortality on every side, and vivifying men afresh."

Further on in the same passage he compares the four Gospels to the four-faced cherubim, and the four principal covenants that had been given to the human race. Now, nothing can well be clearer than that Irenæus did not adduce these considerations as the grounds of his conviction that there were neither more nor fewer than four Gospels. He had already, in the previous part of his book, spoken of four as received by the Church, as acknowledged each of them by some one section of heretics themselves. His complaint had been that the different classes of heretics mentioned by him had arbitrarily

* Strom. iii. 13.

† *Contemporary Review*, April, 1869, p. 591.

selected only one Gospel; and set aside the other three. His present purpose, therefore, is to urge that not one only, but all the four, ought to be depended on; and he proceeds to do so by referring, after the manner of his time, to various analogies, which showed that, in giving that number, the Almighty had acted in harmony with all his other dealings, whether in providence or grace. The idea of the four however, it will be observed, is already in his mind. He has derived it from the testimony both of the Church and of those heretics who, in four several divisions, bore witness each to one, and whose witness thus given he holds himself entitled to combine. He does not reach the number for which he argues by starting from his analogies. He reaches his analogies by starting from it. It is impossible to imagine that he should have grouped together things having so little relation to one another as the four quarters of the globe, the four-faced cherubim, and the four dispensations of God with man, had not the thought of four suggested any illustration in which that number was to be found. His very resorting, therefore, to so many and such diverse illustrations of his position that there must be four Gospels, and that there can be only four, is what most of all demonstrates that he had reached the idea of four by some other road, and what that road was no reader of his works can for a moment doubt. That we are correct in this interpretation of the words of Irenæus may be confirmed by the case of Jerome. No one would hesitate to acknowledge the historical consciousness and the critical powers of that great Father. No one would imagine for an instant that he would receive four Gospels rather than more simply upon the ground of such analogies as are used by Irenæus. Yet Jerome, when showing that there were only four Gospels, and that all others should be rejected, refers to the cherubim of Ezekiel and the Apocalypse, and concludes his argument with the words, *quibus cunctis perspicue ostenditur quatuor tantum debere evangelia suscipi.** In a previous part of the same preface Jerome had compared the four Gospels to the four rivers of Paradise and the four rings into which the staves for carrying the ark were inserted; and similar comparisons had been used by him at other times, such as the *quadriga Domini.*† Will any one maintain that the figure of the *quadriga* led to the idea of the four; or that, if not four, but two had been selected by the Church, Jerome would not have found the figure of a *biga* equally ready to his hand? It was the same with Irenæus. Had there been only two Gospels received by the Church, that Father would have pled that there could be only two; had there been only three, that there could be only three; and in neither case would he have had any difficulty in finding analogies on which to rest his

* Com. in Matt. Proem.

† Ep. ii. ad Paulinum.

argument. In the one he might have pled that God had created man male and female, or he might have referred to the two pillars of the temple, Jachin and Boaz; in the other the analogy of the three Persons of the Godhead would have at once suggested itself. But can any one suppose that these would have been arguments by which Irenæus would have convinced himself, or have hoped to convince others, that there were only two, or only three Gospels? They would have been simply arguments such as he actually employs—arguments in the spirit of the age by which he confirmed in himself a belief already formed, and formed upon entirely different grounds.*

It seems to us that similar remarks may in all fairness be applied to any reasoning of a similar character, if there be any, that may be produced from the writers of the second century. We must not judge these writers wholly by the standard of our own time. Their works themselves forbid it. One who should now argue as Irenæus did would have no small risk of being set down as incapable of reasoning justly upon any point; but to say this of Irenæus would be to contradict the impression which his valuable work against Heresies must make upon every impartial mind. Irenæus could reason, and reason well; there is ample evidence that he could; and when we find him therefore on one occasion making use of a style of argument to our minds not wholly consistent with sound reasoning, it is only fair to remember the other proofs to be set against that of his general ability and correctness of thought. The task of striking the balance is, of course, a delicate one. It is as easy to strike it too much on the favourable as on the unfavourable side. But it is surely a question of balance, and not one where a single aberration in argument, or rather in illustration, from the path which we would follow, is to be fatal to the whole man. Nothing, perhaps, more than the history of the Christian Church shows us how much foolish illustration, how much unsound reasoning, may be exhibited in connection with a perfect ability to observe facts and to judge correctly of evidence; and nowhere is it often more important to distinguish between a man's conclusion and the grounds he himself gives for it. He may utterly misapprehend himself, and think that he is resting on certain grounds specified by him when he is really resting on totally different ones. We see this every day in the manner in which men abandon portions of old tenets which they once declared to be essential to their faith, and yet their faith remains unshaken. At all events, we are entitled to say of Irenæus, whose language is that chiefly urged to prove the folly of the mode of reasoning of the second

* It may be noticed, in passing, that Strauss, in his last edition of the "Life of Jesus," is compelled to admit this, p. 48.

century, that it militates in no degree against the conclusion to which the other facts that have been dwelt on lead us—that the early Christian Fathers, in resting their reception of the books of Scripture on tradition, understood by this historical testimony, and exhibited what we are entitled to call a historical consciousness.

It is said, however, that the Church appealed not merely to historical but to dogmatic tradition as a test of authoritative authorship. We at once allow that she did so, and that we have in this the second principle by which she separated uncanonical from canonical books. In the passage above quoted from Tertullian against Marcion this argument is appealed to; for that Father, after adducing the considerations already mentioned in connection with historical evidence, goes on to say that, even although Marcion had issued his Gospel under the name of Paul himself, it would still have been necessary to show that that Gospel agreed with its predecessors—“non sufficeret ad fidem singularitas instrumenti destituta patrocini antecessorum.” Paul had found it necessary to go up to Jerusalem to consult with the other Apostles regarding his Gospel, “lest by any means he had run, or should run, in vain;” and it was only when he had ascertained that he was at one with them *de regula fidei* that he and they joined hands, and agreed that they should go, he to the uncircumcision, they to the circumcision. If, therefore, the illuminator of Luke himself desired the authority of those who were before him for his own faith and preaching, how much more are we entitled to demand for the disciple what was needed for the master! Many other passages of a similar kind might be referred to.

But, we are entitled to ask, was there anything unhistorical in this? Could it possibly have been otherwise? The Church was still conscious that she possessed, by means partly of an oral tradition of doctrine as yet unadulterated, partly by means of books unquestioned, and in harmony with that tradition—*quid legant Philippenses, &c.**—a clear knowledge of the facts and doctrines of her faith. She was therefore entitled to appeal to this as a test of the authority of any writing which claimed to be received by her. She could not receive it if it was not in harmony with her convictions. It could not be historical in its claims if it was not so. Her convictions were themselves historical. They had come down from the Lord and his Apostles through a regular succession of bishops and the careful guardianship of the Church. She could not doubt that they were a correct expression of the mind of her Redeemer, and whatever, in consequence, did not harmonize with them, was by that very fact proved to be false. Surely it does not become disciples of the so-called “higher criticism” to complain of such a method of proceeding.

* Tertullian adv. Marc. iv. 5.

What are the grounds upon which they reject so many books of the New Testament? Are they not mainly that the contents of these books do not correspond with the particular views they have formed of the age to which it is said that the books belong? Had not the Church of the second century a right to have her views of that age too? Or, if it be replied that the views we suppose her to have possessed were wrong, the whole ground of the controversy is shifted, and we are again thrown back upon historical considerations to determine whether the *Regula Fidei* formed by Irenæus and his successors, or that formed by the Tübingen school, as the expression of the convictions of the first century, is most consonant with fact.

Could it, indeed, be proved that the Church of the second century *received* books simply because their contents corresponded with her convictions, and without inquiring whether any historical evidence could be brought forward on their behalf, we should find ourselves placed, in reference to this matter, in an altogether different position from that which it seems to us we are fairly entitled to occupy. But we are not aware that a single instance of this has been incontrovertibly established. The Gospel of St. John would probably be urged as the first and most notable example of it; and, indeed, it is difficult to resist the impression that it is mainly with the view of discrediting that Gospel that so much pains are taken to make us believe that dogmatic predilection was the great determining cause of the reception of books at the time of which we speak. It is obvious, however, to reply that we cannot argue from the false reception of St. John's Gospel to the character of the age, and then endeavour to prove from the character of the age that that Gospel was falsely received. Some other illustrations must be given of books *received* simply on dogmatic grounds before we can be asked to abandon the position that, although they were *rejected* on such grounds, they were not *received* on them alone, and that the rejecting might often be a thoroughly logical and historical procedure, while the receiving would not have been so. In the absence of such illustrations we are entitled to maintain that no book was taken into the Canon simply because it suited the Church's taste. Various books, indeed, afterwards taken into it, were doubted at the very time when taste is said to have been the leading rule of choice. This would not have happened had taste really been so. No doubts would have been entertained had mere agreement with the contents of these books been enough to vindicate their claims to canonicity, for that they are in agreement with the other Scriptures is shown by the fact that, for fifteen centuries at least of the Church's history, her members have felt them to be so; and that, not because they first formed their

faith from them, and then said they agree with our faith, but in clear view of the doubts once entertained, and bringing them to the touchstone of what was universally acknowledged. The doubts existed because, notwithstanding this agreement, something was wanting to make out that they were genuine and authentic.

Had mere taste and approbation of the contents of works been then enough to determine their *reception*, it is no rash assertion to maintain that many more would have been received than actually were. The second century teemed with works of every kind, gospels, epistles, treatises, all professing to set forth either the facts of Christ's life, or truths for the guidance of the Christian community. How did it happen that the great multitude of these were set aside as unauthoritative, and that the Church in every quarter of the earth agreed that they should be so? Could it be mere dogmatic prepossessions that determined this in Syria, Egypt, North Africa, Asia Minor, Italy, and Gaul? The taste of these different regions of the world was not the same. Their dogmatic prepossessions were not in all respects the same. How came they, then, to agree with regard to all the most important books of the New Testament, to accept only the same claimants, to reject the same aspirants to authority? The contents of the rejected books could not be always distasteful, probably were not always false. Tradition was still a living power. Many stories with regard to the Saviour and his Apostles, many sayings reported to have been uttered by them, were in circulation, and may probably have been true. It was at least possible to do then what would now be impossible—to write a history of Jesus that should not only possess verisimilitude, but should embody some of those unwritten things to which St. John refers, "the which, if they were written, the world itself would not be able to contain the books that should be written." Then there was the great craving for all information that could be given on such points—a craving to whose existence ample witness is borne by the multitude of attempts made to supply it. Further, too, it is not to be forgotten that, whatever historical consciousness the age possessed, it was yet marked by a large amount of credulity and superstition, so that the stories of such writings as the Apocryphal Gospels would not strike it as they strike us. And yet, in the midst of all this, it is utterly undeniable that, before the middle of the second century was well past, the Church had set her seal only upon an infinitesimal portion of the existing literature, and said, "These are our sacred books." Nor had she only done this. She had done it in such a way that her verdict, of exclusion at least, is that of every scholar at the present hour. Let it be allowed for a moment—though we do not allow it—that she admitted into the Canon one or more unauthenticated books, a not

less important question is, Did she reject any that she ought to have admitted?—ought we now to have in the Canon any Gospel or Epistle that we have not? No one has ventured to answer this question in the affirmative, and it is very wonderful that it should be so. We confess for ourselves that, looking back at the second century when the Canon was in process of formation; remembering the intimate relations which were believed at least to have existed between the Apostles on the one hand, and Clement, Barnabas, and Hermas on the other; noticing the high esteem in which the writings of these Fathers were held; seeing them even read in the public assemblies of the Church; and hearing them not unfrequently spoken of as inspired, it often seems to us almost inexplicable that they were not assigned a place in the Canon. Near such a result the Church certainly must have been, so near that one trembles to think of it. Had mere taste, a mere sense of edification, a mere prepossession in favour of the contents of a book, operated to the extent alleged, we should certainly have had the writings of the three Fathers named, to say nothing of others, introduced into the Canon; and the effect!—every reader of their writings can judge for himself what it would have been. But the fatal step was not taken; and, in this single circumstance, therefore, that the Church rejected what in many instances her taste and predilections would have led her to receive, we have a conclusive proof that she did not receive upon such principles alone. It was a totally different thing to reject upon them; and when the Church did apply her dogmatic tradition to the rejection of works put forward for her approbation, the part she acted was legitimate and logical.

In the above remarks it has not been our object to determine all the principles which led in the second century to the reception of books as canonical. To have done so would have opened up too wide a field, and would have diverted us from the end we have had mainly in view. Enough if we have shown that the two leading principles by which the Church was guided in this matter had in them a distinct historical element, and were not so arbitrary and fanciful as they are often alleged to have been.

II.

It is now time to turn to certain special objections made to the manner in which our canonical books are referred to by the Fathers of the second century. Our space will not permit us to examine all the objections urged by the negative school of the present day, nor would it fall naturally within the scope of these papers to do so. We have to deal with those objections only which bear upon the

general charge, that the mode of reference employed proves that the age was completely unhistorical.

1. First, it is urged that this conclusion is legitimate, *because the Fathers, when they quote our canonical books as if they were the productions of the Apostles, do not state the process of inquiry which led to their belief.*

"Irenæus," says Zeller, quoted with approbation by Baur,* uses the Gospel of St. John, but he gives us no information as to the source whence he had received it. He makes no appeal to Polycarp, none to Papias, none to the Presbyters who had seen John the Apostle, and upon whom he depended as his authorities for the explanation of the Apocalypse. Tatian cites the Gospel, but does not affirm that it had been known to his teacher Justin. Theophilus ascribes it to the Apostle, but gives us no information how he knew that the Apostle really had produced it. From the third-last decennium of the second century the Gospel exists, is used, is attributed almost without contradiction to the Apostle John, but not the slightest particular deserving the name of a historical testimony is mentioned to show us the grounds upon which such a recognition rested; and we are altogether unwarranted in filling up this void by the demonstrably false assertion that the ancient Church was possessed of a historical consciousness, which it never had."

The same line of argument is followed by Scholten, who, after mentioning the very decided testimony of Irenæus to St. Luke's authorship of the third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles, adds, "*He does not tell us whence he learned either the one fact or the other;*" and who, speaking of the use the same Father makes of the fourth Gospel as the work of the Apostle John, immediately endeavours to discredit it by the remark, "But how stands it with the source from which he took his information as to the Johannine origin of the fourth Gospel? Did he also learn this from the same Presbyters who had told him of the Johannine origin of the Apocalypse? *He does not say so.*"† The arguments thus used by these writers have surely only to be mentioned that their weakness may be seen. Why should the ancient Church have gone into any elaborate argument to establish the authenticity of the Gospel in question when that authenticity was hardly, if at all, disputed? Does any one who now quotes an English classic belonging to a past century think it necessary to set forth the positive historical evidence upon which he believes that it has been justly ascribed to its reputed author? So far from that, not one in a thousand even of literary men has any acquaintance with the evidence. We believe, and refer to, the fact because we know that there is such evidence were we to search it out, and because we have uniform tradition to appeal to. Nor, supposing that the evidence still existing were to be wholly lost, would the men of a future generation have any hesitation in quoting the same classic as

* Die Kan. Evang., p. 359.

† Die Ältesten Zeugn., pp. 115, 117; comp. also p. 124.

we had done. They would know that the evidence once existed. They would believe us. Tradition would be enough for them. Why shall we deny to the early Christian Fathers the same common sense as we claim for ourselves, and as we believe will be possessed by our descendants? It was a matter of the deepest interest to these Fathers to know whence their sacred books proceeded. They ascribed them without hesitation to certain Apostles or apostolic men. Their bitterest opponents, such as Celsus, did not deny that they did so rightly. Does it follow that there was no evidence because they do not produce it in all the fulness of detail that we might wish to possess? The presumption, on the contrary, is altogether in their favour, and nothing but clear and positive evidence of their ignorance would justify us in believing that they had no satisfactory grounds for their convictions.

2. Secondly, it is argued that the early references to our canonical books are destitute of a historical element necessary to make them available for our purpose, *inasmuch as the Fathers seldom name the author from whom they quote*. Thus it is that Scholten urges that, even although it were admitted that Ignatius used the fourth Gospel, the fact of his doing so would be no testimony to his belief that it proceeded from St. John, because he does not in his quotations give that author's name. In a similar manner the same writer endeavours to dispose of the references to St. John's Gospel in the "Clementine Homilies," and to weaken the force of Justin's statement that his "Memoirs" were the work of Apostles and companions of Apostles by adding, when he alludes to it, "But he gives no names."* It is not to be denied that there is a certain force in this objection. The case of the defender of our books would certainly be stronger could he point to a more frequent use of names in connection with quotations than it is in his power to do; while the want of these names renders it at least possible to say that, at a later date, the names might be falsely given, that the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John, *e.g.*, might then be attributed to these Apostles without sufficient grounds. All the more important, therefore, does it become to ask what the real force of the objection is.

In the first place, it may be worth while to observe that the absence of the names of the authors in no way militates against our assertion that the books were in existence, and that the quotations were really made from them. Our first and main inquiry can only be, Do passages occur in early writings which we can trace to no other source than some one of our canonical books, or do they not? It is perfectly fair to say that what we suppose to have been thus extracted from previously existing writings has been taken from oral tradition,

* Die Ältesten Zeugn., pp. 55, 62, 21.

or that it may even have been first, and our canonical text last, in the order of precedence. These are simply critical questions to be determined by the considerations bearing upon such points. But, supposing them to be determined in the negative, we have still, in the presence of the objection we are now dealing with, one important fact established, that the quotations were taken from books exactly similar to those afterwards inserted in the Canon.

In the second place, the absence of the names admits of a full and natural explanation. For, in the age immediately succeeding that of the Apostles, and before the falsifications of heretics became frequent, it was natural that men should be content with a general conviction of the authority of the writings quoted by them. What afterwards became our New Testament books—the remark applies especially to the Gospels—were not then so highly valued for their authors' sakes as they were at a later period; nor were they placed on a level with the sacred books of the Old Testament. They were simply human compositions, containing a historical account of a divine person and of his divine words. It was the words of Jesus and the acts of his life recorded in them that were of value. Hence the frequent λέγει κύριος, or some such phrase, leading our thoughts past the sacred writer to Him whom alone it concerns the Church to hear. Hence the division of the sources of revelation into the Law, the Prophets, and—not the Gospels but—the Lord. In these circumstances it can be no matter of surprise to us that the name of the author of the book was not mentioned. The book was known, was believed to be an authentic record, and the things about which the Church concerned herself could be drawn from it without any description being given of the medium through which they came. It was only later that the name was necessary, when rival claimants had appeared, when false books were in circulation, and when it was of importance to show that the books on which the Church relied flowed directly from those most competent to speak to her, and most worthy of her confidence.

In the third place, when the time for this arrived, it is at least highly improbable that our books would be erroneously attributed to the persons whose names they now bear. Many considerations might be urged to show this, upon which, as foreign to our purpose, we do not enter here. We observe only that these considerations are not in themselves affected by the absence of names. The presence of names would not make them stronger, as the want of names does not make them weaker. The names would be an additional element of proof, and that is all.

3. Thirdly, our historical proof of the canonicity of our New Testament books is thought to be deficient *because the early Fathers,*

even when they refer to them, do not quote them as Scripture. This objection is applied by Scholton to the references in Barnabas, Papias, Ignatius, Justin, Hegesippus,* and perhaps others. But the point with which, in this inquiry, we have to do, is not whether the early Fathers testify to the existence of a "Canon," or regard our New Testament books as divinely inspired; but whether they testify to the fact of their *existence*, or so use them as to warrant the inference that the Church regarded them as authoritative. It is impossible to gainsay the fact that the idea of a New Testament "Canon," in the sense in which we use the word, was of gradual growth; and we have already admitted that the early Fathers had no clear idea of divine inspiration as a pervading attribute of books written in New Testament times. But what of that, if we gather from their writings that our books were in existence in their day, and were held to embody correct notions of Jesus and his faith? It is then for ourselves to determine in what light we shall regard them: whether or not we shall hold them to be canonical; to what extent, and in what sense we shall consider them inspired. We are not bound to receive or reject a book because the early Church received or rejected it. The question of the Canon must always be an open one. It must always be a question of history and criticism whether books are not included in it which ought to be excluded, books excluded which ought to have a place. As for the idea of inspiration again, we have very little to do with the views entertained of it in the first and second centuries. Guided by them, we shall at one time treat our sacred books with a freedom hardly surpassed by the most extreme section of the negative school; at another time, with a childish dependence upon syllables and even letters of which the most hyper-orthodox would be ashamed. Our interest in our witnesses is of a wholly different kind. We wish their facts, not their opinion of the light in which these facts are to be regarded; and if there be clear and indubitable proof that the books which concern us were in existence in their day, and were quoted as authoritative, we have gained from them all, or nearly all, that we desire.

4. We turn to a fourth and last objection frequently met with for the purpose of discrediting the testimony of the early Fathers to our Canon. *These Fathers*, it is said, *drew no proper distinction between apocryphal and non-apocryphal books, but quoted the former with the same confidence as the latter.* It is thus that Scholton, speaking of Ignatius, describes him as perhaps quoting the Gospel of the Hebrews, where, in the third chapter of his Epistle to the Smyrneans, he gives an account of the appeal made by the risen Redeemer to his Apostles, that they should handle Him, and see that He was not an incorporeal

* Die Ältesten-Zeugn., pp. 13, 18, 53, 22, 20.

spirit; that Irenæus is said by the same writer to quote the Pastor of Hermas as Scripture; and that Clement of Alexandria is referred to as allowing the dignity of Holy Scripture to books afterwards excluded from the Canon.* In the same spirit, and with the same end in view, Hilgenfeld attributes great importance to the fact that such writings as those of Clement of Rome, Barnabas, and Hermas were honoured as they were in the early Church, and has even dared, in editing the writings of these Fathers along with a few other remains of Christian antiquity, to publish them under the title, *NOVUM TESTAMENTUM EXTRA CANONEM RECEPTUM*. Echoes of the same statements often meet us in other writings of the same school. The objection is not new. It was made great use of by the Deistical School of England in the seventeenth century, but its importance has not diminished with time. Let us consider it for a moment. A minute and lengthened discussion would be out of place.

It is at once to be admitted that there are references to Christian facts and quotations from Christian writers to be met with in the early Fathers, which it is difficult to trace to other than apocryphal sources. But there is the widest possible difference between the frequency with which these sources on the one hand, and our canonical books on the other, are appealed to. If the former are quoted, it is so sparingly as to prove that they were relied on to a very different degree from the books which afterwards constituted the Canon. Clear references to apocryphal New Testament books are indeed exceedingly difficult to find in the early writers of the Church. Hilgenfeld, who, in his work on the Apostolic Fathers, submits all their possible references to a careful analysis, and who certainly has no wish to diminish their number, is compelled to admit that there is none in Polycarp; that they are so uncertain in Clement as to warrant no other conclusion but that we must not be too confident in our assertion that he used only canonical Gospels; that there is one apparent example in Barnabas, and another in Hermas; while there is one in Ignatius that cannot be mistaken. This is certainly not a formidable list, and it is rendered less so when we consider that those in Barnabas and Hermas disappear upon closer examination, and that that in Ignatius alone survives.† The case is not very

* *Die Ältesten Zeugn.*, pp. 53, 112, 121.

† The passage from Barnabas referred to is the last sentence of c. xv., where that writer is said to place the resurrection and ascension of Jesus on the same day, in harmony with Mark xvi. 16, Luke xxiv. 50, and Justin, but in opposition to Matt. xxviii. 10, and Acts i. 3. The point of the charge seems to lie in the alleged agreement with Justin, the agreement of the two leading to the supposition that they must have drawn from a common source, which the other quotations of Justin prove to have been an apocryphal gospel. We reply:—(1) The statement that Justin made so much use of an apocryphal

different when we pass from the Apostolic Fathers to later times. It is by no means certain that the supposed quotations from apocryphal books then found, and urged in illustration of the objection with which we deal, are really what at first sight they may seem to be. Let us take *e.g.* the examples afforded by Justin Martyr. No Father has added so many fresh incidents to the life of Jesus. To him we owe such statements as the following—that the foal upon which Jesus entered Jerusalem in triumph was bound to the stem of a vine when the command was given that it should be brought; that, during his last sufferings, Jesus was set upon a judgment seat, and insulted with the cry, “Judge us;” that the Magi who brought presents to the infant Redeemer were from Arabia; that Jesus was born in a grotto; that when He grew up, He occupied himself with making ploughs and yokes for oxen; that at his baptism a fire was kindled in the Jordan.* But it is extremely doubtful whether these statements were taken by Justin from apocryphal books. He does not say that they were taken from books at all. In one passage, that referring to the fire kindled in the Jordan at the baptism of Jesus, he expressly distinguishes between his assertion that it was so and the statement immediately following, that the Holy Spirit lighted on Jesus as a dove, connecting the last alone with the written authority of Apostles. Add to which that Volkmar has recently endeavoured to show that the mention of these things by Justin arose only from the working of his own imagination upon certain prophetic passages of the Old Testament.

gospel we shall immediately see to be unproved. (2) If the passage in Justin here depended on be that in his treatise de Res. c. ix., there is nothing in that chapter to lead to the conclusion either that Justin placed the resurrection and ascension on the same day, or that he is quoting from an apocryphal gospel. (3) The passage in the Epistle of Barnabas does not necessarily imply what it is said to contain. It may be read without connecting the *ἐν ᾧ* with *ἀνίστηναι*; and Dressel, in his edition of the “*Patres Apostolici*,” places a full-point after *κερῶν*. The uncertainty attaching to the inference drawn from the words of Barnabas may be illustrated from Luke xxiv. 50. It would seem, at first sight, as if the same statements were made there. Yet we know from Acts i. 3, by the same author, that such a conclusion would be wrong. (4) There is not the slightest indication in the passage that we have a quotation before us.

The passage from Hermas is to be found in Sim. ix. 16, *Necesse est ut per aquam habeant ascendere, ut requiescant. Non poterant enim in regnum Dei aliter intrare.* Again, we have no indication whatever of quotation. The last words may be taken from the language of the Canonical Gospels, or from the general Christian language of the time.

The passage from Ignatius is in the Epistle to the Smyrn. c. iii., and it is at least possible that it was taken from an apocryphal gospel, for Jerome (*De Vir. Ill. c. xvi.*), in speaking of Ignatius, says that he does thus contain a statement which he himself had found in the Gospel of the Nazarenes, that statement being the one before us. Ignatius, therefore, may have taken it from that source. Even this inference, however, is not free from doubt. Ignatius does not give the words as written. He simply introduces the fact into the course of his narrative, and he might have gathered it from tradition alone. It is, notwithstanding, the most plausible of the apocryphal quotations given by Hilgenfeld, and, as such, may be allowed to stand.

* Apol. i. 33, 35. Dial. 77, 78, 88.

He thought that they ought to have occurred in order that prophecy might be fulfilled, and he represented them as having occurred.* Even when passages seem unquestionably to be quoted from apocryphal sources it does not follow that the sources themselves were held to be of equal value with the books from which the history of Jesus was mainly drawn. Thus Origen quotes the Shepherd of Hermas, but Mr. Westcott has already called attention to the fact that, in doing so, "he evidently expresses a private opinion on the book, and by no means places it on an equality with the Canonical Scriptures.† Origen's words are, when commenting on Rom. xvi. 14, *Puto tamen quod Hermas iste sit Scriptor libelli illius qui Pastor appellatur, que Scriptura valde mihi utilis videtur, et ut puto divinitus inspirata.* The same Father sometimes quotes books which at other times he rejects as uncanonical. Nor are we left to conjecture that the Fathers not unfrequently quoted without thereby intending to admit the canonical authority of the books to which they appealed, for they themselves tell us the reasons by which they were impelled to such a course. Thus Tertullian quotes the Epistle of Barnabas with the words, *Volo tamen ex redundantia alicujus etiam comitis apostolorum testimonium superducere idoneum confirmandi de proximo jure disciplinam magistrorum*; ‡ and some words of Athanasius, in his Canon, throw light upon the whole principles and practices of preceding times, when, after enumerating the sacred books, he says that there were other books not received into the Canon which were yet set forth by the authority of the Fathers as worthy to be read.§ Of the use made for this purpose in the early Church of Clement, Barnabas, and Hermas it is unnecessary to speak. Nothing is more indubitable than that these authors were read in churches, not as authoritative Scriptures, but as suitable for edification.

It is certainly possible that there may be some isolated passages of the Fathers to which these remarks will not apply. In particular, there is the famous passage of Irenæus, Adv. Hær. iv. 20, 2, in which he introduces a quotation from the Shepherd, with the words, *καλῶς δὲν εἶπεν ἡ γραφή ἡ λέγουσα.* But, even admitting that the Shepherd is here spoken of as Scripture, it is clear that one or two instances of the kind in no degree weaken the force of the general argument. At the time when the Canon was not fully fixed, the idiosyncrasy, the taste, the mistake, of a single Father might easily lead him to attach undue importance to some particular book. Nay, the very fact that he did so is valuable, as helping to demonstrate that the fixing of the Canon was not a thing done amidst indifference, on the part of the

* Der Ursprung, &c., p. 124.

† On the Canon, p. 410.

‡ De Pud. 20.

§ See in Kirchhofer Quellensammlung, p. 9.

Church at large, or by the force of an authority which silenced all varieties of opinion; but that there were doubts and difficulties in the way of the question's being settled, and that it advanced through them to its solution. Proceeding, indeed, upon the principles of our opponents, we are entitled to argue that these varieties of opinion illustrate, rather than reflect on, the historical character of the age. Let us suppose for an instant that they had not existed, that there had been perfect unanimity in the selection of certain books and the rejection of all others, and the phenomenon would have been out of keeping with the laws of ordinary historical development. It would have been possible to account for it only by the supposition of a miracle, and where there is miracle we are told there can be no history. The existence of the doubts, therefore, meets the very requirements which history demands. We feel ourselves in the midst of men groping and groping, as they must always do, with a certain measure of perplexity after the truth. Errors and mistakes have to be corrected; and, in correcting them by the balance of the evidence, our conviction becomes stronger that our final judgment is correct. We conclude, therefore, that there has been much exaggeration as to the extent to which apocryphal New Testament books are quoted by the early Fathers of the Church; that such quotations as are found seldom justify the inference that the books so quoted were regarded as canonical; and that, even if they were, this occurred so rarely as only to bring into clearer light a unanimity of opinion much greater than we should have been warranted to expect in the circumstances of the time.

And now, in looking back upon the whole course of our inquiry, it will be observed that we have had only one point in view throughout—to vindicate for the first two centuries of the Christian era such a spirit of historical inquiry, such a historical consciousness, as to entitle the Fathers of that time to be listened to, as we would listen to ordinary witnesses, when they speak upon matters falling under their own observation, and felt by them as well as us to be important. We pronounce no opinion as to the soundness of the conclusions to which they came. They may have admitted books to be canonical which they ought to have rejected; they may have rejected books which they ought to have admitted. Still less, were it possible, have we touched those even more momentous questions of our day—the measure of authority to be ascribed to books once taken into the Canon, or the principles to be applied in their interpretation. Our aim has been the humbler one of clearing the ground of certain prepossessions and prejudices not without a considerable degree of plausibility, but which, if really historical, render all further historical inquiry impossible. There is a vague impression in the minds of

many that the centuries which preceded the darkness and slumber of the sixth and following centuries must have been marked by a still thicker darkness, and a still deeper slumber; that the stagnation of thought which then set in must also have existed long before; and that the important period, therefore, when certain books were separated from others as authoritative exponents of the history of our faith, is wholly unworthy of our confidence. We have tried to show that this was not the case; but that large measures of mental activity and historical inquiry existed in the first centuries of the Christian Church, whatever may have been the character of later times. It seems to us that, in endeavouring to discredit this conclusion, our opponents are themselves discarding that historical consciousness of which they speak so much. The reader of their books can hardly rise from them without the feeling that the charges brought against the early Church are resorted to in order to explain the possibility of a conclusion already reached. Our books contain the record of miracles; miracles are inconsistent with history; therefore our books are unhistorical, and must be shown to be so. Such is the line of thought which leads to the line of argument adopted, and it is obviously a false one. Our first duty is to inquire into facts. It is to them that Christianity appeals, and their truth or falsehood must be determined by the laws of historical credibility. The views of the modern negative school preclude the possibility of doing so. Upon them we have no history; and all that remains for us is to search out in the general character of the first two centuries illustrations which may help to bring that fact into clearer light. Let us reverse the process; let us examine the Fathers of the early Church as they really were; and it seems to us that there is at least not a little to lead us to a more satisfactory conclusion—that these Fathers were not less interested in the truth than we are, and that in the main they judged of evidence upon the same principles as those upon which men judge of it now.

WILLIAM MILLIGAN.



WHO WAS PERKIN WARBECK?

A GOOD deal of literary ingenuity has been devoted to the story of Perkin Warbeck. His adventures, properly the theme of the historian, have afforded excellent material to the dramatist, the novelist, and the essayist; nor can the most careless reader fail to be impressed with the character which he so long sustained in the face of all the world. Indeed, the boldness of his pretensions, if false, or the strangeness of his fortune, if they were true, must inevitably provoke the mind to speculation; and some of the most acute historical critics have written elaborate treatises on the question of his personality.

On the whole, doubts once started upon a matter of history are difficult altogether to extinguish. Often they will remain, even when the basis on which they were first reared is completely overthrown. The most ingenious advocate of the hypothesis that Warbeck really was the son of Edward IV. was undoubtedly Horace Walpole; but with Walpole this view was only part of a theory about Richard III., which treated the murder of Edward's sons as altogether fictitious. This view has since been found utterly untenable, inasmuch as Warbeck himself, speaking in the character of Richard, Duke of York, expressly states that his brother was murdered, and that orders had been given for his own death also.

Yet apparently some even of the latest investigators have not been able to clear the subject of that misty atmosphere of doubt in which it has been enveloped. To do this, however, we have opportunities now that we had not a few years ago, for researches in the archives of Spain and Venice have lately cast great additional light on Warbeck's history; and I believe we have only to discard less authentic sources of information, including even Lord Bacon's "History of Henry VII.," which has supplied so much of the popular impressions on this subject, and take the story of his adventures as much as possible from contemporary documents, in order to make the whole tolerably clear and satisfactory.

When this has been done, I believe it will appear that the element of mystery was occasioned in the first place, not by any real doubts about Warbeck's personality among those who came in contact with him and had good means of judging, but only from the Macchiavelian character of the public acts of all governments whatever in the latter part of the fifteenth century; or, to use the words of Sir Thomas More, writing a very few years after the death of Henry VII., because "all things were in late days so covertly demeaned, one thing pretended and another meant, that there was nothing so plain and openly proved, but that yet, from the common custom of close and covert dealing, men had it ever inwardly suspect, as many well counterfeit jewels make the true mistrusted." Doubts, indeed, were but the natural fruit of such a policy.

It is not my purpose, however, in the following remarks to offer anything like a logical disproof of Warbeck's pretensions. If any seek for conclusive arguments, or hope that by the aid of new discoveries it will one day be possible to sum up the whole case within the limits of an article like this, I suspect they will be for ever disappointed. The real evidence on most points of history is seldom capable of such a mode of treatment. I purpose, so far as argument goes, to show the case on one side only; to show that though it has often been impugned for what I think insufficient reasons, it is still perfectly consistent with itself and in harmony with every fact that has yet been ascertained; while the many new documents now brought to light not only do not weaken, but even tend to confirm it. For the rest, I will let the facts of Warbeck's career as they appear in the newest sources of information speak for themselves.

Perkin Warbeck was executed as an impostor in the reign of Henry VII. He pretended to be the younger of the two young princes, the sons of Edward IV., who are commonly supposed to have been murdered in the Tower in the days of Richard III. That there were some who really entertained such a belief in his day, it would be idle to dispute; but it appears to me that such a belief, if well

grounded, would have produced more important consequences than it did. Indeed, when one considers the high esteem for birth and rank that has always prevailed in England, it becomes not very easy to believe that a prince of the blood-royal could have secreted himself, or been kept out of sight for years, and been unable afterwards to prove his identity to the satisfaction of his countrymen. What the real story of his adventures was if he was the person he pretended to be, no pen has yet ventured to write and no brain to imagine; but if we admit the common hypothesis that he was an impostor, we have a most minute account of his whole history which I believe it will be found exceedingly difficult to impugn.

To this I may here add one argument that has not been much taken into account. If Warbeck's pretensions were true, he was the brother of Henry's queen. What an act then it must have been in Henry to send him to the gallows! Lord Bacon, indeed, tells us that this king was no very indulgent husband, aversion to the House of York having a place even in his chamber and his bed. But this seems to have been a mere surmise, not founded upon any real evidence. The touching story recorded by some contemporary pen, of the grief of both Henry and his queen on learning of the death of Prince Arthur, and of the consolation which each in turn gave to the other, speaks far more truly of the real cordiality between them.* Can it be supposed that Elizabeth of York was comforted by Henry in her sorrow if her own brother had been put to death by Henry's order?

The account of Warbeck's life, which I believe it will be difficult to impugn, is that contained in his own confession. It is true that a good many stories inconsistent with that confession were circulated even in his own day, and some of these have been adopted by historians in preference to the more authentic narrative. The history of Warbeck was, evidently from the first, the theme of much idle gossip, which had no foundation in fact; while the repeated attempts to explain the marvellous, and combine contradictory testimony, have only, as might be expected, involved the facts of the case in tenfold greater confusion. Each new generation of historians has added something to the tale, until the whole story has become so dressed up in the popular imagination, that it cannot easily be cleared of exaggerations and misstatements.

To arrive at the simple truth, the most hopeful method appears to me first to examine Warbeck's confession by the light of other documents—such as letters written by or about him from day to day in the course of his career—dismissing for a time, or at least keeping

* Leland's "Collectanea," v. 373—4.

in the background, though in view, the evidence of contemporary historians who wrote some years after the facts.

I am aware that Warbeck's confession has been considered open to suspicion as having been uttered when he was in Henry's power. Of course it is easy to imagine that, under such circumstances, it was dictated, so that it only represents what the king said of Warbeck, and not what Warbeck said of himself. Be it so. Let us suppose it was not a voluntary statement, but put into his mouth by Henry. This, then, was the story the king was interested in disseminating; and, indeed, we know from Bernard André* that Henry ordered it to be printed, so that we cannot doubt it served his purpose to make it known.

On the other hand, the minuteness of the particulars it contained, its circumstantial statement of facts, of which many persons then alive must have known the truth or falsehood, are to my mind very strong evidence in its favour. In the first place, let it be remarked that Warbeck in this confession speaks of both his parents in the present tense as persons who were then alive and quite well known:—"My father's name is John Osbeck, which said John Osbeck" (it is added, perhaps by the chronicler, in a parenthesis) "was controller of the said town of Tournay; and my mother's name is Katherine de Faro." Now, it so happens, as will be seen in the course of this paper, that we have distinct and separate testimony from other sources, on more than one occasion during his career, to the fact of both Warbeck's parents being then alive. Moreover, his birth and connections were not altogether obscure. If correctly stated in the confession, they must have been known to many English merchants who traded with the Low Countries; for the confession goes on to give the names of both his grandfathers (one of whom, it is stated, kept the keys of St. John's, at Tournay), an uncle, and other relations. His paternal grandmother had married a Peter Flamme, who was Receiver of the town of Tournay, and Dean of the boatmen on the Scheld. While yet a boy, he was taken by his mother to Antwerp to learn Flemish, and stayed half a year with a cousin named John Stienbeck, an officer of the town; after which he was compelled to return to Tournay by reason of the wars in Flanders, probably in the year 1483 or 1484. From this date he gives a minute account of his time for about three years, during which he was placed in service under different masters at Antwerp and at Middelburgh. At Middelburgh he was placed with a merchant named John Strewe, "for to learn the language," and remained with him from Christmas to Easter. He afterwards went into Portugal with the wife of Sir Edward Brampton, an adherent of the

* Memorials of Henry VII., p. 73.

House of York. He remained a year in that country in the service of a knight named Peter Vacz de Cognia, "which said knight," he tells us, "had but one eye." Afterwards, desiring to see other countries, he took leave of him and entered the service of a Breton merchant named Pregent Meno, who in the course of time brought him to Ireland. There, we are told, the citizens of Cork, seeing him dressed in the silk clothes of his master (probably the goods in which his master traded), insisted on doing him honour as a member of the Royal House of York. At first they made him out to be the son of Clarence, who had been in Ireland before; but he refused to acknowledge it, and took oath to the contrary before the Mayor of Cork. Then they said he was a bastard of King Richard III., but this, too, he denied. At last they insisted that he was the Duke of York, son of Edward IV., and bade him not fear to assume the character, for they were determined to be revenged on the king of England. "And so," adds Perkin, "against my will they made me to learn English, and taught me what I should do and say."

Such is the story of Warbeck's early life as contained in the confession. Walpole urges, as one objection to it, that it makes Perkin learn English twice over. It is not, however, perfectly clear that English was the language he was sent to learn at Middelburgh in the service of John Strewe; but even if it was, the objection has very little force. So far as we can judge from the chronology, Perkin must have been a boy of about ten or eleven when he was sent to Middelburgh; and whatever knowledge of English he may have picked up during the short time he remained there, "from Christmas till Easter," he may well have required to learn it over again in Ireland in 1491, when he must have been about seventeen.* In this therefore, as in other things, notwithstanding Walpole's objections, the confession appears to me thoroughly consistent, not only with itself, but with all the best sources of information we possess. It is commonly supposed that the king found considerable difficulty in tracing out Warbeck's real name and origin; but we shall see presently that from a pretty early period in his career the facts had been ascertained just as they were stated in his confession. At what precise time he first appeared in Ireland we have no means of ascertaining, but it was probably in the year 1491. In Ireland he wrote letters to the Earls of Desmond and Kildare, which both Lord Bacon and the historian Ware mention as extant in their day, soliciting their assistance to his cause. He also wrote, in conjunc-

* It appears from evidence cited by Sir Fred. Madden (*Archæol.*, xxvii. 161), that the Duke of York was born on the 17th August, 1472. Warbeck, however, supposed the character he was personating to have been not quite nine years old in 1483; which, we may presume, nearly tallied with his own age.

tion with Desmond, to the King of Scots, and their messenger arrived at the court of James IV. on the 2nd March, 1492.* His success in Ireland at this time, however, is not known to have been marked by any particular incident. In England it is highly probable that no one knew anything about it. Next year Kildare denied that he for his part had given any countenance to "the French lad," as he called the pretender.† It would almost seem that Perkin's learning of English, after all, had not obliterated every trace of a foreign accent.

It was in Ireland, however, that Perkin learned his part. The Duchess of Burgundy, no doubt, soon found him to be a useful instrument against Henry VII., but the elaborate training he is said to have received from her to enable him to personate the Duke of York to perfection must be attributed to the imaginations of historians. Lord Bacon assures us that she instructed him carefully in the family history of Edward IV., and in everything that concerned the Duke of York, whom he was to personate; that she described to him "the personages, lineaments, and features of the king and queen, his pretended parents; and of his brother and sisters, and divers others that were nearest to him in childhood, together with all passages, some secret, some common, that were fit for a child's memory, until the death of King Edward." Further, if we are to believe Lord Bacon, she told him all about the death of his father Edward IV., his own imprisonment with his brother in the Tower, the murder of the latter, and his own escape; gave him "a smooth and likely tale of those matters, warning him not to vary from it;" and finally taught him "how to avoid sundry captious and tempting questions which were like to be asked of him."

It is certainly astonishing how far the imagination of Lord Bacon was capable of carrying him. He seems to have set it down in his own mind as a thing not to be questioned, that Warbeck, if he was not actually the true Duke of York, acted the character so well that he could impose upon good judges; and one would think he suspected that the pretender may have borne some personal resemblance to Edward IV.,‡ to account for which he first mistakes a circumstance mentioned in a contemporary history, and then builds upon it a conjecture of his own. The alleged circumstance was that King Edward was Perkin's godfather; the conjecture which he hazards

* See Extracts from the Treasurer's Accounts of Scotland in Letters, &c., Ric. III. and Hen. VII., ii. 326.

† Letters, &c., Ric. III. and Hen. VII., ii. 55.

‡ Lord Bacon does not indeed *say* this, but what he does say suggests it so strongly that Walpole may be almost pardoned for the assumption which he makes, without the vestige of any other authority for it, that Perkin's likeness to Edward IV. could not be denied by his contemporaries!

is, "that he might, indeed, have in him some base blood of the House of York,"—in fact, that he may have been really Edward's son, though not the prince he passed himself off for. All this is utterly baseless. There is, indeed, in one contemporary writer a story, which does not very well agree with the confession, that Perkin was brought up in England by a converted Jew, to whom Edward IV. had stood godfather. Even this is probably but an idle tale. But there is no proof whatever that Warbeck really deceived any one who had known Edward IV.'s family, or, indeed, any man who could speak English. That he may have been tutored by the Lady Margaret is quite possible; and, indeed, this is stated by a writer as near the time as Polydore Virgil, who came to England in the days of Henry VII., though not till some years after Warbeck's death. But the training he received from her must have been after he had already made his *début* as Duke of York in Ireland; it was not preparatory to his assumption of the character.

In 1492, war having broken out between England and France, Charles VIII. invited Perkin to Paris, where he received him as a royal prince, and gave him a guard of honour commanded by the *Sieur de Concessault*. He was joined in France by Sir George Nevil and a number of other disaffected Yorkists; but the fact of his receiving French support was not much calculated to advance his cause in England. Henry made a brief campaign in France, besieged Boulogne, and soon drove the French king to sue for peace on terms so advantageous to England, that Henry had great reason to congratulate himself on his success. On the peace being made, Perkin was dismissed from France. Charles certainly had not gained the smallest advantage by his attempt to set up a pretender to the crown of England.

It was then that Perkin betook himself to the Low Countries, and was received by the Duchess of Burgundy as her nephew; and it is from this time that he begins to be of any political significance at all. That he received some education from Margaret in the usages of courts is what we might presume without being informed of it; and whatever information she was able to give him about Edward IV. and his court was doubtless freely imparted. It could not, however, have been very much, as she herself (although, as pointed out by Nicolas,* she had paid her brother's court a visit in 1480) had now been resident out of England for five-and-twenty years, and her nephew, even if he had been alive, was only twenty-one. Still, under the protection of the Archduke Philip, and of the Emperor Maximilian, his father, she was able not only to receive the young man with all the honour becoming a prince of England, but also to maintain at her court a con-

* *Wardrobe Accounts of Edward IV.*, Preface, p. xi.

siderable number of the devoted adherents of the House of York—of men who had either been outlawed in England, or who had cause to dread or to dislike the government of Henry.

It was not likely that a Tudor would view all this with indifference. Least of all was Henry VII. the man to allow such a combination to gather strength and take him by surprise. Accordingly, before the pretender had been many months at the court of Margaret, Henry wrote the following letter to Sir Gilbert Talbot:—

“Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well. And not forgetting the great malice that the Lady Margaret of Burgoigne beareth continually against us, as she showed lately in sending hither of a feigned boy (*i.e.*, Lambert Simnel), surmising him to have been the son of the Duke of Clarence, and caused him to be accompanied with the Earl of Lincoln, the Lord Lovel, and with a great multitude of Irishmen and of Almains, whose end—blessed be God!—was as ye know well. And foreseeing now the perseverance of the same her malice by the untrue contriving eftsoons of another feigned lad called Perkin Warbeck, born at Tournay, in Picardy, which at his first [going] into Ireland called himself the bastard son of King Richard; after that the son of the said Duke of Clarence; and now the second son of our father, King Edward the Fourth, whom God assoile. Wherethorough she intendeth, by promising unto the Flemings, and other of the Archduke’s obeisance, to whom she laboreth daily to take her way, and, by her promise to certain aliens captains of estrange nations, to have duchies, counties, baronies, and other lands, within this our realm, to induce them thereby to land here, to the destruction and disinheritance of the noblemen and other our subjects the inhabitants of the same, and, finally, to the subversion of this our realm, in case she may attain to her malicious purpose—that God defend! We, therefore, and to the intent that we may be always purveyed and in areadiness to resist her malice, write unto you at this time; and wol and desire you that—preparing on horseback, defensibly arrayed, fourscore persons, whereof we desire you to make as many spears, with their custrels and demilances, well horsed as ye can furnish, and the remainder to be archers and bills—ye be thoroughly appointed and ready to come, upon a day’s warning, for to do us service of war in this case. And ye shall have for every horseman well and defensibly arrayed, that is to say, for a spear and his custrel, twelvecence, a demilance, ninpence, and an archer or bill on horseback, eightpence, by the day, from the time of your coming out unto the time of your return to your home again. And thus doing ye shall deserve such thanks of us for your loving and true acquittal in that behalf as shall be to your weal and honor for time to come. We pray you herein ye wol make such diligence as that ye be ready, with your said number to come unto us upon any our sudden warning. Given under our signet, at our castle of Kenilworth, the 20th day of July.”

I have been at some pains to ascertain the exact year in which this letter was written, and by an examination of the wardrobe accounts of Henry VII. in the Record Office, I find that the king was at Kenilworth on Saturday, the 20th July, in the eighth year of his reign, that is to say, in the year 1493. By the same evidence, joined with that of his privy purse expenses, I am justified in saying

that he was *not* at Kenilworth on the 20th July, in 1494 or 1495, the only other years when this letter could possibly have been written; although, indeed, from the contents of the letter itself, we might imagine that it was not so late. Thus the evidence is quite conclusive that Henry had ascertained Warbeck's name, origin, and history, as early as the year 1493—or at least that he reported to Sir Gilbert Talbot in that year substantially the same account of the pretender which the latter gave of himself in his confession four years afterwards. That the young man was really a native of Tournay, that his true name was Perkin Warbeck or Osbeck (the former, doubtless, merely such a corruption as Englishmen often made of Flemish names), and that when he first appeared in Ireland as a scion of York, he was fitted with two totally different characters before he finally passed himself off for a son of Edward IV:—all this Henry declared from the first, and never varied from the tale.

About the same time as he wrote this letter to Sir Gilbert Talbot, the king sent Sir Edward Poynings and Dr. Warham (who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) in embassy to the Archduke Philip, to remonstrate on the countenance given to the pretender. The council of the young archduke, who was then only fifteen years of age, made answer that their master would preserve the peace with England, but that he could not interfere with the Duchess Dowager of Burgundy, who was free to do what she pleased within the lands of her dowry. This answer was a mere subterfuge, the council being evidently bent on supporting the adventurer underhand. The king did not conceal his displeasure, and took his revenge by a prohibition of commercial intercourse with Flanders, banishing all Flemings from England, recalling the Merchants Adventurers from Antwerp, and setting up a mart for English cloth (in which the trade with Flanders chiefly consisted) at Calais, instead of in the Low Countries.

It was the best policy that it was possible to adopt. Henry's throne was never so secure that he could afford to declare war, even if he had wished it, unless he was sure, as in the case of France, of having the whole nation at his back. Besides, the Low Countries, far more than any other State in Europe, except, perhaps, Venice and Genoa, were governed by the power of the purse. It was they who could keep princes, dukes, and emperors submissive to their will by that salutary device, so much admired in later times, of granting or withholding the supplies; and the real way to act upon Philip and Maximilian was to visit, if possible, upon the pockets of the Flemings, the penalty of this attempt to disturb the throne of Henry. There was one drawback, certainly, to such a mode of procedure. In spite of the establishment of a new mart at Calais, it punished merchants in England as well as in the Low Countries;

but even this, perhaps, did no great harm to the king, as it taught his subjects that they had an interest in preventing factious combinations. It was, however, pretty sorely felt, especially as there was in the city of London a body of foreign merchants, who, just because they were not Englishmen, were at liberty still to carry on the forbidden trade. This was the Easterlings, or merchants of the Hanse. By charters, granted to them by several of our kings, they were possessed of various privileges; they had been formed into a corporation, and had their own guildhall and factory, called the Steelyard, on the banks of the Thames, not far from the present Southwark Bridge. No wonder, then, that at this time they drew upon themselves a great deal of civic hatred, which was not long in showing itself in acts of violence. The London apprentices, many of whom could no longer find employment, attacked the Steelyard, and robbed the warehouses of the Easterlings. With difficulty the merchants succeeded in turning them out, and barring the gates of the factory in their faces. The place was riotously besieged; but those within obtained help from over the water. A number of carpenters and smiths landed from boats, and secured the gates of the stronghold; and shortly afterwards the riot was quelled by the appearance of the Lord Mayor and magistrates.

It was about this time that Warbeck wrote a letter to Queen Isabella, desiring the support of Spain. Margaret of Burgundy was doubtless well aware that Isabella had long ago been anxious for an alliance with the House of York, and probably thought her pupil would gain more from an application to her than to her consort, Ferdinand of Arragon. In this letter Perkin declares that he had already been countenanced by the King of France, the Duchess of Burgundy, the King of the Romans, and his son the Archduke of Austria, the Duke of Saxony, and the Kings of Denmark and Scotland. He also gives an account of his adventures, in the course of which he says he was nearly nine years old (instead of eleven) when his brother, Edward V., was murdered; that the man appointed to do the same for him had had compassion on him, and sent him abroad, after exacting from him a solemn oath not to reveal his name or lineage for a certain number of years. He adds that he had led a miserable, wandering life for about eight years; had been in Portugal and in Ireland, and that in the latter country he had been joyfully received by his "cousins," the Earls of Desmond and Kildare; and he promises the Spanish sovereigns that if ever restored to his kingdom he would continue in closer alliance with them than ever King Edward did. All this was very well, but it did not induce Ferdinand and Isabella (who really wished for stability in the affairs of England) to give him their support. The letter was endorsed by

the Spanish Secretary, Almazan, as "from Richard, who calls himself King of England."*

Warbeck remained in the Low Countries about two years and a half, supported by Maximilian and Philip, but doing little harm to Henry. The French king, seeing that some expedition against England was intended, offered Henry the assistance of his navy, to protect the kingdom; but Henry assured him that the matter of the *garçon*, as he called Perkin, was so contemptible, that there was no need to take any special measures against it—every person of any consequence in England knew well that he was an impostor, a native of Tournay, and the son of a boatman.† Nevertheless, Henry did not feel so perfectly secure at home that he could afford to overlook any symptoms of disaffection within his own kingdom. Suddenly he caused to be arrested Lord Fitzwalter, Sir Simon Mountford, and others, who were all put on their trial for treason, found guilty, and condemned. Three of them were immediately sent to the block; Lord Fitzwalter was conveyed to Calais, and beheaded, after attempting to escape; the rest were pardoned. Pardons were also granted to William Worseley, Dean of St. Paul's, and two Dominican friars, who had favoured the conspiracy. Meanwhile a more important person was accused of having in some way countenanced it. This was Sir William Stanley, the Lord Chamberlain, to whose conduct at Bosworth Field the king was indebted for his crown. The manner in which he was informed against by Sir Robert Clifford, who either went over to Flanders as a spy in the king's service, or soon consented to become one, is sufficiently well known; as is also the fact that Stanley's great services, and even relationship to the royal family (for he was brother-in-law to the king's mother), did not save him from the penalty of treason.

On the subject of these arrests and the nature of Stanley's complicity we have no new light. We have, however, some interesting notices of Henry VII.'s mode of dealing with treason in this and other cases. An anonymous informer, who seems to have been the original cause of the Duke of Buckingham's fall, in Henry VIII.'s time, speaking of the accusations against that nobleman, says: "The king that dead is, whom God pardon! would handle such a cause circumspectly, and with convenient diligence for inveigling, and y. † not disclose it, to the party nor otherwise, by a great space after, but keep it to himself, and always grope further, having ever good await and espial to the party. I am sure his Highness knew of the untrue mind and treason compassed against him by Sir William

* Archæol., xxvii. 199. Mr. Bergenroth informs us that the hand of the endorsement is Almazan's.

† Archæol., xxvii. 165.

Stanley, and divers other great men, two or three years before that he laid it to their charge, and kept it secret, and always gathered upon them more and more." *

Henry, however, while always awake to suspicion, and taking full note of everything he heard, never seems to have encouraged informers. On one occasion, when some dangerous political conversations were reported in the Council of Calais, some remarked, "It were good that the king's grace knew these sayings." To which Sir Hugh Conway replied, "If ye knew King Harry, our master, as I do, ye would beware how ye brake to him in any such matters, for he would take it to be said but of envy, ill-will, and malice. Then should any one have blame and no thank for his truth and good mind; and that I have well proved heretofore in like causes." He then proceeded to state that when he told the king of Lord Lovell's disaffection, of which he had obtained the knowledge himself by taking oath not to name his informant, the king insisted that it could not be so, and, at last, asking him from whom he heard it, was exceedingly displeased with him that he would not tell. On this the deputy rejoined that he well knew the king was hard of belief in such matters, and that it was long before he would credit the reports against Sir James Tyrell. Moreover, he had written once to the king that Sir Robert Clifford told a lady at Calais that Perkin Warbeck was King Edward's son. "Never words," said the deputy, "went colder to my heart than they did. His highness sent me sharp writing again, that he would have the proofs of this matter. I had no witness then but myself; but, as it happened afterwards, I caused him by good craft to confess the same he had said to me before him that was marshall here at that time; and else I had likely to be put to a great plunge for my truth." †

From this view of Henry VII.'s character and policy it is not unreasonable to suppose that the arrest of Sir William Stanley was a measure intended to disconcert some special projects which at that particular time had gathered to a head. Whatever may have been Stanley's connection with the plot, it seems to have been the opinion that the king knew quite as much of it long before he was informed by Clifford, nor is it likely that the latter would have ventured to accuse so great a person as the Lord Chamberlain if he had not been encouraged by the king beforehand. Moreover, I have lately met with a notice of a very curious document, which seems to give considerable probability to the view I have just ventured to bring forward, besides affording what I cannot help thinking very strong evidence indeed that Perkin Warbeck was not the person he said he

* Brewer's "Letters, &c., of Henry VIII., vol. iii., Preface, p. cxiii.

† Letters, &c., Ric. III. and Hen. VII., vol. i. pp. 234—5.

was. The document to which I refer is described as follows in an inventory of MSS. of the late George Joseph Gérard, Chief Secretary of the Académie Royale des Sciences et des Belles Lettres de Bruxelles:—

No. 75. "Litteræ Richardi Regis Angliæ et Hiberniæ quibus transfert, remittit et donat Philippo Archiduci Austriæ regna Angliæ et Hiberniæ. 24 Januarii, 1494."*

The date of this document, 24th January, 1494, or, according to the modern computation, 1495, was not very long after the arrest of Sir William Stanley, and just before the trials both of himself and the other persons arrested.† Not having the original before us, for which I have made inquiry without success, we ought, perhaps, to use a *précis* like this with caution; but what else can be its purport than that Warbeck, in the character of Richard, King of England and Ireland, made over his kingdoms of England and Ireland to the Archduke Philip? It was pretty easy to give away on parchment what was not his own; and it did seem, no doubt, worth while to the House of Austria to support the pretensions of one who had promised to give up his kingdom to the archduke as soon as he should obtain it. But would any real heir to the crown of England have parted with his dominions thus? It may, however, be reasonably conjectured that at this time, when the pretender formally gave over to Philip the kingdom which he had not obtained, preparations had been pretty far advanced for an invasion of England. And as we may be very well assured that any such plans were not matured without the connivance of a certain number of persons in England, we may very well believe with Lord Bacon that the executions of Sir William Stanley and the others "did extremely quail the design of Perkin and his complices,"—most probably postponed the invasion four or five months. English sympathy with Perkin was, at all events, considerably abated. As for Margaret and Maximilian, and the Archduke's Council, what could they do, if not intrigue? They had taken upon themselves the support of the young man's pretensions, and though he was, it seems, a considerable expense to them, they could not well get rid of him without some effort to get up an expedition in his behalf. They therefore left no means untried to bring additional strength to the pretender's cause; and we find that Margaret shortly after this, viz., on the 8th

* See Comptes Rendus des Séances de la Commission Royale d'Histoire de Bruxelles, i. 276.

† According to a contemporaneous chronicle in MSS., Cott. Vitell. A. xvi., f. 152, an oyer and terminer was held at the Guildhall on the 29th January and two days following, at which were arraigned the Dean of St. Paul's, the Provincial of the Black Friars, and others, including Sir Simon Mountford and a servant of Lord Fitzwalter's. Sir William Stanley was arraigned in the King's Bench on the Friday after, which would be the 6th February. Of the date of Lord Fitzwalter's trial we are not informed.

May, 1495, made a formal appeal to the Pope in behalf of her supposed nephew.* With temporal and with spiritual arms she invoked Heaven and earth to aid him.

At last the conspiracy was ripe. The adventurer had made over to Philip his pretended kingdom as a condition of being allowed to act the part of king. The duchess had appealed to the Pope in favour of her pretended nephew. An expedition against England had been fitted out at so great an expense to Maximilian that, as he himself explained, he was unable to attend so soon as he had wished a Diet of the empire, which he himself had called.†

The expedition sailed, and the Low Countries, Philip, and Maximilian, all stood on the tiptoe of expectation as to the result. The foolish Maximilian was the most sanguine of the three, and he was not left without false rumours to feed his vain imagination. News was received at Mechlin, and cagerly forwarded to Worms, where he was staying, that the landing had been effected, and that the Duke of York had actually been received in England by several of his adherents.‡ The joy of Maximilian knew no bounds, and looking upon England as already won, he was busy speculating about the next move. "With regard to the Duke of York," he said to the Venetian ambassadors, "we entertain great hopes that after obtaining the kingdom of England he will soon attack the King of France; and to this effect have we received every promise and certainty from the duke aforesaid."§ Six days later he had a different tale to tell, but even then he was far from giving up hope. He now informed the ambassadors that the Duke of York "had arrived with his fleet in the neighbourhood of London, and that, not having found the population well disposed towards him at the spot where he was most anxious to land and attack the hostile army, he had removed to another part of the island; though he, nevertheless, gave hopes that his affairs would prosper." ||

The fact was that the whole thing was a miserable failure. Warbeck and his fleet appeared off the coast of Kent, near Deal, on Friday, the 3rd of July, and some of his troops disembarked. The country-people, however, rose in arms and attacked them with such hearty good-will, that as many as could escape alive from their hands were glad to take refuge in their ships again. It is stated in the *Chronicles* that one hundred and sixty of Warbeck's men were taken prisoners; but if the report of the action forwarded by the Spanish ambassadors may be relied on, no less than one hundred and fifty of the invading force were slain, and only eighty were taken prisoners.

* "Memorials of Henry VII.," 393.

† Brown's "Venetian Calendar," 648.

‡ *Ib.*, 650.

§ *Ib.*, 649.

|| *Ib.*, 651.

Nor is this altogether improbable; for the country-people, animated by a thorough hatred of the invaders, and acting, as it would seem, in concert, tried to allure as many as possible to land. Perkin's company, a motley crew of the vagabonds of every nation,* inspired them with not the least alarm; and though not a single soldier of the king came in time to give them assistance, they thought only how to ensnare and punish as many of the enemy as possible. They encouraged each other by a report that the king was coming; "and as for this fellow," they said, "he may go back to his father and mother who live in France, and are well known there." †

Perkin did not go back to his father and mother, but he departed. Although he sent so many men on shore, he had taken good care not to land himself; and when, after a time, he had no tidings of those who had left the ships, his suspicions were aroused, and he resolved to leave them to their fate. He accordingly weighed anchor once more, and proceeded on his voyage. Of the wretches whom he thus abandoned, the greater number paid at once the full penalty of their temerity. Those who were taken were brought to London by Sir John Peachey, sheriff of Kent, "railed in ropes like horses drawing in a cart." ‡

The contemptible issue of so much preparation appears to have gone far to discredit Warbeck's pretensions, if indeed there were any who seriously believed in them. At least, Ferdinand, who had received letters from him, and who, it is just conceivable, though he discouraged the correspondence, may not have thought his pretensions absolutely incredible, seems at once to have perceived how ill the story of this abortive attempt accorded with the character of a true Plantagenet. "We now tell you," wrote Ferdinand and Isabella

* Hall says they were "a great army of valiant captains of all nations, some bankrupts, some false English sanctuary men, some thieves, robbers, and vagabonds, which leaving their bodily labour, desiring only to live of robbery and rapine, came to be his servants and soldiers."

† "Con todo fueron presos e muertos ciento e cinquenta, presos ochenta, y entrellos ocho capitanes, e los dos dellos Españoles. El uno se llama Don Fulano de Guevara (dizen que es hermano o sobrino de Don Ladron), e el otro capitan llamase Diego el Coxo y el apellido que todos los pueblos decian que viniese el Rey y que aquel se fuese a su padre a su madre que si viven e son conocidos en Francia."—(In all there were taken and killed one hundred and fifty, taken [alive] eighty, and among them eight captains, of whom two were Spaniards. One is called Don Fulano de Guevara (they say he is a brother or nephew of Don Ladron), and the other is called by the nickname of Diego the Lame. And all the villagers said the king would come, and that this fellow might go to his father and mother who live in France, and are well known [there].)—De Puebla to Ferdinand and Isabella, 19 July, 1495. I have given this passage in the original Spanish with my own translation, because Mr. Bergenroth's interpretation of it (see his "Calendar," p. 59) seems to me inaccurate. It is quite true that there is a grammatical confusion in the original, but the sense is to my mind perfectly clear.

‡ Hall.

confidentially to their ambassador, "that as for the affair of him who calls himself duke, we hold it for a jest."*

Warbeck directed his course to Ireland. In less than three weeks he was with the Earl of Desmond in Munster. With a fleet of eleven ships, some of which appear to have been supplied by Scotland—at least one of them, which was captured by the English, bore the very Scotch name of the *Keek-out* (i.e., the Spy)—he sailed up the harbour of Waterford, while his allies laid siege to the town by land. Waterford was naturally marked for attack, as being the most loyal town in Ireland. It was the one place in the whole country which, during the rebellion of Lambert Simnel, had held out for the king. The siege was begun on the 23rd of July, and was carried on with great vigour for eleven days. The citizens made a gallant defence, and several successful sallies; while their cannon, planted on Reginald's Tower—the old Danish fort, which still remains—beat in the side of one of the enemy's ships. At last, on the 3rd of August, Warbeck and his friends found it necessary to raise the siege. The adventurer managed to withdraw in safety, but more than one of his vessels fell into the hands of the king's party.† Soon after this Warbeck seems to have found that it was no use remaining longer in Ireland, for he once more set sail and came to Scotland.‡

The king and people of Scotland, or at all events a considerable number of them, were already prepared to receive him with open arms. It was only natural that they should lay hold of such a handle for stirring up trouble in England, and from the first appearance of the adventurer they had held communication with him, as they had done even before that time with the Duchess of Burgundy and the disaffected Yorkists.§ Even as early as the beginning of

* "Aqui os diximos lo de aquel que se llama Duque tenemos por burla." Mr. Bergenroth seems to have understood the word *burla* (a jest) as an epithet applied by the writer to Perkin himself, and has translated it *impostor* (p. 67). This error is a little surprising, as Mr. Bergenroth, in his preface to this volume, has expressed it as his belief that Ferdinand and Isabella did *not* consider Perkin an impostor (p. lxxxiv). I think, however, the words just quoted, though they do not absolutely express, must be taken to imply a most unfavourable opinion of Warbeck's pretensions.

† Smith's "Ancient and Present State of Waterford," 134. Ryland's "History of Waterford," pp. 30, 31. Letters, &c. Ric., III. and Hen. VII., ii. 299. For the description of the siege we are mainly indebted to the two former works, where, however, it is inaccurately referred to the year 1497. Warbeck did visit Ireland in that year as well as 1495; but instead of being aided by Desmond on the second occasion, he was nearly captured by him. Smith, who quotes as his authority a Clogher MS., says the rebels had also the aid of the Earl of Lincoln—which is either an error for Kildare, or is due to some confusion between the accounts of Warbeck's appearance in Ireland and Simnel's.

‡ About the end of October there was a report spread in England that he had been taken prisoner. See Berg., i. 73 n.

§ See Tyler's "Hist. of Scotland," Third Edit., iii. 475 n.

the year 1492, when Perkin was first in Ireland, we find that an Englishman, named Edward Ormond, had conveyed letters from him to the King of Scots.* And it would seem that even when he left Flanders it had been arranged that he should have some assistance from Scotland; for about the time of his attempt at Deal, preparations were already making there to help him with men and money. The burgh of Aberdeen was taxed to supply one month's pay at five shillings and fourpence a day, for the support of eight Englishmen in his service; the burgesses at the same time petitioning the king "to remain at hame fra the weir to defend the toune fra our aul inemyis of Ingland." Two months later, on the 9th September, they voted a tax or "propin" to the king in consideration of a license given them "to remain at hame fra the passago in Ingland, in fortificing and supleing of the prince of Ingland, Richard Duke of York."† On his arrival, James determined to receive him at Stirling. The Treasurer's accounts of Scotland, preserved in the Register House at Edinburgh, speak of payments for the carriage of arras work from Edinburgh to Stirling, in preparation for his reception, which took place on the 27th of November, 1495. A good many other items of the royal expenditure on this occasion invite the attention of the curious. The material of "a pair of hose to the prince," of "risillis blak," was purchased for thirty-five shillings:‡ the lining and "points" added to it cost five shillings more; and twenty shillings were paid for "half ane elne of purpou dammas to begare the sammyn"—that is to say, to embellish it with stripes. Equally minute are the items touching a "hogtoun" or cassock for the prince "against the tourney," "a pair of arming hose," a "spousing gown," a great coat, and various other articles both for his own personal use and for that of his attendants on the occasion.§

Shortly after this festivity we find arrangements made for a meeting between the king and the supposed prince at Perth, at which the northern lords were summoned to attend; and messengers were sent to the most distant parts of the kingdom with letters of "wappin schawing,"—in other words, to order the inhabitants to be ready for military service. Possibly more than one attempt was made against England—though not, I should think, more than one in which Perkin himself took part—before his final departure from Scotland, nearly two years after he entered it, in July, 1497. But it is difficult to fix dates, or account for all his doings exactly during

* See *Letters, &c.*, Ric. III. and Hen. VII., vol. ii. pp. 326—7.

† Extracts from the Council Registers of the Burgh of Aberdeen, p. 57. Published by the Spalding Club.

‡ It must be remembered, of course, that all these sums are in Scotch money.

§ *Letters, &c.*, Ric. III. and Hen. VII., ii. 327—9.

this period. It was probably not very long after his arrival that he married the Scotch king's kinswoman, Catherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntley; but the Treasurer's accounts contain no allusion to that event. From them, however, we gather that Warbeck was with the king on St. Nicolas' day (the 6th of December), when both made offerings in church; and that they were together in Edinburgh on Candlemas-day (2nd February), in 1496. After that, these accounts are silent about him for a month or two; and it would almost appear, from a notice in those of William Hattecliff, Under-Treasurer of Ireland, that he made another descent on Munster in the spring;* from which he must have very soon returned.

In June, Lyon Herald was sent by James IV. to England, probably with demands which, being refused, were to serve as a pretext for aggression; and in June, July, and August, men were busy about iron-work and wheels for the artillery.†

To some observers the crisis certainly looked momentous. The Venetian ambassadors in London reported to the Signory that Henry was in danger of being driven from his kingdom.‡ But the Venetians were not noted for shrewdness. All that came of these preparations seems to have been a tiny raid in the month of September. On the 10th of that month we have a payment "for 200 of gold party to the Duke of York's standard; on the 14th, a sum of fourteen shillings for the Duke of York's offering, and a present of £36 in his purse by the king's command." On the 21st, "at Coldstream, when the Duke of York come hame," there was a further sum of £74 8s., also given to him by the king's command. Between the last two dates an invasion of England had been pre-arranged to take place, and it may be presumed did take place.

But the King of England, in fact, was not unprepared. He had in Scotland a spy and a useful instrument in the person of John Ramsay, Lord Bothwell, who had been a favourite of James III., and who seems to have cherished a feeling of secret ill-will to the reigning king, James IV., on account of his rebellion against his father. A few years before this, he had entered into an engagement with Henry VII. to capture the Scotch king and his brother, the Duke of Ross, and deliver them into the King of England's hands. Although he never succeeded in this, he seems now to have been on the watch for an opportunity of seizing Perkin Warbeck; about

* The entry in question is in Easter term, 11 Hen. VII., for two horses delivered to one John Wyse, which he lost, "eo quod Perkyannus Warbec hac vice applicuit in partibus illis cum rebellibus domini Regis."

† Letters, &c., Ric. III. and Hen. VII., ii. 329, 330.

‡ Brown's "Calendar of Venetian State Papers," i., No. 707.

whom, though he does not mention his name, he was evidently speaking when he wrote to Henry VII. as follows:—

“Please your Grace, anent the matter that Master Wyot laid to me, I have been busy about it, and my lord of Buchan takes upon him the fulfilling of it, gif it be possible; and thinks best now, in this lang night within his tent to enterprise the matter: for he has na watch but the king’s appointed to be about him; and they have ordanit the Englishmen and strangers to be at another quarter lugit* (lodged) but a few about him.”†

Nor was Bothwell altogether without hopes of decoying the king’s brother into England. “I passed to St. Andrew’s,” he says, in the same letter, “and commenced with the king’s brother, and gave him the cross-bow,”—evidently a gift from Henry VII. “He commends his service humbly to your Grace, and says he intends to do your Grace service, and will not, for aught the king can do, come to this host against your Grace. And now my Lord of Murray passeth over to him, gif the king comes to this journey, as I doubt not he will, in contrar his baronry’s wills and all his hail peplen, and my lord will solicit this young prince to come to your Grace.”‡

In a second letter, written just a week before the intended invasion, Bothwell tells the King of England he had been urging both the King of Scots and the nobles to abandon “this feigned boy,” as he calls Perkin, and remain in amity with England; but that James had made answer he would first have “such things concluded as my Lord of Durham came for;” otherwise he and his army would muster at Ellam Kirk, within ten miles of the border, on the 15th September, with Perkin in his company. He adds that their forces amounted to 1,400 men of all nations, and would enter England on the 17th of the month; and that to reimburse the Scotch king his costs, Perkin had engaged to pay 50,000 marks in two years, and deliver up Berwick to the English. He then relates the particulars of some embassies received by the King of Scots, on which we shall have to remark presently, and concludes by exhorting Henry not to let slip the opportunity of striking a heavy blow against Scotland. King Edward IV., he reminded him, never had the perfect love of his people till he made war on Scotland. The Scotch king had been obliged to coin his chains and plate for money; and never were people worse pleased with their king’s government than James’s subjects were. With a good fleet the English might now destroy all the havens and shipping in the country, as all the shipmen and inhabitants “passed with the king by land.” Edinburgh Castle was but poorly provided with artillery; Bothwell had taken stock of all

* Printed “ingt” by Ellis, which is not very intelligible.

† Ellis’s “Letters,” First Series, i., 22. ‡ *Ib.*

the guns it contained, and he sent the brief inventory to the King of England. As for the invasion, he felt sure that in four or five nights the Scots would be glad to return home, "weary for watching and for lack of victuals;" and he suggested how it would be easy to cut off their retreat.* All this did he report and advise without a scruple about abusing confidence or betraying his own king's country!

It may be concluded that Bothwell's anticipations were tolerably accurate. That the Scots did enter England on the 17th September, and that they were glad to return in a very few days, seems to be proved by the notice above referred to in the Treasurer's accounts of Scotland, of "the Duke of York" having "come home" to Coldstream on the 21st. In fact, we have no doubt this is the date of the raid mentioned by the chroniclers when James entered England with Perkin in his company. We are told that they committed great ravages, burning towns, robbing houses, and killing men and children; but not having by these means allured any of the inhabitants to join them, Perkin, it seems, expressed on his return some compunction for the rough measures they had adopted, reproached himself with cruelty towards "his own" subjects, and entreated the Scotch king no more to afflict "his" people. The request was humane, but does not seem to have been accounted princely. The old chroniclers make merry over his "ridiculous mercy and foolish compassion." "James," they tell us, "saw which way the wind blew," told Perkin that he took a great deal of pains to preserve the realm of another prince, and twitted him with the fact that though he called England his country, not a single Englishman would join him in it.†

Whether James really saw "which way the wind blew," or still believed in Perkin, it is certain that he never acknowledged he had been deceived, but continued to speak of the adventurer as Duke of York years after he had paid the penalty of his pretensions on the gallows. In the same spirit it was that, though he dismissed Perkin at last, he steadily refused to give him up to the King of England. Right or wrong, he was not one, I imagine, to desert the man he had once befriended. Nor did he, after Perkin's return, cease to molest England both by sea and land; for on the 15th October we find £2 given towards the expense of sending some of his English followers to the sea,‡ and next year, even after Warbeck's departure from Scotland, James went and besieged Norham Castle.

There must have been a good deal of wilfulness in this course if it was really, as Bothwell said, against the minds of nearly all his

* Ellis, First Series, i. 25—31.

† Hall.

‡ Letters, &c., Ric. III. and Hen. VII., ii. 331.

barons and people. Of course we must make allowance for exaggeration in the statements of so bitter and unscrupulous a partizan. "I trust verily," wrote Bothwell to Henry VII., in speaking of his own sovereign, "that God will he be punished by your means for the cruel consent to the murder of his father." And again: "There is many of his father's servants would see a remedy (redress) of the death of his father yet."* When a man expresses himself in such a style as this, we may believe that his animosity gave a colouring to the facts he had to report, the wish being, in some cases, father to the thought. Nevertheless we can hardly doubt that a large portion of the people stood aloof from the enterprise in behalf of Perkin, and that the king's own brother was won over to neutrality. Moreover, Bothwell's low estimate of the invading force—only 1,400 men, and those, too, of all nations—is rendered highly probable, considering how little is recorded of their doings, and how soon the pretender came back to Coldstream. The attempt, in fact, notwithstanding the cruelties alluded to by the chroniclers, things which were but every-day occurrences on the borders, seems to have been quite as contemptible as the affair at Deal. Nor is it in any way inconsistent with the known character of James IV. that he should have attempted the invasion of England with a totally inadequate force, reckoning without just grounds on being supported by a portion of the population.

James was not, indeed, so enthusiastic in Warbeck's favour as to ask nothing of the pretender beforehand for the aid he was about to give him. On the 2nd of September he called a council of his lords to consider the terms on which it should be afforded. They proposed to Perkin that when he recovered his kingdom he should restore the seven sherriffdoms†—probably some districts in Northumberland or about the borders—deliver up the castle and town of Berwick, and pay James 100,000 marks in five years for his expenses. The would-be prince asked a day to consider it, consulted with Sir George Nevill and others of his council, and, finally, after a good deal of conference, agreed to deliver Berwick and pay 50,000 marks in two years. Indentures were drawn up to this effect, and on these terms the matter was settled. No wonder James was dissatisfied when all ended in a four days' raid and home again!

Shortly before this invasion the king and court had been at St.

* In the original, "of the ded," which the editor in a foot-note inaccurately explains as "deed."—Ellis, First Series, i. 29.

† Ellis (i. 26) reads the word "Hedomis" in the MS., and refers in a foot-note to Pinkerton's reading, who had before printed it "Shoriffdomis." Having looked at the MS., I find Pinkerton's reading is the correct one. What Ellis mistook for an initial H is in fact a long *f* with a mark of abbreviation through it, standing for "Ser" or "Sher;" while the letter immediately before the *d* is an *f*, not a long *f*.

Andrew's when an ambassador arrived from France. He was the *Sieur de Concessault*, a man of Scotch extraction, the same who, when Warbeck was in France three years before, had been appointed captain of the guard of honour assigned to him by the French king. Watchful of Henry's interests, Bothwell took means to ascertain whether any mischief was intended against England. There was, at least, no such intention avowed; for, knowing Henry's policy to be peaceful towards himself, the French king had no wish to stir up again the embers of English hostility by anything that could justify resentment. Bothwell therefore found that Concessault's commission contained nothing in it prejudicial to England. It was in effect an offer of mediation between England and Scotland. He was to inquire into the causes of dispute, whether Henry or the King of Scots was in fault, and get James, if possible, to agree to refer it to the French king's arbitration. But James took the ambassador into counsel, and showed him that the injuries all originated on the part of England, by whom he had lost many ships and much cattle upon the borders. And notwithstanding his professed impartiality, the ambassador soon adopted the king's *ex parte* statement. He became much more lukewarm in urging James to peace, and even went so far as to tell Lord Bothwell it was no wonder the Scotch king felt aggrieved. He also offered James 100,000 crowns if he would send Perkin into France, with what view the Lord Bothwell could not exactly say, but he knew from Concessault that the French king was anxious to prevent James from marrying any of Henry's daughters. The ambassador also told Bothwell that the French admiral and he had been at a great deal of pains to learn about Perkin's birth. On this Bothwell showed him a document he had received from Meutes, the King of England's secretary; "and he plainly said he never understood it, but rather trowed the contrary." On the whole, Bothwell thinks the ambassador's coming had done but little good, "for he and the boy," he says, "are every day in council."*

What was the document Bothwell had received from Meutes? Without having positive evidence on the subject, we are enabled, from the information supplied by the Spanish archives, to answer this question with tolerable confidence. For we now know that shortly before this time, probably just in the beginning of the same year, 1496, of which we are treating, the King of France sent to Henry VII. a paper under the seal of his council, showing that Warbeck was the son of a barber,† and offering to send over his father

* Ellis's "Letters," First Series, i. 28.

† Henry VII. himself had told the French king that he was the son of a boatman. Has there been any confusion between *barbier* and *batelier*? Under any circumstances, the discrepancy counts for little. Lambert Simnel was described by various authorities as the son of a baker, of a shoemaker, of a joiner, and of an organ-maker.

and mother.* A copy of this paper would have been the most complete answer that could have been made to Congressault when he said he had been trying to find out about Perkin's birth, and as Henry probably caused many copies of it to be made and circulated as widely as possible, Bothwell might have possessed one without even appearing to be in the King of England's confidence.

That the French king sent Henry a certificate about Warbeck's birth may be considered pretty good evidence that France was at this time desirous to keep on good terms with Henry; which indeed is shown very clearly by other documents of the period. On the other hand, Ferdinand was exceedingly anxious to engage England in a war with France, and lost no opportunity of endeavouring to outbid the French king in his offers to gratify Henry. It is a proof of the success of Henry's statesmanship that he kept these two great kings competing with each other for his friendship. He had no intention to enter into war for the sake of any ally, but he made other princes eager to cultivate his friendship for the hope that he would do them service. France, indeed, had good reason to deprecate Henry's hostility; for not only Ferdinand and Isabella, but Maximilian and Philip also, were anxious to draw him into the league against her, and it was well for France that the King of England was not a lover of war. Whenever he was pressed to declare himself against France, Henry, without positively refusing, took refuge in excuses; and the excuse of which he most frequently availed himself was Perkin Warbeck. He repeatedly told both Ferdinand and Maximilian that he dared not attack France for fear of Perkin, and he actually succeeded in impressing the Spanish ambassador with the belief that if Ferdinand and Isabella could but get Warbeck into their hands, they would have Henry completely at their service. It may be doubted if Warbeck served any prince as a tool so well as he did Henry for an excuse.

But the result was that all princes, after they had in turn favoured Warbeck, now vied with each in offering Henry assistance against him. Ferdinand offered to give far more satisfactory proof of his parentage than the King of France had done. "We can send him," he wrote, "the declarations of many persons who know him, amongst whom is a Portuguese knight of the name of Ruy de Sosa. He is acquainted with the whole matter, and is a person of authority and good faith. Having been Portuguese ambassador in England, he knew † the Duke of York very well, and has seen him there. Two years later he saw this other person in Portugal."‡ Then was added

* Bergenroth, i. 92.

† Not "knows," as in Bergenroth. The original word in the Spanish is *conocío*.

‡ Bergenroth, p. 92.

a clause which was afterwards struck out, and which certainly at first sight suggests some doubt of the value of such testimony:—"So, if it will be of any use to the King, we could manage to send him his father and mother, who, they tell us, are in Portugal and are our subjects."

Could parents be found for Warbeck with equal ease in any quarter of the world? I believe there was nothing in the political morality of the age to prevent it. But it would have been little use giving testimony contrary to known facts, and even when Perkin attempted to land in Kent people were aware that his father and mother lived in France. Ferdinand suppressed the passage, which I believe was written under a mere misapprehension of the information he had received. As to the testimony of the Portuguese knight who had seen the true Duke of York in England, I see no good reason to distrust it.

Did Warbeck, before he finally left Scotland, ever attempt the invasion of England by sea? History is altogether silent as to such an attempt; but among the documents bearing on his adventures there is one that may, perhaps, be explained by such a hypothesis. We refer to a letter written by James IV., some years after the time of which we are at present speaking, to Anne of Brittany, Queen of France, in answer to a complaint by one Guy Foulcart. Foulcart appears to have been a merchant of Brittany; for he is spoken of as the subject, not of Louis XII., King of France, but of his consort Anne, who was Duchess of Brittany. He had sustained some losses and injuries, and considered that he had a claim against James IV. for compensation; for James, he said, had on a former occasion compelled him to convey the Duke of York into England in a merchant vessel in which he himself had come to Scotland, but the enterprise had turned out disastrous to him. What became of the so-called duke on this occasion is not mentioned; but Foulcart, it appears, was taken prisoner by the English, and having with some difficulty got released, he returned home with the entire loss of his goods, and was compelled besides to pay a heavy fine to his partner for the miscarriage of the enterprise. In answer to this claim the Scotch king says that Foulcart was supplied by him with money, and embarked in the enterprise, not under compulsion as he pretended, but with perfect good-will; that he had, it was true, given him letters by which he might make a pretence of compulsion to shield himself from injury, but that in reality Foulcart had readily undertaken the venture on his own responsibility; that, besides, the old alliance of Scotland with France and Brittany allowed either power to make use of the ships and sailors of the other for a reasonable hire; and that it was everywhere received for law that princes might make

such use of vessels that had been driven on their coasts. Moreover, James insisted, it was quite competent for Foulcart to have sued for redress in Scotland, which would never have been denied him according to law and justice.*

Now, there is some difficulty in supposing the occasion referred to in this letter to have been that of Warbeck's final departure from Scotland. That event took place in July, 1497, when, as the Treasurer's accounts show clearly, he embarked at Ayr, with the celebrated naval captains—or, as the English called them, pirates—Andrew and Robert Barton. The common story is that James had by that time found out Perkin to be an impostor, and was willing to make peace with England, but felt that he could not in honour give up to his enemies one whom he had entertained as a guest and made his own kinsman by marriage; so that, finally, he dismissed him honourably. However this may be, it is certain that James did not show himself peacefully inclined towards England at the time he sent Warbeck away; for he immediately afterwards went and laid siege to Norham, and it was not till the end of September that peace was established between the two countries by the treaty of Ayton. But the fact that Warbeck's wife accompanied him when he finally left Scotland seems against the supposition that he then meant to invade England. It is quite true that she soon afterwards went with him when he actually did invade England, and landed in Cornwall; but then it was because he was obliged to leave Ireland, and counted with some reason on the friendliness of the Cornish men. Moreover, the accounts preserved of the victualling of his little fleet on this occasion hardly allow us to suppose that it was more than an honourable escort.

On the other hand, the duplicity shown in the nature of Foulcart's commission suggests the possibility of an explanation quite consistent with the facts of the occasion when Warbeck finally sailed from Scotland. Foulcart was not compelled to carry him in his vessel, but was furnished with documents by James that he might use the plea of compulsion if he and his ship should fall into the hands of the English. Is it not probable, then, that James had been led to entertain the idea that it was unnecessary to send the pretender to sea with a strong invading force, and that if he could but once get him landed in some part of England where the inhabitants favoured the House of York, he ought afterwards to make his own way without further aid? It is true Warbeck never did go direct from Scotland to England by sea, so far as we are aware; but it is remarkable that after leaving Scotland, having gone first to Ireland and then to Cornwall, he arrived on the Cornish coast "with two small ships

* *Letters, &c.*, Ric. III. and Hen. VII., ii. 185—6.

and a Breton pinnace,"* only two months after he had sailed from Ayr. One cannot help entertaining a suspicion that the Breton pinnace may have been Foulcart's vessel.

The adventures of Warbeck were now drawing to a close. After leaving Scotland he appeared once more, and for the last time, in Ireland, where he now met with less success than before; for Kildare, who had been in disgrace, having been recently re-appointed as deputy, was unwilling to forfeit the king's confidence again. So he very soon left, and directed his course to Cornwall, hoping to profit by the disaffection of the inhabitants, whose rebellion under Flam-mock and the blacksmith, Michael Joseph, had only been put down three months before. So ill did he succeed in Ireland, that, as the king reported to Sir Gilbert Talbot, he would have been taken by the Earls of Kildare and Desmond if he and his wife had not secretly stolen away. But the citizens of Waterford, learning his intentions, gave notice to the king that he was going to land in Cornwall,† and fitting out vessels at their own cost, gave him chase, and nearly captured him at sea. Either by this, or by some other squadron, the ship in which Perkin sailed was actually boarded. It was a Biscayan vessel, with a crew of the same country. The fugitive was demanded of them in the name of the alliance between Spain and England, and a reward of 2,000 nobles from the king was promised for his delivery; but by some means or other he had secured their fidelity, and they swore they had never heard of such a man. Perkin, however, as he afterwards confessed to the Spanish ambassador, was all the while on board, hidden in a pipe in the bows of the ship.

The remainder of Perkin's history is well known. It is enough to remind the reader of the principal facts in the briefest possible words. Profiting by the disaffection in Cornwall, he landed at Whitsand Bay, and was soon joined by a number of the country-people, with whom he marched on and laid siege to Exeter; but upon the approach of the Earl of Devonshire and other gentlemen of the county he retired, and went on with some 6,000 or 7,000 men to Taunton. He had still an opportunity before him which, we may be allowed to say, a true Plantagenet would not willingly have let slip; but the craven spirit, which had before shown itself at Deal and when he invaded England with James IV., exhibited itself once more. To the dismay of his adherents, he fled away in the night time with a body of sixty horsemen, and rode on till he reached the

* Henry VII. to Sir Gilbert Talbot. Ellis's "Letters," First Series, i. 32.

† After he left Scotland he arrived at the harbour of Cork on the 25th July. He seems very soon to have determined on changing his course; for Henry, at Woodstock, was informed of his intention to go to Cornwall by the 6th August.—Halliwell's "Letters," 174.

sanctuary of Beaulieu, in Hampshire. He was evidently tired of the part he had so long played before the world, and was content to have security at the sacrifice of greatness.

The sanctuary was surrounded, and on a promise of pardon, Perkin after a while surrendered. He was brought up to London and paraded on horseback through the streets. Hall tells us that people flocked to see him "as he were a monkey, because he being an alien of no ability by his poor parents (although it was otherwise talked and dissimulated), durst once invade so noble a realm." Another chronicler, who evidently wrote at the very time, says he was conveyed about the city and Westminster "with many a curse and wondering enough."* But if little sympathy was shown by the people, he was not treated with extreme severity by the king. He was kept in the king's court, and no restraint seems to have been put upon his liberty beyond the fact of keepers being appointed to watch him. Next year, however, he managed to escape, and fled by night, but got no further than Sheen, where he put himself under the protection of the prior, and implored his intercession with the king.

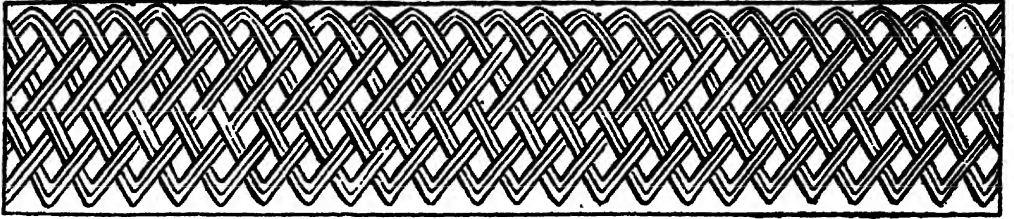
He was again brought to London, and even yet his life was spared for a time. The punishment he was made to undergo was only a public repetition of his confession. On the Friday after his capture a scaffolding was reared on barrels in Westminster Palace, on which Perkin was placed in the stocks for a good part of the forenoon.† On Monday next he was exhibited on another scaffold in Cheapside from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon, after which he was conveyed to the Tower and imprisoned there. In this confinement he remained for some time longer; until, there is too much reason to suspect, an opportunity was purposely afforded him to plot for liberty again in concert with the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, whom it suited Henry's policy judicially to murder for attempting to escape from an unjust confinement. Thus did "this winding ivy of a Plantagenet kill the true tree itself."‡

JAMES GAIRDNER.

* MS. Cott. Vitellius, A., xvi., f. 171.

† Hall says he was set in the stocks "before the door of Westminster Hall, and there stood an whole day." But the strictly contemporaneous chronicle in the Cottonian MS. is probably more accurate.

‡ Bacon's "Henry VII."



“THE GRAND OLD NAME OF GENTLEMAN.”

‘ And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of Gentleman ;
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use.”—*In Memoriam.*

MANY hues make up light ; many ingredients a salad ; many qualities the Gentleman. Like both the above, he is no heap of unamalgamated parts, but a perfect whole. And as, again, beautiful sounds amid discords and without connection are not music, so noble traits may be found in a person, and yet, being rare, unsustained, unbalanced, undovetailed into others, will not constitute the Gentleman. Many a one performs at times isolated acts that are gentle and noble. But what we want is the Gentleman ; the man always noble—the perfect cube.

Yet if we seek to define the Gentleman, we must analyze ; must take separate acts, constituent principles, just as you resolve light by a prism into its component parts. Light is not blue, yellow, &c., but it is made up of these. And this is an apt illustration ; for indeed, to paint this character, we have to dip the brush into the most delicate, subtle, rainbow tints. And here we are reminded of the caution—

“What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's subtle hues ?”

And the justice of the warning must be confessed. For essaying to

write upon the ideal of the gentleman, it is certain that the paper must be a mere Essay, in the true sense of the word, and no finished treatise. Who could exhaust the subject? Who could do it justice? But the results of individual thought and observation may be put down, and perhaps set some a-thinking; and those who are already collectors of the subtleties which make up the character may find some few specimens in my cabinet which they have not yet placed in their own. At least, I find myself always ready to collect from other drawers, and consider an inspection well rewarded if but one new point be gained from each.

So I mean to jot down some contributions towards the definition of this character. There is need that it be defined, for the words are true that the name, the grand old name, is nowadays more than ever "defamed by every charlatan," and "soiled with all ignoble use." Not only are mere accidents or accessories regarded as though of the essence, but things which are quite foreign to it, and which sometimes actually encumber and obscure it, are regarded as though constituent parts of it. A large house, a carriage, much ostentation—what have these really to do with the character? Nor will those of the blood be deceived by them. But, with many, do they not pass off paste for jewels by their showy setting? The "kindly hearted Earl," in "Enid," would prove, if proof were needed, how the *Gentleman* still remains when all these things have left him. Geraint too; when—

"Yniol's rusted arms
Were on his princely person, but through these
Princelike his bearing shone."

We must start, then, by disencumbering ourselves of things external merely—rank, wealth, power, show—all the mere setting of the stone. And further, of things also which, though undeniably advantages and adornments, are yet not of the *essence* of this character; are accidental—can be dispensed with—though they adorn where they may be had. High breeding; liberal education; familiarity with the ways of the best society; polished behaviour; easy manners; experience of books, and men, and countries; absence of shyness; an acquaintance with what is not mere littleness in etiquette;—these may be the *cutting* of the jewel. Yet, though many of them will be assumed in this sketch, let it be declared at the outset that the *jewel* can exist without them. Captain Cuttle had none of them, so far as they belong to society; yet who does not perceive "gentleman" written upon his brow? So, too, with Mr. Peggotty; and, in truth, Dickens is great at giving the rough jewel. I do not recollect a good instance, among his characters, of the polished gem. I myself knew a plain village carrier in whom lurked much of the

gentlemanly feeling. My wife and myself were for a few weeks, in the cold months, lodgers in his house. During that time this man laid aside his evening pipe (ye smokers, estimate this act of self-denial!), nor could be prevailed upon to resume it, having settled in his own mind that it must be annoying to a lady. Many would have laughed, seeing him leaning in his smock on a gate in the summer evenings, his beloved long clay enjoyed now without check, had I pointed him out as a true gentleman. But in my mind he ranked as such. He is one proof of many that the character may exist quite independent of accidental advantages, though of course these are of value in setting it off; and without them it is rather latent than developed. Not only the absence, however, but the presence of these accidents, may mislead us in our search: the dulness of an uncut surface, the glitter of a paste, may alike deceive.

Having thrown away the mere setting, and acknowledged that the cutting even is not absolutely necessary, we come now to examine the gem. I take from my cabinet some random notes of the true gentleman, and set them out as they come.

In this character, as the rule, we find a nobility of thought and intention,—a heart that is ever *climbing up* towards what is high, and noble, and great; naturally attracted by a certain affinity with these, and naturally repelled, as by an instinct, from what is low, and mean, and little. One test of this disposition is the judgment of motives in others. Does he most *naturally* suppose these to be pure and lofty, or corrupt and base? Watch what are his affinities, what is his instinct, in a doubtful case. Where there is an open choice will he swoop towards carrion, or soar towards the sun? Not that he is to be a simpleton, easily taken in by transparent shams, nor a Utopian, shutting his eyes to facts. But, in the wide space of neutral ground between *certain good* and *certain bad*, to whether bound does the bias of his mind sway him? In the large realm of *possibilities* will he be hopeful or suspicious, as a rule? The true gentleman is never a suspicious man, never a depreciator. He never gratuitously supposes meanness in another; in the general he is hopeful, and hardly made to distrust. Thus, in a world of extreme littleness and meanness, especially in the imputing of motives and in low suspicions, you are, in the society of the Gentleman, raised into a higher atmosphere; you breathe freer. Without effort, and naturally, he is walking on an eminence above those pettinesses, low considerations, and spites; and even if you stand not on it usually, you are, in your intercourse with him, raised to his level. You left the stinging midges, the foul vapours, below in the valley. Your point for the time is higher, your view less narrow; you stand and look down upon the dull mist that roofs the petty world.

It may be laid down as a first condition that the Gentleman has that just appreciation of self which constitutes self-respect. Now it is difficult to convey a true idea by this word; for some would understand *pride* by it, it being one of the flattering names invented to mask the ugliness of the devil's sin. And of all qualities that the Gentleman must *not* have, perhaps I would point out pride especially. A proud man cannot possibly be a true gentleman. But the Gentleman has a just appreciation of self—he respects himself. Now this *just* appreciation will be the very thing which prevents pride. He will have a mournful humility, possessing an ideal, short of which he finds himself to be ever falling. Still the very possession of this ideal will make him respect himself—will raise him above aught undignified and unworthy by the consciousness of a latent greatness. Of necessity, therefore, and essentially a humble man, he is not in the least cringing or abject. A gentleman is a MAN. And he realizes what is contained in that word,—the high descent, the magnificent destiny. So in the presence of his God and of his fellow-men he is never abject; he is always manly, always keeps self-respect; his humility is never a mean thing, it is a power that raises, not degrades. In him the taking the lower room leads surely to the going up higher, not from intention, but in result.

And this self-respect prevents his being over-sensitive to slight or affront. He is in a measure *αὐτάρκης*, *self-sufficient*,—a word again commonly perverted from the good sense in which I would use it. So that upon occasion he can retire into this castle of his own self-respect, and consciousness of worth though but in embryo, and thus mildness and dignity can in him go hand in hand, commanding probably in the event the respect also of others. Quite feeling that there are in him such inadequacies and defects that it is always excusable and often just that others should think slightly of him, he yet is conscious of at least incipient, struggling worth and nobility that make him, in the Divine and in the larger human view, no object merely of contempt. He is company for himself; he has sympathy with himself; he understands himself, and retires on this inner consciousness when misunderstood by others; he is, in a sense, independent of them. Much of the character is founded on this self-respect and the self-resource springing from it. As thus;—the Gentleman is, of course, not envious. Now his own self-respect helps much against this meanness. He knows in a measure both what he is and what he is not. He retires from misunderstandings and affronts upon his consciousness of some worth. He often acquiesces in being left in the background from the possession of that self-knowledge which can perceive, understand, and appreciate greater excellence in another. There must always be some degree of excel-

lence in the man who can do this. There must generally be some amount of consciousness of it. Not indifferent to the opinion of others—for the Gentleman is never a cynic or a prig—he is yet not dependent upon it. When it is unjust he can find consolation within himself. When it is just he assents to it, and accepts it; whereas the envious man, not having this ballast of self-resource, is liable to be overturned by every gust.

Another result of this self-respect in the character is that obligations are not a trouble to his mind. This is a littleness from which it keeps him free. As a king he takes what was kingly offered; there was no just deference, no generous kindness, which he was not before prepared to render to his utmost; therefore he is not conscious of being bound, as though a new, distasteful thing, to any due courtesy or respect. Having a real dignity, he is not always jealously guarding it; it rather takes care of him than he of it. Benefits intended to bind him to aught unworthy he would of course reject. But, holding gratitude to be a beautiful and noble quality, it never occurs to him to wish to keep from the *pleasure* (not the *necessity*, it does not so put itself to him) of being grateful. With a quiet nobility the Gentleman will confer, with a quiet nobility he will receive favours, benefits, kindnesses, little and large. His thanks are never those of the mendicant; his favours never those of the patron. There is no soreness, no protest of alarmed dignity, in his acceptance of kindnesses; there is not the least hauteur, or, worse, forced and obtruded absence of this, in his conferring them. The Gentleman is gentle, sweet, dignified, easy, and natural, alike in the character of benefactor or of obliged.

Now we come to a second broad general basis of the character. The Gentleman has a just appreciation of others. Partly as the result of the former. Partly he learns admiration or compassion, hopefulness or forbearance, from that knowledge of the war of noble and base within himself. We cannot separate his estimate of others from that of himself, for the latter will mostly show itself by the former. It will be the ray that comes to us from the star. In two words, however, we may sum up most of his conduct. The Gentleman is just, and also generous to others; neither *first*, neither before the other, but both together and at once. It is a mistake to suppose that one can exist without the other. Is he really a just man who has no mercy nor kindness, who cannot take into account the "delicate differences," the numerous possibilities of acts and motives? More obviously the unjust man cannot be the truly generous.

The Gentleman, therefore, is a just man. Let it not be here objected that, whereas the Gentleman is known to us by *actions*, we are lingering among *principles* to define him. We at first trace the

streams up to their source; and we are in search not of *single acts*, or of them only so far as they make up the *character*. He is just, then: he gives to all their due, of respect, consideration, honour, praise, blame, admiration, forbearance. This quality of justice, thought out, will be seen to be an important foundation of the character of the gentleman. Its effect is very great upon the nobility of many of our thoughts, words, and deeds.

Then he is essentially generous; and on this follows that he is large-hearted, tender, merciful. The narrow interests, the narrow judgments, the low suspicions, the mean motives, that go to make up selfishness, and harshness, and cruelty, are abhorred by his mind, and these bats avoid its sunshine. Herewith, also, he will be patient and forbearing. How many flaws are caused in characters that have a gleam of the true nobility, by irritability and impatience! Loss of dignity, of sweetness, of authority; failings alike in justice and in generosity. Calm and equable, though not impassive or cold; patient, though not sluggish; forbearing, but not slovenly, nor passing over that which should be noticed—this must the Gentleman be. Closely connected with this largeness of mind will be that hopefulness for others before spoken of. In a doubtful case he is of those

“ Who nobly, if they cannot know
Whether a 'scutcheon's dubious field
Carries a falcon or a crow,
Fancy a falcon on the shield.”

Beauties, not deformities or flaws, the more readily catch his eye; his affinity closes with its like. He is not always on the look-out for earwigs within the petals of the rose. He can, however, be indignant: never with weakness, chiefly with aught mean, dirty, little. His affinity with their opposites makes his repulsion of these a matter of course. “ I never *knew you*—depart from me.”

Yet, though capable of strong indignation, he is never scornful or sneering. A sneer is the weapon of all most familiar to the mean mind. There is nothing God-like in it. Nor does the Gentleman, where possible to avoid it, deal in snubbing. Respect for others makes him unwilling to humiliate them; while, as for guarding himself, the atmosphere of his own self-respect—an influence not obtruded, but felt; intangible, but real—this, and grave disapproval, sometimes deepening to sternness, enable him to check ignorance or insolence; for though never a proud or a vain man, he is a man with whom it is not easy to take a liberty. He withdraws into himself from an uncongenial touch; yet, in doing so, would, as a matter of preference, rather avoid hurting, or making the difference felt.

Thoughtfulness and Tact are great constituents of the character. Indeed, this element of thoughtfulness makes much of the difference between the merely good-natured, kind-hearted man and the Gentle-

man. Many a one would do kindnesses, pay attentions, if only he thought of them, *whereas the Gentleman does think.* And much of the perfection of the character depends on the higher or lower degree of this attribute. We find obvious thought, more refined thought, and a subtlety of thoughtfulness which gives the nail-finish. And to this, Tact is closely allied. Who does not know the difference, from different people, of the same act done, the same word said? The very same in substance, how incalculable the difference resulting on the way of speaking or doing it! That which from one seemed a delicate kindness, from another may appear a coarse insult. This especially in the instance of advice or reproof. What a pity that our translation has missed the delicate gentlemanly tact of that finished gentleman, St. Paul, and headed his address to the refined Athenians with clumsy, offensive words: "*I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious!*" Whereas he did say, "*I perceive (as a ground to go upon) that ye are deeply reverential.*"

One most important point to be marked is the noiselessness of the character; the naturalness, and ease, and absence of effort or elaboration.

"They live by law, not like the fool,
But like the bard, who freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them, not bonds, but wings."

Nobility with them is not some extra finery to *put on*; it is their *every-day dress*, and so they are at ease in it, while those who bring it out but for Sundays and Holidays wear it creased, and uncomfortably, and ever fearing to stain it. I suppose that when our court costume was in common wear, people did not look so stiff and awkward in it, nor was the sword liable to trip them up. So the Gentleman finds that no restraint which is never laid aside from him.

"The churl in spirit, up and down
Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,
To him who clasps a golden ball,
By blood a king, at heart a clown ;
"The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons thro' the gilded pale :
"For who can always act ? but he,
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
The gentleman he seem'd to be,
"Best seemed the thing he was, and joined
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind."

Thus Tennyson, of a gentleman, his friend.

And one result of this naturalness is, that in his actions there is an absence alike of obtrusion and of elaborate shrinking back. He can afford to do a noble act without having it known. In truth, it is nothing wonderful, special, and out-of-the-way to him; nor does it strike him that others should regard it as at all remarkable.

"And, should their own life plaudits bring,
They're simply vexed at heart that such
An easy, yea, delightful thing,
Should move the minds of men so much."

But, on the other hand, for the same reason he can, if need be, endure publicity. The thing does not appear to him so extraordinary that he should make a great fuss and parade about hiding it. A lamp ever lit;—place a bushel over it, and it still burns on; let it be set upon the table, and its mild kind light is as cheerfully diffused.

Some general notes have now been set down, and before proceeding to consider the character in a few of life's particular relations, it needs only to say that all the above marks will be found in things large as well as in things little, and in things little as well as in things large. I repeat these because either is sometimes neglected, and the attention fixed solely upon the other. The great difficulty is to keep a balance, to preserve all the analogies of the character, to be *teres atque rotundus*. The most common danger, however, will be the disregard of little things. Let me urge, then, that little touches make, little flaws mar, rare and perfect excellence.

And before going on, it may be permitted me at this stage to say that I do not see but that the perfect gentleman must be the consistent Christian. Indeed, incidental polish having been dismissed as not of the essence, I would say that the perfect gentleman and the perfect Christian would be one and the same. I am not speaking of "self-elected saints," but of those in whom goodness is worn gracefully and naturally, and holiness is lovely,—

"Not those, but souls found here and there,
Oases in our waste of sin,
Where everything is well and fair,
And God remits his discipline;
Whose sweet subdual of the world
The worldling scarce can recognise,
And ridicule, against it hurled,
Drops with a broken sting, and dies:"

men who possess that wisdom which "not only is but seems."

Let me recall two or three precepts which would go far, if really kept, to make a man a gentleman or a woman a lady. "Honour all men; be pitiful; be courteous to all; follow after love, patience, meekness; bear ye one another's burdens; be kindly affectioned

one to another; in honour preferring one another; given to hospitality; rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep; mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate; be not wise in your own conceits; provide things honest in the sight of all men." Indeed, I would instance all the twelfth and thirteenth chapters of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, with the very principle which begins them,—one universal brotherhood and nobility of connection. What wealth of broad yet subtle wisdom in this one precept:—"Render therefore to all their dues; tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour. Owe no man anything, but to love one another!" Then how noble is this programme:—"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things!"

I may not, in a merely secular paper (for I am only quoting these words as noble illustrations of my point),—I may not, in such a paper, bring forward the One perfect Instance of every perfection; the One Faultless Pearl; the One Flawless Diamond. But, reverently and lovingly passing by this, let me instance the writer of the above precepts, St. Paul, as the ideal of a gentleman. Witness his delicacy and tact, seen pre-eminently in advice and reproof: "*I praise you not,*"—this is his euphemism for "*I blame you;*" "*I partly believe it,*" when told of the divisions among his children. Mark his delicate tact with Festus, Agrippa, Felix. Note his dignity and sweetness in receiving the gift from the Philippian Church—the grace with which he rejoices that "your care of me hath flourished again;" then the anxious guarding against hurting their feelings, also the hopefulness for them:—"wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity." Let any one curious in these points read from the 10th to the 21st verse of Philippians iv. The passage is full of the subtle touches of the character. Professor Blunt, in the first of his lectures on the "Parish Priest," admirably traces out this characteristic of St. Paul, though from another point of view than ours. And, once more, if any reader would have a perfect model of consummate tact and intense delicacy, let him study St. Paul's urging of a request that might have been a claim, in the Epistle to Philemon.

I should not be permitted here to enlarge upon this instance, although I am now only dealing with a secular purpose, and from a secular point of view, with inspired words; but I would suggest to collectors the study of the writings and life of St. Paul, merely with the view of regarding the character in its highest perfection and

rarely-attained finish. And if any should yet question the propriety of introducing such an instance and such thoughts, let me be bold to remind him that much of our ordinary littleness is traceable to our letting slip the thought of our high birth and connection. Fallen indeed for awhile from our place at court, we forget that our place there is that of sons and princes. Christianity is the revelation to us here of the Etiquette of Heaven.

It will be necessary, however, to turn from principles to acts, and to consider the Gentleman in some particular relations. To give some little plan to what must anyhow be desultory jottings, we take him first in society and then at home.

I think that his manner and bearing towards Superiors are a delicate test. He avoids that tendency to over-deference which is the commoner fault; *also* that slight inclination to an over-independent manner, that standing on their guard to which minds above the more common weakness are apt to swerve. The *αὐτάρκεια* comes in here:—he can afford to do without them: again, the self-respect which averts the constant fear lest he should be humbled or mortified. The great thing, the result of these principles, is that he is at his ease. Due deference to others is natural to him, so also is the consciousness of what is due to himself. He can quite well do without the notice of those above him in the social scale, but he has stamina and ballast enough to enjoy their society without an ever-present sense of difference whispering him to be on his guard against a slight. And if the superior in position should not be a gentleman, *i.e.*, should obtrude that superiority, why the advantage instantly changes round and is on the side of the Gentleman, and he knows it, though too true to his character to make this knowledge patent. True gentleman meets true gentleman, recognising the brotherhood through the accidental and trivial distinctions of this brief state: they acknowledge these differences, but are not encumbered by them. The Gentleman does not show his nature by rejecting or disregarding those decencies and proprieties even which only belong to this evanescent condition, but by wearing them easily. The ceremonies and etiquette of society are much like clothes, not of our essence, nor to last beyond this state. But while the need for them does last, the thing is to wear them as though natural to us, and not as though a restraint. I really believe that there are many who, with no scruple to do a kindness to the poorer from any thought natural to the lower mind, of fear of imperilled dignity, yet would shrink from going out of their way to show an attention to the great for fear of misinterpretation. But the true gentleman has learned to dismiss from his rules of action the over-sensitive consideration of how they will appear. Not that within proper

bounds the appearance of his actions will be disregarded. Within these he is not too nervous about his dignity to give explanation or to guard against misinterpretation. Take the capital instance of St. Paul. He, an Apostle, would yet take a brother with him to administer the alms of the churches. "Avoiding this, that no man should blame us in this abundance which is administered by us, providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men."

Yet, withal, a true gentleman has courage to do, if necessary, things which may *appear* to be, but are not, ungentlemanly.

Next, to take him among equals, let us consider the instance of conversation, which is, of course, a great mark always; for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, *i.e.*, our words are little sample-bags of the stores within. For one thing, the Gentleman will never monopolize conversation—

"A civil guest
Will no more talk all than eat all the feast."

(By-the-by, many delicate precepts and nice touches are to be found in G. Herbert's "Church Porch.") He will not break into the speech of another, nor listen with ill-concealed impatience to be relieved of his own say. He will rather bring out others than exhibit himself. In fact, he talks quite as much to learn as to teach. How very far will he be from the baseness of which Rogers, the poet, accuses himself, namely, so great a hankering to be heard, that, failing otherwise, he set himself to attract attention by ill-natured speeches! If need be, the gentleman can be entirely a listener, and that in subjects upon which he is competent to speak. But he both can and will speak if it be demanded of him, or if occasion invite. He is calm and courteous in arguing; "and, if he be master-gunner, he spends not all that he can speak at once, but husbands it, and gives men turns of speech." But this patience, fairness, and quietness in argument are a true, and perhaps a rare, mark of the Gentleman. It greatly requires both attributes—just appreciation of self and of others. He is a man open to conviction;—I allow him to be a little impatient with the unlovely combination of conceit with ignorance.

I need hardly say that he is not of those who, after dinner, when the ladies have left, and talk and wine have removed restraint, as though relieved from fetters, run into coarse anecdote and jest as their natural element. He has no tendency towards, no affinity with, manure; nothing in him of the foul blue fly; his instinct is that of the bee, which extracts sweetness from everything.

Again, he is always truthful and sincere; will not agree for the sake of complaisance or out of weakness; will not pass over that of which he disapproves. He has a clear soul, and a fearless, straightforward tongue. On the other hand, he is not blunt and rude. His

truth is courteous; his courtesy, truthful; never a humbug, yet, where he truthfully can, he *prefers* to say pleasant things.

He is not curious; he is, of course, the man who walks by a window without a side glance, whether of purpose or inadvertence. He is, I need not say, free from that ill-breeding which would press upon a person whom some unguarded word has betrayed to have a secret. If something of confusion reveal that a slip has been made, the gentleman will recede, or appear not to notice, or turn the conversation.

He is above gossip, and is not the man to whom you would bring a petty tale. He cannot stoop to little wrangling. He is not diseasedly tenacious of real or fancied rights.

Here I leave the conversation of the social gathering for the gathering itself, with its circumstances. I shall mention a point almost too small, one would think, for notice, but one which experience proves to be a point of importance in this small world, and in the still smaller world of society which exists upon it. The consideration of whether, at a dinner-party, he shall take in the lady of the house, or of what position he shall receive, is never one whose anticipation causes much anxiety, or whose retrospection much mortification to his mind. Really these little jealousies of society, and petty measuring and balancing nearly equal claim against nearly equal claim, are things which his true dignity can afford to ignore. At the same time the usual respects and courtesies of life are always rendered, and also exacted by him; not touchy, nor punctilious, he yet will not treat others, nor will he be treated himself, in a slovenly way. I remember a thorough old gentleman, my former rector, telling me of his bringing such carelessness and superciliousness to book. Upon his first coming to his rectory one of the country gentry, no distant neighbour, kept asking him, in a free and easy, not to say a patronizing way (without having taken the trouble to call on him), why he didn't come over and see him, come and dine, &c. At last my friend turned quietly upon him and said, "Excuse me for reminding you that if you wish to make my acquaintance, it is in your own power to do so. The customs of society place the initiative with you. I see no reason why in my case they should be reversed."

An instance of scrupulous gentlemanly care of the customs and courtesies of society occurred to myself in my first curacy. A neighbouring incumbent had been away from home when I came, and thus unable to call on me. Immediately upon his return, a note was sent asking me to accompany my rector, who was to dine with him. I really considered this, under the circumstances, all that was necessary to satisfy a far more sensitive dignity than mine. However, in the afternoon of the day on which I was to dine with him, he walked over—five miles in the heat—to make his call first. You might

call this punctilious; but remark, that there was just that degree of superiority in his position which made it necessary to forego no courtesy or even ceremony towards me. For if the Gentleman is lax at all in the ceremonies of social life, he is never so towards one in any way not his equal; never where it might possibly seem that the omission was through superciliousness or the airs of the Don.

However, this care of the ceremonies which are the necessary hedges and fences of the somewhat unreal and unnatural state in which we live here, is one thing which much marks the Gentleman. He will never presume, never take the least liberty; he never puts himself in a position in which he might receive a snub. He is never over-familiar with his friends, never goes to the extremity of the tether of familiarity permitted, or even offered. A brother of mine, to whom I trace much of what early bent my thoughts have had to this subject—this elder brother had permission always to pass through the grounds of the squire of the parish in order to save a round. He never did so, however, without calling at the lodge for admission, though he knew where the key hung, and had been told to take it when he pleased. And this reticence or restraint within their bounds of his privileges with friends, instead of straining them to the limit, or even beyond, is one special mark of this character. I think something of this feeling is really almost the rule in what are called the lower classes. At least in the country I have ever found a great delicacy and absence of endeavour to intrude or presume. Retired well-to-do servants and little landowners—I have experienced difficulty in persuading these to come to the front door, or to enter my drawing-room, even when they had come with some small offering of fruit or the like to me.

Before leaving the consideration of the Gentleman among equals I will mention one abomination from which any one with the least right to the name will most sensitively shrink—this is, the sharing in people's hospitality, and then afterwards among others making fun of them, their table, their arrangements, or their households; repeating, in short, anything that would be to their dispraise, or would lower them in men's eyes. When I was admitted into any household as a guest, a confidence was then placed in me which it would be deeply unworthy to betray. Another act, quite foreign to the Gentleman's mind, is the asking one to play or sing whose playing or singing is ridiculous, for the purpose of making him or her a laughing-stock. Anyhow, the Gentleman could not be behaving in any way, by look or gesture, behind the back of one who has in all good faith and simplicity acceded to the request to become a caterer for his amusement, of which the detection by its object would confuse or shame him.

I have already touched on the conduct of the Gentleman towards

inferiors. Much lies in what I have hinted—namely, that he will be careless to any others rather than to them; he will err rather on the side of punctiliousness than of slovenliness. Of course he is not clumsy enough to make this noticeable, or to obtrude it. He would steer clear of an awkwardness which would make over-ceremony offensive by betraying the motive, and therefore the idea in his mind. Thus also he can afford to dispense, in his intercourse with them, with the very tiniest giving to understand that he is condescending. Indeed, he does not feel himself to be doing so, having a larger view of things than from this world's hillocks, and so he is able to be simple and natural. Thus Lancelot:—

“Then the great knight, the darling of the court,
Loved of the loveliest, into that rude hall,
Stept with all grace, and not with half disdain
Hid under grace, as in a smaller time,
But kindly man moving among his kind.”

The clergyman has many opportunities of showing this phase also of the character, and much necessity for doing so. This courtesy without condescension, and this carefulness without paraded ceremony, are most desirable in his case; also most keenly appreciated. I do not say that he will refrain from entering a cottage without knocking, or with his hat on, or when meals are toward, nor that he will shun the careless or prying glance when passing the window; because these are coarsenesses, and we were discussing rather the more subtle marks. But he will ever remember that the poor man's house is that poor man's own, nor will he take advantage of his position, and that necessity which fetters the tongue of the poor, to make his visits intrusions, nor to speak to the poor as he would not be allowed to do to the rich, except in so far as a more plain speaking will be requisite for the uncultivated, whereas the cultivated mind would gather the meaning from the more delicate wording. In short, he will give the man to understand that he is visiting and advising on sufferance, and not as a *right*. He will remember that his poorest parishioner is at least a free man, and that himself is a gentleman. And I warrant you he will generally after a time be understood, respected, and welcomed, and his advice, however plain, received with deference and attention. Here, again, the Gentleman is not playing a part, and thus he can be easy and natural.

Under this head of his conduct in society may be placed the very important item of his treatment of enemies. They will always in his case be those who have injured him, or taken a dislike to him; there will be none whom he has injured, or with whom he has quarrelled, at least wittingly, or without having offered full reparation and amends so far as may be. He may, however, cause offence by his firmness, and by his fearlessness and candour on occasions, how-

ever his speaking the truth may have been in love. He may have to oppose what is wrong or unadvisable, to rebuke or to reprove, and so make enemies. But then, you will observe, that he never speaks against them; that he never details the grievance and subject-matter of the disagreement, nor even alludes to it to others, unless obliged, and then with shrinking and dislike. Also, if the character be at its very highest, he will, in detailing the circumstances of a disagreement, state the case fairly against himself. He (in the most rare cases) can even refrain from distorting the words of an opponent, or swerving them from their true and intended meaning, so as to make for himself in answering that opponent. At any rate, he does not "foul the wells" by fastening upon his antagonist some gratuitous imputation which would colour with suspicion even his most candid and earnest assertions and explanations. That the Gentleman would never, by any least word, silence, or deed, injure an enemy, is of course; spite is utterly foreign from this character. And it will follow, from the gentleness of this character, that he will readily forgive; from its sincerity and simplicity, that he will do it from his heart. King Richard's was a gentleman's forgiveness. That forgiveness which "forgives, but can never feel the same to the offender," is that of the Churl.

I may note that (from his self-respect) the gentleman can afford to offer his hand once and again, and have it sullenly refused; can, in a case of duty, bow courteously still; in spite of being continually cut: and this is necessary, at least for the clergyman. The uninitiated will on such occasions tingle and smart with a sense of shame and humiliation, and, illogically, heartily wish that he had left undone that which a minute before he knew that it was right to do.

As to anonymous letters, it would be almost laughable to write down that he could not send one. I only mention them in order to say that I knew one of the blood with so fine a sense that he never even *read* one. Into the fire it went, as soon as he missed the name at the end (and he always looked at the end, being from his position exposed to such sneaking attacks or information). He was the Head Master of a Public School. He never even received an accusation against a boy, volunteered privately, which the informer would not in person support. He would in such case call the boy up, tell him what had been alleged, merely expressing his abhorrence of the meanness of the informer, and refusing to hear any explanation or defence, "because," said he, "you are not accused."

Further, if a former friend, or one under old obligation to him, turn against or fail him, you will never find the Gentleman upbraid the traitor with those old disregarded favours. If you would see this attribute in perfection, read in Macaulay's "Essay" that account of

the behaviour of Essex, the criminal, towards Bacon, the Queen's Advocate against the life of his friend and patron.

Once more. As the gentleman has no little jealousies, there is another meanness—the weapon not of an open enemy, but of a conventional *friend*—from which he is of course free. I allude to that young-lady meanness which will praise another, and speak highly of him—not “damn with *faint* praise;” yet all the while letting slip little depreciations and admissions, which, after all, and as intended, lower him in your mind—much, indeed, as certain modern commentators treat the Bible.

And now we come to the gentleman *at home*. This is certainly the crucial test. It is undoubtedly of all others the far most difficult sphere of action. There is the familiarity, the sense of undress, and of there being no need for “*company manners*.” (How this well-used word witnesses for the truth of what I am saying!) Certain positive restraints and obligations no longer hold back or bind a man in his own home. The gentleman has, therefore, to be on his guard, and to keep a vigilant watch against the creeping over his behaviour of the least slovenliness or tarnish.

“Love's perfect blossom only blows
Where noble manners veil defect:
Angels may be familiar; those
Who err, each other must respect.”

This I take from a very manual upon this branch especially of my subject, full of delicate subtleties—Coventry Patmore's “Angel in the House.”

The true gentleman, then, at home does not drop any of those attentions and courtesies to wife, sisters, father, mother, which he is in the habit of paying to other ladies and gentlemen when in society. It is perhaps necessary especially to notice that he is not *brusque* or neglectful to any lady merely because she has the misfortune to be his wife or his sister. Note the surliness or contempt of brothers often. Compare the lover with the husband in many instances. Really many a man seems almost ashamed to pay that courteous attention, which every woman should claim, to that lady who is his own wife.

“The lover who, across a gulf
Of ceremony, views his Love,
And dares not yet address herself,
Pays worship to her stolen glove.
The gulf o'erleapt, the lover wed,
It happens oft (let truth be told),
The halo leaves the sacred head,
Respect grows lax, and worship cold.”

A man may be more at his ease at home, may let slip some little

constraints necessary in society, but which are not quite consistent with being *comfortable*. I shall not forbid, after his tiring day, that he should go to slippers rather than to dress-boots; I allow him to wear out his old coats; I will not compel him to spoil all his enjoyment of his wife's playing by leaving his luxurious eye-closed revelling in his easy chair in order to turn over the leaves of her music: it would not be courteous to cut off the power of thoroughly appreciating her performance. The husband need not be a Sir Charles Grandison. But he will neglect no little attention, no small courtesy, no delicate respect; and he will be careful to retain some ceremony, even in a *tête-à-tête* life.

“Keep your undrest familiar style
For strangers, but respect your friend,
Her most whose matrimonial smile
Is and asks honour without end.

“’Tis found, and so it needs must be,
That life from love's allegiance flags,
When love forgets his majesty
In sloth's unceremonious rags.

“Let love make home a gracious court;
'There let the world's rude hasty ways
Be fashioned to a loftier port,
And learn to bow and stand at gaze.”

And again:—

“Respects with threefold grace endue
The right to be familiar; none
Whose ways forget that they are two
Perceive the bliss of being one.”

It seems an absurd truism to say, Let the husband who is ashamed to be attentive to his wife or sister, the son who is ashamed of being deferential to his father,—let these make no pretension to the name of Gentleman; neither let him stain it with his touch, who, though he be the most polished gentleman in society, is yet a sloven in his manner at home.

And further yet. The gentleman respects himself; and is not ungentlemanly even when alone. He will not even thus forego some decent ceremony; not sit down to dinner, for instance, without some little ordering of his appearance. He would not, I think, either help himself or feed, when alone, otherwise than as he would in company. Supposing him to be a shaver, he would not go with stubbly chin, left in a dirty-looking condition of bristle, even were he on a desert island;—true, there he would probably be sure to let his beard grow. In short, come upon him as suddenly as you like, however he might be alone, the Gentleman would never be surprised doing anything ungentlemanly. For his tastes and manners would not, again, be

from acting, nor as a court suit put off, with a feeling of relief, directly he retires to private life. It is his common wear, indeed, part of himself, his nature.

And now, what shall we say? Alas! in one or another of all these, and many other points, the Gentleman—the real gentleman, too—may fail, ay, fail once and again. He is, indeed, never an adept, always a student, in this imperfect life; and in his ever climbing he will sometimes slip. But even thus you may distinguish him; there is even in his failure a mournful nobility. What would seem a very slight matter to many, be unnoticed by most—a slight speck, not a stain—will smite him with shame, and burning, and resolve. Yes, a gentleman is but a man, and may fail. But there is, I repeat, a sphere for high gentlemanly conduct and bearing in the confessing his fault, and making amends, refusing alike his own palliations and those of others. And to own our failures nobly is one of the few noble acts always possible to fallen creatures—creatures conscious of the Image in which they were created, but unable to live up to their own high ideal. The Gentleman is, at least, too great, when perceiving himself in the wrong, to take refuge in temper; nor, if his apology be ill received, will he take fire, and retract it by hastiness. His action proceeded from a principle, which was not dependent upon results.

The Gentleman, I say, is always a student, for this character is greatly a matter of learning. It is partly instinct, at least more natural to some than to others, as with music, but yet in great measure a matter of instruction, experience, practice. Some may have the ear, and the more readily catch the delicate skill, and grand power, and fine harmony; yet even these do not draw near perfection without great pains, much observation, many recoveries from mistakes. And as Mr. Hullah says that all may attain to at least some correctness of knowledge and execution in music by pains, attention, and practice, so with this art—for we must call it an art until it has become nature with us. A finished artificial gentleman has attained to the art which veils art. A perfect real gentleman has nothing to conceal—he is acting *naturally*.

But he is always learning, and each failure, detected by himself or another, and deeply laid to heart, becomes, indeed, the rung of a ladder by which he ascends. A mean thing done and brought to his notice and perception is burnt into his soul, and the lesson never forgotten. I am not to give myself as a specimen of anything noble, but I am yet pleased to trace something of the sense in a recollection of my boyhood. I had, well knowing I was welcome, taken one of my elder brother's books from the shelf. For some good reason (it was late, I fancy), he told me to put it by. Adroitly misconceiving

him, and pretending to fancy that he grudged the loan, I, with careful meanness, apologized on that score for my having taken it. He, without any anger, also without any false delicacy, quietly unmasked me, and, coming at once to the point, stigmatized my conduct as "dirty." I said no more, at once perceiving the truth of his verdict; but I thought it over until my face burnt with shame, and I stood before him and begged his pardon, ere I left the room. I remember he seemed surprised, and said that he had not meant to make the matter of that importance. But it was done to satisfy myself, and I like to think that this slight matter may be a trivial instance of that affinity with better things, and of the germ of the keen gentlemanly sense, which is quick to perceive a meanness when pointed out, abhors it, casts it forth thenceforward, and never forgets the lesson.

Yes, "here, where all things limp and halt," this excellence must ever be a matter of learning. For one thing, there are so many *mixed* actions. Feather instances serve, perhaps, best to show the way of the wind. Here is another illustration from a slight episode. Driving with a friend in a dog-cart which he had hired, I was anxious to do my small part by paying the turnpikes. Being, however, on the wrong side for the turnpike keeper (a woman), and desirous to be beforehand with my friend, I threw the money on the road, thus giving the woman the trouble of picking it up. For this I was justly reprov'd by my friend, and told that I ought to be made to pick it up myself. My intention had been gentlemanly, but the act, through want of care and thought and exactness, was faulty. Slight as the thing was, it set me a-thinking, and may serve to show the difficulty, as well as the importance, of preserving the balance in actions, and at once

"This way and that dividing the swift wind."

A little grit may spoil the perfect working of very delicate machinery.

I can fancy an architect giving his life-work to the devising and perfecting of one exquisite building. When young he had the dawn of the idea; in manhood it has grown into some shape; some plan, which yet he sees to be meagre and far below his ideal, lies upon the paper. This experience and that suggestion all come in; even detected mistakes assist; but he grows old planning, correcting, developing—never completing. And in this life he shall never behold the perfect building. It is still an Ideal, of which the Reality is not grasped. Thus with all our endeavours, although they be not unassisted endeavours, towards any excellence on this side heaven. Thus with the Gentleman's ideal of what he should be to be perfect. By degrees he lays down a plan; he is ever working towards it; it is never here attained. Nay, the more he attains the more his knowledge extends the plan. "I count not myself to have attained,"

but "*I press toward the mark.*" Indeed, it is—excepting that he does gain *some* ground—like pursuing an ever-lengthening shadow, with our back to the setting sun. He is often saddened by the contemplation of his own inadequacy and shortcomings, but never morbid—*i.e.*, his sadness does not cause him to sit down to inactive wringing of hands, but rather impels him on, still forward, forward, in the hopeless race, towards the ever-flying goal. If the melody of his life be never perfect—if it become sometimes "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and hoarse," it will not be purposeless in that confusion, but like bells beginning or ending, which wander about disconsolately after the melody they cannot at once find. But, mark, you shall have them burst out into the clear liquid race presently; ay, and yet again, if they again before long halt in a new perplexity.

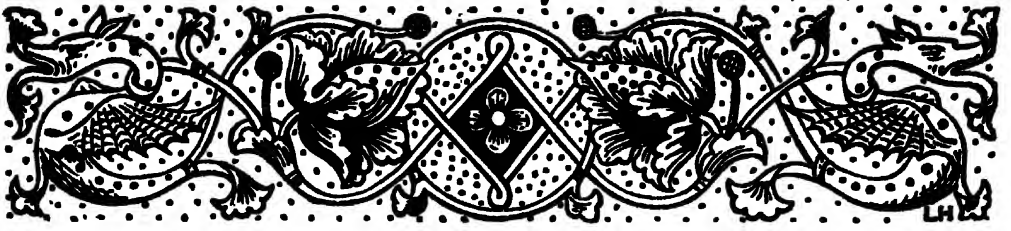
It is more than time to end. Let me first notice one objection which might lurk against many of the marks and most of the instances here brought forward. They are so slight; such mere trivialities; such little flaws; such little touches. But let me urge the analogy that, in light and shade, not the depths and heights, but the half-tints, make the finish: in colour, the greys, not the pronounced hues, are the test; in a statue the slight chippings, the least touches, give the marble its perfection. And I have supposed the rough cutting of the block, even the well-proportioned shape, and have endeavoured rather for these subtleties of finish—endeavoured, I keenly feel, with poor approach to success; the graces are so impalpable, the touches *so* subtle, the tints so delicate, the hues so fleeting. Ask Turner for a recipe for his colouring; rather point to an ever-growing sunset, and ask a catalogue of the hues and blendings of tints with which you are to reproduce it; but even then refrain from demanding a list of the subtleties and delicate touches which result in the GENTLEMAN. They are, like sunset colours, new in blending, in tint, in juxtaposition; new in all their circumstances, for every new occasion. Surely here it may be said—

"Here they speak best who best express
Their inability to speak;
And none are strong, but who confess
With happy skill that they are weak."

However, rough sketches may hint pictures to kindred spirits; sketches, however inadequate and rude, yet done with a purpose and after a design, in the mind. And seeking after this perfection in most imperfect specimens, it shall be with me,—

"As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely through all hindrance finds the man
Behind it."

J. R. VERNON.



THE BAB AND BABEEISM.

Les Religions et les Philosophies de l'Asie Centrale. Par M. le
COMTE DE GOBINEAU (Ministre de France à Athènes). 2me
Edition. 1866. Paris: Didier et Cie.

*Bab et les Babis, ou le Soulèvement Politique et Religieux en Perse
de 1845 à 1853.* (Mirza Kazem Beg.) Journal Asiatique, 1866.
Paris: A. Labitte.

THE two works which we have placed at the head of this article present to us a very curious history of a religious and political movement which has taken place of late years in Persia, and the effects of which have not yet passed away. The *Journal Asiatique* gives us only a detailed history of the movement from its first rise in 1845 to its final suppression in 1853. M. Gobineau treats the subject in a wider range. With him the history of Babeism forms only a portion, though a very large portion of his work, and the remainder is taken up with a most interesting account of the state of religious feeling in Persia, the various sects into which Islamism is broken up, and the progress which free thought is making from the contact of the Oriental mind with Western civilization. M. Gobineau brings peculiar advantages to his work, as he resided for some years as Secretary to the French Embassy in Persia, appears to be thoroughly conversant with Eastern literature and Eastern customs, and is known to the world of letters by various works on the subject. "Trois Ans dans l'Asie" and "Etudes des Ecritures Cunéiformes" are the result of his observation and researches. Into the state of religion and philosophy which he presents to us we do not propose to enter, contenting ourselves with selecting such portions

only as may serve to place the reader in a position to understand how it was possible that such a movement as Babeism could arise, or how it could attain such success. Of course, as in the case of every other speculative and religious movement which has occurred in the world, the ground was in a measure prepared for its development. Its distinctive features might be traced to the character of the man who was looked upon as its religious head; but the opinions which he promulgated, and which were eagerly adopted by his followers, were in accordance with feelings and thoughts which had been in existence long before. To see such a movement take place in the centre of Mohammedanism may cause us some surprise, but the occurrence is by no means uncommon; and Persia, of all Mohammedan countries, is peculiarly susceptible of such changes. This is owing, no doubt, in part, to its geographical position. Placed on the confines of the Eastern world, it has come, from the earliest times, into frequent intercourse as well as collision with the West. But much must also be laid to the account of its past history, and the manner in which the doctrines of the Koran were forced upon the inhabitants of the country. Islamism in Persia has never presented the rigid, strictly monotheistic character which it has in other Mohammedan countries. The Shiite faith, which is the glory of the Persians, and to which, from national as well as religious feelings, they are devotedly attached, admitted a great vagueness and latitude in the interpretation of the doctrines of the Koran, and under cover of this they were enabled to engraft many of the doctrines they had formerly held under the Magian dynasty. We do not propose to weary the reader with a long historical digression, but one word is necessary in explanation of this last statement.

When the Arabs, under the command of Caled, the lieutenant of the first caliph Abubeker, gained the battle of Kadesia, and by their victory laid prostrate for ever the Sassanian dynasty and the Magian faith, they were welcomed by many in Persia as deliverers. The Magi had ruled with a heavy and intolerant hand. Conformity to the creed of Zeroaster had been made compulsory; but the Jews, Christians, and even the descendants of the heathen polytheists still held in secret their ancient faith, and listened gladly to the promises of religious liberty made by the Arabs. With them were joined all who had groaned under the political tyranny of the Sassanian kings, and, for a time, the change was gladly received by all in Persia.

But with the fall of the Magi had departed all the glory and the autonomy of the Persians. The Arabs, who had been so liberal in their first professions, pressed gradually on their subjects with a heavier yoke; and the sense of the present evil made the conquered nation think more favourably of the oppression from which it had

been just delivered. From political* perhaps more than from religious motives, all were required to submit to the creed of the Koran, and repeat the formula of the Mohammedan faith. Beneath the surface the differences of religion remained, and the old doctrines were uneradicated, if indeed they were not strengthened, as they came to be united to a desire for national independence and a sense of national injury. Many who had formerly had no love for the Magian doctrines of Zoroaster now felt themselves attracted towards them, and it soon became a point of honour to profess at least secret sympathy with the old faith, and to look at everything from a Gheber point of view, which thus became identified with the national aspirations. To cast off the Mohammedan yoke was indeed impossible, for the whole world seemed to have become Mohammedan; and though within the empire various parties were striving with one another for the sovereign power, they would have united at once against any who should dare to despise or cast off the common faith. But it was possible for them to take part in these dissensions, and by inclining the balance in favour of one of the contending parties, to secure a line of independent sovereigns for the throne of Persia. Among the rivals for the caliphate, one family had strong claims for their support and favour. The Abassides were descended† from Hassan, the son of Ali, and from the daughter of Yezdegerd, the last of the Sassanian kings; and in them they seemed to perceive a title to the Persian throne, and a prospect of a revival of the national honour. The Persians lent their support to the descendants of Ali, against their rivals the Ommiads, and the Abassides were firmly seated on the throne of Bagdad. Since then other dynasties have occupied the Persian throne, but the descendants of Ali are still considered to be its only rightful possessors. We shall see that this became an important point in the Bábé movement.

But while the Persians had shown a regard to the national line of kings, and expressed a special reverence for the name of Ali, they had not been unmindful of their ancient faith. Taking advantage of their political opposition, they engrafted on their belief in Mahomet various dogmas and doctrines entirely at variance with his teaching. These new doctrines they justified by various traditions and interpretations of the verses of the Koran, borrowed in great part from the ancient religion of the Magi—traditions and interpretations

* The doctrine of necessity has prevented the Mohammedans from attempting to make proselytes. If Allah, they said, has intended a man to be a true believer, he will become one. If Allah has doomed him to perdition, all the teaching of the *Mouflassa* would be of no avail. The conversion of their conquered subjects was more the result of political wisdom than religious zeal.

† Gibbon's "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*" (Smith's Edition), vol. vi. p. 299. *Gobineau*, p. 275.

which naturally changed very considerably their religious tenets. While Arabia and other Mohammedan countries remained true to the literal interpretation of the Koran, the Persians had departed from it, and received the name of *Shiites*, or *Sectaries*. The distinguishing feature of Shiism has been always considered reverence for Ali, raising him to an equality with the prophet of God. The difference, however, lies deeper; and the Shiite views of the character of God, and his relations with the world, incline more to the teaching of Zoroaster than to that of Mahomet. We give the description of Shiism in the words of M. Gobineau:—

“God is infinite, eternal, and one. He does not act directly on the world. He has established its laws. He has fixed the conditions of perdition and salvation; to Him all shall return. The prophet is invoked rather as a form than in reality. He is the most excellent of created beings, if indeed he be a created being. There is room for doubt, as on many points he is confounded with God. At any rate the Koran is uncreated; it has existed from all eternity in the divine thought. In a word, God, the prophet, and the Koran together, nearly reproduce a comprehensive unity which represents the notion of the *Zerwanè-Akerenè*, or “time without limits,” whence the Parseeism of latter days derived all other existences, and by means of which it aspired to satisfy Aramean unitarianism.”—(Gobineau, p. 59.)

We may here trace a marked difference from the doctrines of Mahomet. The prophet taught that there was only one God, without distinction of nature or person, who had created the world, and who was still the active agent in the world; that between Him and his creatures there was no similarity of nature; that they were created by Him, they did not emanate from Him. Islamism had been more anxious for political power than for purity of creed; and while it did not root out any single religious belief that was previously in existence, it has not prevented heresies innumerable, from the earliest periods, from springing up within its bosom. In Persia, where so much scope is given to speculative fancy in the creed of Shiism, they have a soil in which to flourish. There Sufism has held its place,—a religion of mysticism and dealing with allegorical interpretations; and it has been followed by numerous schools of philosophers versed in the learning of Avicenna, and to whom Spinoza is not unknown. Speculation is carried on with the boldest flights, and deals with subjects few of the freethinkers of Europe would entertain.*

* We give the following story from M. Gobineau, p. 113, *seq.*, in illustration of the above remark:—

“A horseman belonging to one of the nomad tribes was entering the town of Zondjan, when he saw an old priest walking along, bent under the weight of years; with one hand he leaned on a stick, with the other he held a book close to his right eye. At the same time he was weeping. | After greeting him, the horseman addressed him thus:—

Within the limits of orthodox Shiism there are to be found at the present day three rival parties. The Akhbarys, the Moushteheds, and the Sheykhys. The first may be described as the extreme and pure Shiite party. They rely only on tradition and the interpretations of the hadjis, and accept every precept of religion, provided it is sanctioned by the practice of some holy man. They pride themselves as being especially the national party, and boast of having greater loyalty to the faith, and more devoted patriotism towards their country. The second are latitudinarian; men who are content to agree with both sides; occupied in the world, they do not care to enter into minute speculative or theological discussions. The third, the Sheykhys, cling more to the letter of the Koran, but explain it in a mystical sense. Opposing the numerous interpretations put forward by the Moullahs or clergy, they allow only the interpretations which rest on the authority of the twelve Imams. This party was founded by Hadji Sheykh Ahmed, who lived about the beginning of this century. He established a school at Kerbela, where he was succeeded after his death by Sheykh Seyd Kazem, a man equally distinguished with his master. His opinions were widely scattered throughout Persia, and the number of disciples who attended on his teaching was always very great. Among them was to be found the Bab, or, as he was then called, Mirza Ali Mohammed.

This personage, destined to play so important a part in after years, was born at Shiraz. The date of his birth appears to be uncertain, as by the writer in the *Journal Asiatique* it is placed

‘Why, Seyd, do you weep as you walk?’ ‘Ah, my son, it is because I am old, and cannot see out of my left eye.’ ‘Certainly it is a great evil,’ said the horseman, ‘but as you are no longer young, have you not had time to accustom yourself to it?’ ‘It cannot be for that that you grieve so sorely.’ ‘I weep, doubtless, for another reason,’ answered the Seyd. ‘I am reading at this moment the book of God, and in considering how beautiful and just it is, and how well written, I cannot help shedding tears of emotion.’ ‘You have reason for it,’ answered the horseman; ‘but at your age, doubtless it is not the first time that you have had the Koran in your hand, and being familiar with it your admiration has had time to lose somewhat of its fervour.’ ‘You are right, my son; but you see that in considering more than one passage, it seems plain that if the Apostle of God had listened more attentively to the revelation of the Archangel Gabriel, the very contrary would be commanded from what we now find given.’ ‘You may be right, Seyd, but why grieve for it? If the thing is right in itself, do it without troubling yourself about absurd precepts.’ Here the priest began to sob more violently than before, and exclaimed, ‘If it was only that fool of a prophet! but is it not evident, in more than one place, that Gabriel himself has not understood a word of what the Almighty dictated?’ Then the horseman began to laugh, and was about to make some further observation, when the priest turned a corner, and he could only hear him mutter, ‘That the prophet and the angel Gabriel should not have known what they said would only have been a slight evil, but when it is plain that the other himself——’ He passed out of hearing, and his companion could not clearly make out what he meant to insinuate.”

about 1812; by M. Gobineau twelve years later, about 1824. His father was a dealer in cotton goods, and a man of some property. The family were of no particular rank or distinction, but they claimed to be descended from Ali, and, in common with numbers of others, appropriated therefore the title of Seyd. He received a thoroughly good education, and from his earliest years devoted himself to the study of religious subjects. He conversed often with the Jews, made deep researches into the doctrine of the Ghebers, and read with great eagerness books treating of the occult sciences and the philosophy of numbers.* The fame of the school at Kerbela attracted him, and he became a disciple of Sheyhk Seyd Kazem. Though his attendance at the various lectures was irregular, from his ascetic life and somewhat mysterious habits, as well as from the strong force of intellect he displayed, he soon became noted among his fellow-students and drew on himself the attention of his master. As he entered the school, remarks were made on him. "Here he comes, the mysterious being, the sublime youth," was whispered on all sides. His master spoke of him in the highest terms of approbation, and when pressed by his disciples to name a successor, seemed indirectly to point to Ali Mohammed.* "He is in the midst of you." "You shall look for him, and find him." These words were not much thought of at the time, but were remembered after the death of Sheyhk Kazem. When his disciples were seeking for some one to take the place of their late master, in consequence of these words some of them went to Shiraz, whither Ali Mohammed had returned, and acknowledged him as their head. The title of Bab (a door) is said to have been given him on this occasion by Moullah Houssein, in playful allusion to the place he occupied at the lessons, sitting always near the door, and the other students passing by him to enter into the room. "Thou wert the door in the order of knowledge and spiritual teaching, now thou art the door of spiritual teaching and truth."

But Ali Mohammed was by no means prepared at this time to occupy the position of the head of a sect and to fulfil the functions of a religious teacher. His mind was probably thoroughly unsettled, and his thoughts swaying between the old tenets of Islamism and the new opinions which were forcing themselves upon him. He determined on a journey to Mecca, but the sight of the Caaba and of the holy place, instead of strengthening his Mussulman faith, made him abandon it altogether. The thoughts thus awakened in his breast were confirmed as he stood at Cufa, by the tomb of the murdered Ali. The representation of the circumstances attending

* *Journal Asiatique*, June, p. 468.

the murder of Ali, as well as the resolute endurance of Hossein* and Fatima and their tragic end, arouses to this day a frantic enthusiasm in the heart of a Persian audience; and the scene of martyrdom which rose up before the imagination of Ali Mohammed, with the lesson of noble constancy it conveyed, tended to strengthen his wavering thoughts and remove from him all doubt and hesitation. He returned to Shiraz, resolved on his future course, and at once called together some of his former companions who had designated him as the leader of the Sheykhys. To them he communicated his first writings. These consisted in a Journal of his pilgrimage to Mecca, and in a Commentary on the Sourat of the Koran, named Joseph. These works produced an immense sensation in Shiraz. Numbers crowded around him, and listened with breathless interest to his discourses. In public he never attacked the groundwork of the Mussulman faith or the conventional religious customs, but he denounced, in words of bitter indignation, the clergy and their vices. Naturally, the Moullahs were soon in arms against him, and sent the ablest of their body to oppose him; but their defence could not but be weak, and his victory was easy. They were all well known at Shiraz, and, with the Koran in his hand, he needed only to show how completely their lives, their precepts, their doctrines had diverged from the teaching of the Sacred Book, to gain a complete triumph and compel them to silence. Henceforth the number of his followers constantly increased. He was surrounded by them when he taught in public in the mosques and colleges, and in the evening he was followed to his home by a select band, to whom he imparted the more sacred character of his teaching and the objects he had generally in view. Although he had come back from Mecca resolved to attack the existing faith, the articles of his own creed were not yet at this time very accurately defined, and his teaching had very little of a constructive character. He had unsparingly attacked the lives and precepts of the Mohammedan clergy, and in this way had undermined the belief in the Mohammedan faith, but he had not yet ventured to promulgate anything which could take its place. The time he considered was now arrived when it became advisable to take some step which should tend to unite his followers, and give them some decided object of belief. The name of Bab, as we saw, had been given to him half in play. This name he now assumed as his religious title, and announced himself to his followers as the Bab, the door or gate by which alone men could come

* The history of Ali and Hossein may be found in Gibbon, vol. vi. p. 274—278. Some interesting chapters are devoted by M. Gobineau to an account of the theatre in Persia, with a translation of one of the plays, called "The Marriage of Kassem," which refers to the fate of Hossein and Fatima.

to the knowledge of God. By this title he now became universally known, and from it his followers have been designated as the Babees.

Meanwhile, at Shiraz, the excitement continued to increase. The Moullahs had been beaten, but they had no intention of giving up the contest. With them were now joined the civil authorities of the town, who began to be seriously disquieted at the extent of the movement, and uncertain whither it would tend. Both parties determined to bring the gravity of the crisis before the Court of Teheran—the one from a civil, the other from a religious point of view. The Bab was informed of their purpose, and at once wrote himself to the Court. The letters, with their mutual recriminations, all arrived at the same time, and embarrassed the Government exceedingly by the appeal which was thus suddenly brought before it. The king and his ministers knew very little of the doctrine taught by the Bab. They had no great faith in the virtues of the Moullahs; at the same time they were afraid both of leaving the movement unchecked and of fanning it into a fiercer flame. Being uncertain how to act, as is usually the case with men in similar circumstances, they did nothing. An order was sent to Shiraz, enjoining silence on both parties, and requiring the Bab not to leave his house; and by this means they hoped to hear no further of the matter. The decision, however, was virtually a triumph for the Bab and his party. He himself strictly obeyed the letter of the injunction, and confined himself to his house. His followers loudly proclaimed that silence had been enjoined on both parties because the Moullahs had no argument to oppose to the teaching of their master. This view of the result seemed on the face of it to be very plausible, and conversions continued to increase on every side. At the same time the Bab became more explicit in his dogmatic enunciations. He was probably carried away by the enthusiasm of his followers, and he now declared that he had been mistaken in announcing himself as the Bab, the Gate of Knowledge; he was the Point, the Generator of the Truth, a kind of divine manifestation. In this character he received the title of *Hezret-è-Alà*, or Sublime Highness; and the title of Bab, which he had abandoned, was no longer confined to one person, but was reserved and apportioned to the most faithful of his followers. These were eighteen in number, and when the sect was regularly constituted, they, together with the Bab, and after the Bab's death with his successors, formed a kind of council or governing body. We shall have occasion to refer to them when we come to speak of the constitution and doctrines of the Babees.

Among these eighteen were to be found several who had been fellow-students with Ali Mohammed at Kerbela, had acquired there a deep veneration for his character, and who, after the death of

Sheykh Seyd Kazem, when the school of the Sheykh was without a head, had been the first to ask him to fill the place of their late master. After his return from Mecca, when Ali Mohammed took a more decided and independent position, they attached themselves more closely to his person, and became the most zealous propagators of his doctrines. All of them became distinguished in the annals of Babeism, but to none of them did the cause owe more than to Moullah Houssein Boushrewy.* He was the first, as we have seen, who had suggested the name of Bab; and it was probably owing in great measure to his influence that Ali Mohammed was led to take so decided a part in Shiraz. Moullah Houssein became the first missionary or emissary of the Babe sect. He was a native of Khorassan, a man of extensive learning and great strength of character; and when the Bab was forbidden to leave his house, he was commissioned to go to Khorassan, and there preach and explain the doctrines of the Bab. It had become necessary to take some step of this kind, for the Babe movement had excited great interest; their teaching had become known throughout the whole of Persia, and everywhere men were anxiously inquiring after its nature and character. Moullah Houssein therefore started at once, taking with him as his credentials the "Journal of the Pilgrimage to Mecca," and the "Commentary of the Sourat of Joseph," the only works which the Bab had then written. He first directed his steps towards Ispahan, one of the principal cities of the kingdom, with a population of between 80,000 and 90,000 inhabitants. Among them he laboured with great zeal, preaching constantly to large crowds; reading to them from the writings of the Bab; pointing out the beauty of their style, and giving details of various miracles which had taken place. An immense sensation was produced, and many became converts to the new opinions; among their number was Moullah Mohammed Taghy, who afterwards became one of the principal leaders of the sect. Even the governor of the city, Menoutjehr Khan, a man known for his talents, but noted also for his cruel disposition, was favourably impressed with the doctrines of the new sect. Flushed with the success which had resulted from his teaching at Ispahan, Moullah Houssein passed on to Kashan, where he laboured for some time much in the same way. A few converts were made, but on the whole his efforts in this city were not attended with the same success, and he soon left it for Teheran. The presence of the Court seems to have caused some restraint on his freedom of action, and instead of preaching in public, as had been his wont, he only received in private those who were curious to see him, or anxious to inquire

* We have followed the *Journal Asiatique* in this account of Moullah Houssein. M. Gobineau makes him to have become first acquainted with the writings of the Bab at Khorassan, and to have come to Shiraz afterwards.

into the doctrines he was promulgating. Notwithstanding his seclusion, his arrival was soon known throughout the city, and among those who sought an interview with him were the king, Mohammed Shah, and his prime minister, Hadji Mirza Aghassy. Moullah Houssein did his best to bring them round to his own views. He set before them the character of the new doctrines, showed how widely they had spread in Persia, pointed out how well they agreed with the new ideas which were being introduced from Europe,* and concluded by picturing the glory which would accrue to the king if he would put himself at the head of the movement, and help to establish it in his dominions. The words were spoken to men who were little likely to be influenced by them. Men of the world, they did not care to pursue what to them appeared a chimerical object; men fond of ease, they were not willing to undergo the labour and trouble it would necessarily involve. As long as the new doctrines appeared to them only as the curious speculations of an enthusiastic young man, they listened to them with interest and curiosity. As soon as they assumed the character of a religious revolution, the king and his minister began to be alarmed, and determined to free themselves from their embarrassing position. No restriction was laid upon the emissary of the Bab, but he was recommended, in a way which left no doubt of the consequences of a refusal, to leave Teheran *as soon as possible*. Thus repulsed by the Court of the Shah, the labours of Moullah Houssein would have come to an abrupt termination, if news had not just then reached him of the success of Babeeism in other parts of the kingdom.

Soon after the departure of Moullah Houssein Boushrewy the Bab had sent out, or rather authorized, two other emissaries to act in his name in the north and in the west. Mohammed Ali Balfouroushy, a native of Mazenderan, had already laboured in the cause of Babeeism; but he was now charged with a special mission to his own province, where he pursued his labours with considerable success. The west fell to the lot of a woman, a native of Kazwyn. This woman played a very conspicuous part in the Babee movement, and is remarkable, not only for the successes she achieved, but also for her total disregard of all Eastern notions on the character and position of women. Her real name was Zerryn Tadj, or the Crown of Gold; but she became better known under her surname of Gourret-ouh-Ayn, or the Consolation of the Eyes. Among the Babees, by whom her memory is held in the highest veneration, she was called Hezret-è-Taherêh, or Her Pure Highness, and at times also Nokteh, or the Point, that is to say, the highest degree of the spirit of pro-

* The argument of Moullah Houssein in this respect was well suited to influence Mohammed Shah, who had been particularly anxious to imitate European customs, and introduce European ideas into his dominions.

phcey made manifest in human form.' Zerryn Tadj, or Gourret-oul-Ayn, as we shall continue to call her, was born at Kazwyn, a town famous for its learned men, who were principally inclined to the doctrines of the Sheykhys. Her family belonged to a class of priests. She was the daughter of Hadji Mohammed Saleh, a Moudjtehid,* and at an early age was married to her cousin, Moullah Mohammed. Living then in the midst of a town where learned and religious subjects were eagerly debated, she often heard matters of interest discussed within the family circle, and was soon able to take part in them, astonishing her father and uncle by her acute perception and varied learning. From them she first heard of the doctrines of the Bab, and pleased with what she had heard, put herself in communication with him, and soon became a convert to his teaching. Her conversion was no empty name. She professed her faith publicly, inveighed against polygamy and the use of the veil, and showed herself in public without that usual covering of women in the East, to the great scandal both of her relations and of all the devout Mussulmen. The former used all their influence and persuasion to bring her back to orthodox ways, but in vain; and at length her father-in-law, enraged at her obstinacy, cursed in public the Bab and his doctrines. He paid dearly for his words; having been overheard by some Babees, they resolved to be revenged, and three of them lay in wait for him, and assassinated him on his way to the mosque. It was the first bloodshed occasioned by the new doctrine; and Gourret-oul-Ayn has not escaped suspicion of having instigated the murder of her father-in-law. There, however, does not appear to be any sufficient ground on which to rest this accusation. Weary at length of the importunities of her friends, she left them, and devoted her life to the mission which the Bab had given her. The spectacle of a woman thus disregarding all former prejudices and national customs may, no doubt, astonish us; but the very scandal she created only serves to shew how unusual an event it was, and it needs to be classed as one of the extraordinary results of the new Babees doctrines. For some time she laboured in Kazwyn, and met with as great success as Mohammed Ali Balfouroushy had done in Mazenderan. With these two Moullah Houssein consulted on his future course of action, when compelled to leave the capital. To carry things there with a high hand, and under Government favour, was now impossible; to remain at Teheran and resist the Government would have been impolitic; and they were compelled to recur to the slower, though perhaps surer, way of gaining support from the people. The west, the north, and the south had been traversed, and a certain footing gained there for Babeism. Moullah Houssein

* The Moudjtehids are very few in number, and all of them have great influence in spiritual matters in Persia.

therefore determined to turn his steps towards the east, the original ground selected for his mission and labour in Khorassan.

The spread of Babeë doctrines had hitherto proceeded very peaceably. They had been carried to the various cities and provinces of Persia by earnest disciples of the Bab, or by teachers whom he had regularly authorized. Babeëism had been promulgated in the places of public instruction; it had been taught in private conferences; many had been influenced and converted; but nowhere had the movement assumed a revolutionary character, nor, except in the instance mentioned above at Kazwyn, had it resulted in any violence. This arose from the politic conduct of the Babees. While they attacked unsparingly the Moullahs, they took care not to compromise themselves with the civil Government; and the heads of the Government, so long as they considered themselves safe, enjoyed the discomfiture of the clergy. About the middle of A.D. 1848 there was a change; and in the east of Persia, where Moullah Houssein was now preaching, the first collision took place between the Babees and their opponents. In stating this we must allow that it was not entirely due to Babeë aggression, but must be attributed in great part to the disturbed political state of the country. We shall see this as we follow the fortunes of Moullah Houssein. On leaving Teheran he first went to Nishapoor, where he made some converts, and then proceeded to Meshhed. Here he met with a most determined resistance from the clergy. Alarmed at the accounts that had reached them of the Babees, they determined to crush them at once, if possible, and for this purpose sent a deputation to Hamze Mirza, who was then commanding the troops on the frontier in an expedition against the Turcomans, to ask for his assistance. After much difficulty he was prevailed on to issue an order for the apprehension of Moullah Houssein, who was accordingly brought into the camp and closely guarded. At the same time some of his converts were compelled to renounce their faith in the Bab; others were expelled from the town. Just at this time a revolt arose in the province, occasioned by the maladministration of Hamze Mirza, and the secret intrigues of a man named Salar. In the confusion that ensued Moullah Houssein effected his escape, and in the first place went to the leader of the insurgents to ask for his protection; but he only met with a cold reception. Salar did not care to add to his difficulties by a quarrel with the clergy of Meshhed, and he required the leader of the Babees and his adherents to leave the city. Surrounded on all sides by difficulties, denounced by both parties, the country swarming with armed bands, Moullah Houssein deemed it his safest course to arm his followers. After maintaining himself as long as possible in the neighbourhood of the cities of Subsewar and Miami,

On entering the city he began, as he^b was wont, to preach the Babeec doctrine. The chief men at once opposed him, and a conflict was imminent, when a messenger arrived with the news that the king, Mohammed Shah, was dead. This event took place September 5th, A.D. 1848.

Nothing could have happened more propitious for the Babeecs. In Persia the death of the king always brings the laws into abeyance, and delivers the country for a time into a state of anarchy. All the forces which could have been brought against them were at once paralysed; no chief would undertake any decided action until the views of the new Government were known, while, on the other hand, the Babeecs, with a united band and a definite object in view, were free to act at once. Moullah Houssein took advantage at once of the propitious circumstances. Khorassan had not been favourable to him, and he determined to leave the province and march at once into Mazenderan, where the ground had been already prepared, and he was sure of finding co-operation. The wisdom of this measure was proved by the result. At Bedesht, a small village on the frontier of the two provinces, he was met by the two other principal leaders of the Babeecs, Mohammed Ali Balfouroushy, and Gourret-oul-Ayn, and some other zealous partisans of the sect. With these we must not omit to mention the name of one who was destined afterwards to play an important part in the movement, and to succeed the Bab himself, Mirza Jahya, then a boy of fifteen years old. Then was held the first council or general meeting of the sect. The Babeecs were dispersed in the country round about, occupying the houses or gardens of the peasants. Lest their enthusiasm should evaporate, Gourret-oul-Ayn determined to rekindle their zeal by a discourse or sermon. The description of the scene may perhaps best be given in the words of M. Gobineau.

“In a small plain near the village they raised in haste a sort of throne on planks, covered with cloths and carpets. Gourret-oul-Ayn having appeared according to her custom without a veil, sat down on the throne with her legs crossed, whilst the soldiers placed themselves round her according to the Persian manner. It was not quite in this way that conventicles of the Presbyterians were held on the moors of Scotland. It was neither the same sky, nor the same scenery, nor the same attitude in the preacher and in the hearers, nor was the doctrine the same; but if the form varied the reality was alike. Around Gourret-oul-Ayn there was a true conventicle, a passionate faith, an enthusiasm without bounds, a devotion ready for anything.”*

The whole account of the proceedings of the Babeecs bears indeed a considerable resemblance to some of the scenes depicted by Sir Walter Scott in “Old Mortality.” The words of Gourret-oul-Ayn produced the desired effect, and if there was not the deep hum of approbation which would have arisen in the camp of the Covenanters,

* Gobineau, p. 181.

the emotions produced were as truly expressed in Oriental fashion. The hearers crowded around the speaker, beating their breasts, and with tears and loud voices declared their deep devotion to the cause. In the night the leaders of the sect consulted together. The unsettled state of the country pending the new king's accession, left the Babees free to do almost what they liked. After some deliberation they determined to scatter themselves through Mazenderan, to make proselytes, if possible to win over the whole province to the cause of the Bab, and thus gain a firm footing for themselves. To carry out these views Gourret-oul-Ayn remained where she was to carry on an active propaganda. Mohammed Ali returned to Balfouroush, and Moullah Houssein went into the country parts to beat up recruits.

For some weeks they carried out their plans without meeting with any opposition, but at length the Moullahs became seriously alarmed, and sensible that if they did not wish the whole ground to slip away from under their feet they must at once take some decided measures. They first applied to Khanler Mirza, the governor of the province, but as he was uncertain what would be his fate under the new reign, he did nothing. They then turned to Abbas Kouly Khan, the governor of Laredjan: He was the head of one of the tribes, and belonged to the country, and having a direct interest in its welfare determined actively to interfere. A force of 300 men was sent to Balfouroush, and he soon followed them himself with large reinforcements. Moullah Houssein had hastened to the relief of his colleagues, but their united forces were far outnumbered, and after an indecisive struggle they deemed it expedient to come to terms, and promised to leave Mazenderan. "His Highness the Bab," Moullah Houssein said, "had commissioned him and his colleagues to preach everywhere the doctrine of the new sect, and more especially to do so in Mazenderan; but if the inhabitants really did not wish to make any change in their religion, he had no wish to force them; other fields of labour were open to him, and thither he would retire." He was allowed to retire from Balfouroush unmolested, on condition of his leaving Mazenderan, but an attack from some country people on his baggage for the sake of plunder gave him an excuse for not fulfilling his word. Instead of leaving the province he plunged with his followers into the mountains, and amidst their wild fastnesses determined to carry on a desultory warfare. No part of the country was better suited for a protracted resistance. It was a wild and mountainous district, with no means of communication between one part and another; the mountains were densely wooded, and amongst them were many places which could be fortified and defended with great advantage. One of these was chosen by Moullah Houssein near a spot known by the name of the Tomb of the Sheik Tebersi. Here he directed his followers to raise a tower, and com-

polled the countrymen whom he could find to assist them in their work. The construction at best was very rude, but in a country where the art of fortifications was unknown, and where the entire absence of artillery afforded no means of breaking the walls, the place presented in time a sufficiently formidable appearance. It consisted of a wall some thirty feet high, and mounted on the top with a wooden construction furnished with loopholes. The whole was surrounded by a deep ditch. Within the circumference of the walls they dug wells of water, and excavated chambers which might either serve as places of refuge, or be used as magazines. Within this enclosure Moullah Houssein now entrenched himself with 2,000 of his followers, and all, feeling more confident from the strength of the position they occupied, became more decided in their action and bolder in their language; the latter also changed somewhat of its tone. Formerly the Babe teachers had only spoken of religion, and impressed upon their hearers the fulfilment of their respective duties; they had spoken of the nature of God and of the soul; now they gave a more political turn to their teaching, and sought to gain adherents by various promises and threatenings. They announced that all who wished to live happily in this world, while awaiting the next, had but a short time left in which to make up their minds. One year more and his highness the Bab, who was sent by God, would take possession of all the kingdoms of the world; flight would be an impossibility, resistance would be folly: all who were Babees would possess the world; all who continued to be disbelievers would remain in the position of servants.* In these words we found the same promises and threatenings with which Mahomet and his followers pressed the adoption of the creed of the Koran on the reluctant minds of the conquered nations, the same with which every false prophet has sought to gain adherents to his cause. In this case the preaching was followed by the same result. Numbers flocked to the castle of the Babees, and dwelt in the woods around. They spent the time in eager anticipation; an eternity of happiness seemed to open before them, untold wealth was to be their future portion; some passed the hours in eating and drinking, in laughing and talking; others gave vent to their emotions, and gathered eagerly round the preachers to listen to the promises which were lavishly bestowed. Among the leaders Mohammed Ali might perhaps claim the precedence from his rank as moudjtehid, but Moullah Houssein was the soul of the whole undertaking, and both enjoyed equally the respect and veneration of their followers. Whenever they appeared in public they were received with every mark of devotion and respect, the crowd standing up as they walked along; if any wished to speak with them, he did so only after prostrating himself in the dust.

* Gobineau, p. 191.

A step on which they ventured at this time roused the enthusiasm of their followers to the highest pitch. Among the most cherished articles of the Shiite faith is the belief in the twelve Imams, the lineal descendants of Ali, through Hassan and Houssein.* The last of the twelve surpassed all the others in the sanctity of his life, and as the time and place of his death are unknown, it is believed that he will one day reappear, when the consummation of all things will take place, and the happiness of believers be established; and his return is as eagerly looked for by the Persians as was ever the advent of the Messiah by the Jews. In adhering to the traditions of these Imams *as well as* to the words of the Prophet in the Koran, the Shiites are specially distinguished from the Sunnites. In adhering to the traditions of the Imams *only* as against the traditions of numberless hadjis and holy men, the Sheykhys are separated from the other sectaries of the Shiite faith. When Sheykh Ahmed promulgated the doctrines of the Sheykhys, he took advantage of this general reverence for the twelve Imams, and represented them as being not only twelve men, but as being the personification of the twelve highest attributes of God. This, of course, was not in strict accordance with the orthodox Shiite faith, but the secret inclination of the Persians for any doctrine which admits a belief in an incarnation or an emanation found for it great favour.† Views somewhat similar to these, as we shall see, became part of the Babeë doctrines. They were already familiar to those who had been trained in the school of Kerbela, and Moullah Houssein determined to turn them to account. Already, when preaching in Ispahan, he had proclaimed the Bab to be the twelfth Imam, the Imam Mehdy.‡ He now went further, and declared that not only had the Imam Mehdy reappeared, but that among his followers were the representatives of the other eleven, whose names he took and distributed them to his most faithful adherents. We know how men will continue to reverence the name of some holy person with which they are familiar long after the associations connected with it have passed away. We have examples of it in the superstitious reverence for the names of saints in England before the Reformation, in Spain in the present day. This remains when all other belief is gone. It was the same in Persia. The actual precepts of the Mohammedan faith had little influence on the lives of the multitudes, but the names of their holy men who were dead and gone exercised a wondrous spell. A pilgrimage to their shrines was looked upon as an atonement for sin; a prayer for their intercession was considered the means to obtain some desired end. And now the crowd of Babeës beheld the representatives of these men, or, as they fancied, the Imams themselves in bodily person

* Gibbon, vol. vi. p. 280.

† Journal Asiatique, June, p. 459.

‡ Gobineau, p. 159.

among them. It seemed the realization of all their dreams, as if the promises of the Babe teachers were to be fulfilled, and the spiritual power of the Bab to be indeed universally established. The enthusiasm of the troops was raised to the highest pitch. They looked forward with confidence to the future. Mazenderan was to be conquered; there was to be a glorious march on Rey, followed by a battle, and in a mountain near Teheran, a large and deep trench would be dug to hold the bodies of the ten thousand Mussulmen slain in the day of triumph.

Their courage and constancy were soon to be put to the test. The first act of Nasreddin Shah on ascending the throne was to appoint as his prime minister Mirza Taghy Khan, a man possessed of great energy and determination, and of a very different stamp from his predecessor in the previous reign. The lax rule of Mirza Aghassy had allowed troubles and disorders to spring up on all sides. In the capital, organized bands of robbers and assassins, under the name of Loutis, infested the streets. In the province of Khorassan, the revolt of the troops under Salar had not been suppressed, in Mazenderan the Babees had defied all the regular authorities. Mirza Taghy Khan determined to restore order and act with a high hand. He seized upon the leaders of the robbers in Teheran and put them to death without mercy. He dispatched troops against the insurgents in Khorassan, and he resolved to crush the Babees. While these latter had been building and fortifying their castle in Mazenderan, the chief men of the province had been absent at court to pay their respects to the new occupant of the throne. On their taking leave to return to their homes, they were ordered to take measures to suppress the Babe disorders, and they promised to do their best. They assured the king that the Babees were only a handful, and that the local forces would be quite able to cope with them without any assistance from the royal troops. Accordingly on their return, Hadji Moustafa Khan, Abbas Kouly Khan, and others, summoned their followers together, to the number of some 750 men. These were placed under the command of Aga Abdoullah, a brother of Moustafa Khan, and advanced to the attack of the Babe position. The result showed how completely they had miscalculated its strength and underrated the resolute courage of the Babees themselves. Favoured by the darkness of the night, these latter issued out of their gates under the command of Moullah Houssein, fell on the camp of their enemies and completely routed them; Aga Abdoullah was slain and the village of Ferrah or Ferrahill, where the fugitives had taken refuge, was burned to the ground.

The prime minister was exceedingly wroth when he heard of this repulse. Satisfied that the troops of the province were not sufficient

for the work, a large force of royal troops was despatched under the command of Mehdi Kouly Mirza, a prince of the blood royal. With these the prince entered Mazenderan and established his headquarters at Vassek, or, as it is also called, Daskes, a small village not far from Sheik Tebersi, where he awaited some troops from Laredjan. For a long time the Babees made no attempt to molest them, but at length hearing that the Laredjan troops were expected, they issued quietly out of their fortress one night and turned the enemies' position. A few horsemen were then sent on by Moullah Houssein, who, advancing from a direction opposite to the Babees' fortress, and representing themselves as the expected reinforcement, were allowed to proceed without opposition to the very centre of the village. Then they suddenly raised the cry that Mehdi Kouly Mirza had been assassinated. In the darkness there was no possibility of ascertaining the truth or falsehood of the intelligence, and a panic fell on the troops. The sudden appearance of the Babees' forces added to the confusion, and the whole royal army fled in the utmost disorder. In the fight Mohammed Ali had received a slight wound in the face, but altogether the Babees' loss was small, and Moullah Houssein returned in triumph to Sheik Tebersi.

After a while the expected reinforcement arrived from Laredjan under the command of Abbas Kouly Khan, who, for the present, undertook the direction of the attack against the Babees. But he was fated to be as unlucky as his predecessors. Disdaining even the most ordinary measures of precaution or means of defence through contempt of the foe, he was liable to be attacked at any time, and a night surprise, conducted by Moullah Houssein, amidst a storm of snow and rain, was completely successful. The troops of Abbas Kouly Khan were routed, and fled in every direction. The victory, however, on this occasion was dearly purchased by the Babees. In the combat which took place Moullah Houssein was struck by a bullet on the breast. In spite of his wound he rallied his men, and having succeeded in gaining his object as far as it could be attained, gave the signal for retreat. He continued to have sufficient strength to remain on horseback until he reached the gate of the castle, when, faint from loss of blood, he fell from his horse, and was carried dying to his bed. His last moments were spent in exhorting his followers to remain firm in the doctrines they professed, and to render obedience to their chiefs. As for himself, he said he could not really die; death was only apparent; in fourteen days he would rise again, and meanwhile he charged them to bury his body in secret, and to let none know where it had been placed. This last injunction was probably given to prevent its suffering any outrage at the hands of his enemies. To the Babees at Sheik Tebersi the loss of Moullah Houssein was irreparable, but the whole body had cause to mourn his

death. No one had done so much to give to Bábéism life, and unity, and energy. His influence on the Bab had probably led him to take more decided measures than he would ever have ventured on by himself. More than any other man he had been active in promulgating the Bábé doctrines, and gaining for them a firm footing in the various provinces of the kingdom. By his resolution and daring he had enabled his small band to cope with success against the troops of the province and of the empire, and made them win for themselves the admiration of all, and the sympathy of many who dared not join them. With him the day of victory passed away.

Mohammed Ali Balfaroushy now became the acknowledged head of the Bábées, and at once took measures for continuing the struggle. He was able to do this at his leisure, for the troops of Laredjan had been so terrified by the nocturnal surprise, that Abbas Kouly Khan was obliged to raise the siege, after having buried his own men who had fallen, and horribly mutilated the dead bodies of the enemy he found on the field of battle. After his retreat, when the Bábées came out from their fortress and saw the bodies of their late comrades thus maltreated, they were filled with a desire for revenge, and at once made reprisals. The bodies that had been buried were dug up, their heads exposed on poles, and their other members left to be devoured by hyænas and other wild animals.

In the meantime Abbas Kouly Khan had rejoined his superior officer, Mehdi Kouly Mirza, and a council of war was held. To retreat was not to be thought of; they would thus have delivered the whole province of Mazenderan into the power of the Bábées; to crush them by a *coup de main* was found to be impossible. It was finally determined to act with every precaution, to lay a regular siege to the castle, and if it could not be taken by assault, to starve the Bábées into a surrender. Mehdi Kouly Mirza, therefore, once more advanced with all his forces to Sheik Tebersi, and drew his lines round the castle for the purpose of a strict blockade. At the same time attempts were made to breach the walls, and if the means employed are not to be found in any modern treatise of war, they were in strict accordance with classical precedents. Towers were raised to a level with the walls of the castle, and from their summits a constant discharge of musketry was kept up against the defendants, and inflammable missiles were thrown into the castle, which soon destroyed all the wood-work within the walls. The Bábées were in consequence compelled to retire within the chamber they had made in the ground. But their courage was in no ways diminished. Seizing a favourable opportunity, they once again made a sally by night; and attacking one of the towers whence the fire had been the most galling, they destroyed it to the ground, with a loss to themselves of only two killed and four wounded. This disastrous event damped the ardour

of the assailants, and for some weeks they contented themselves with a blockade.

Four months had now elapsed (May, 1849) since Mehdi Kouly Mirza had been sent into Mazenderan and operations had been begun against the Bábées, and the Court of Teheran, instead of receiving the news of their total extermination, had only heard of a succession of repulses. The king began to be exasperated, and threatened to turn his wrath against all the inhabitants of the province whom he suspected of treachery, if the Bábées were not put down. It was necessary to bring the matter to a speedy termination if the whole kingdom was not to be in a state of insurrection, for already the Bábées had raised the standard of revolt in other parts. A change in the command was now made, and Souleyman Khan, one of the best generals in the Persian service, was placed at the head of affairs. He was nominally under the orders of Mehdi Kouly Mirza, who, as one of the princes of the blood royal, could not be deposed, but in reality he was to have the sole direction of the siege. He took with him some field-pieces, and on his arrival the troops recommenced siege operations with renewed vigour and hope. The cannon soon made a breach in the walls, but brought the Bábées no nearer to submission. As best they could they rebuilt the walls, and found protection for themselves in pits which they made amidst the ruins, and whence they continued to return the enemy's fire. The troops were led to the assault, but only to be repulsed. On one occasion a position of great importance was nearly won by the courage of an officer, Kerim Khan, when by some mistake the retreat was sounded and the advantage again lost.

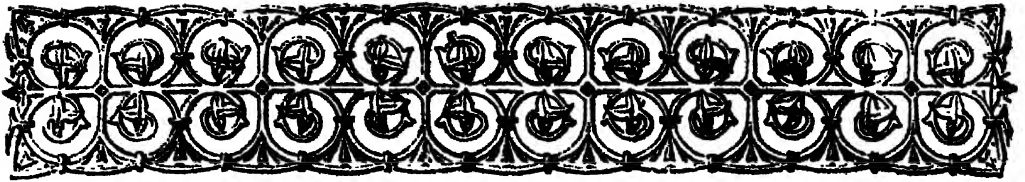
After the assault in which the event occurred, Soulyman Khan did not care immediately to renew the attack, as he knew the Bábées were suffering from hunger, and he hoped that they would yield of their own accord. Secret information to this effect had been brought him by a few men who, discouraged by the evident hopelessness of the struggle, had deserted to the royal camp, and had been received there with favour and promises of pardon, though kept under a strict guard. Others at the same time managed to break through the lines and escaped into the mountains. The Bábées were, indeed, at this time reduced to the greatest extremities. All the regular provisions had long before been consumed. Some supported themselves on the grass which they were able to collect, others on the flesh of the dead horses, or by grinding their bones into a kind of flour. Even the horse which had carried Moullah Houssein, and which had died a short time before, in spite of the veneration of which it was the object, was dug up, and its remains distributed among the defenders of the fortress. Yet in spite of all this they showed no sign of submission, and at length Soulyman Khan, weary of the delay, ordered an

attack. This was more successful than any of the preceding ones, for the royal troops gained a footing, and established themselves amidst a portion of the ruins of the fortress. The Babees perceived that further resistance was hopeless, and consulted as to their future course. Some were anxious to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and perish among the ruins they had so gloriously defended; others were desirous to capitulate on honourable terms. Among these latter was Mohammed Ali Balfouroushy. No one had been more faithful to the cause of Babeism, but he now felt that further resistance was useless, and a martyr's death, however glorious, would in no way advance the reforms he wished to see introduced both in religion and in the civil government. If his life was prolonged he might have other opportunities of endeavouring to carry out his views. Rumours had already reached him of a Babees rising in Zendjan, and he hoped to be able to join it, and at another time, and on another stage, to carry on the struggle, if not more gloriously, to a more successful issue. His voice was therefore given in favour of a capitulation, and with the consent of the other Babees he agreed to the honourable terms which were accorded them by Mehdi Kouly Mirza. The gates were then thrown open, and the remnant of the Babees force came out; a small band of 214 men, with some few women, destitute of everything, and attenuated by want and privation. They were at first received kindly, shelter in the tents was given to them, and food was abundantly provided, and for a time the Babees felt perfectly reassured as to their future fate. But this honourable reception had only been given to put them off their guard.

While Mehdi Kouly Mirza was agreeing to the terms of the capitulation, he had already determined not to keep to them, and seizing on a pretext afforded by some rash words spoken by the Babees, he ordered his soldiers to make prisoners of the whole band. The chiefs were reserved for future punishment, but all the others were put to death under circumstances of great cruelty, and the like fate befell the deserters. Even the women and children were not spared. Of the whole number of Babees in Mazenderan, none remained but Mohammed Ali and a few others of the leaders, whom the commander-in-chief intended to take to Tehcran; but, instigated by the Moullahs, who were afraid lest any of their enemies should be spared, the prisoners were conducted to Balfouroush, the principal town of the province, where they were publicly executed. For some weeks afterwards a search was made after any who might profess Babees doctrines, but it did not last long. The Moullahs found that the number of sympathizers with the late struggle might be greater than they would care to acknowledge, and they determined to let the matter rest as much as possible.

ROBERT K. ARBUTHNOT.

(To be continued.)



NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—THEOLOGICAL.

Immortality. The Hulsean Lectures for 1868. By J. J. STEWART PEROWNE, B.D.,
Vice-Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter, &c. &c. Cambridge:
Deighton & Co.

MR. PEROWNE has gained by his "Commentary on the Psalms" a high place in the goodly company of Hebrew scholars. The volume which he has now published adds to that reputation the praise of a thoughtful and glowing eloquence. The subject which he has selected brings him across many of the lines of thought, materialistic or pantheistic, which lead men in different ways to the rejection of the Christian's hope. It enables him to take, so far as his limits of space allowed him, a survey of the foreshadowings of that hope in the creeds of Heathendom or Judaism. He connects it with the objective historical fact of the resurrection of Christ as the ground on which it rests, and with the communication of the divine power of that Risen Life to us as the pledge and earnest of what will be hereafter.

There is in this book, as in the "Commentary," a singular absence of the tone and temper too often found in those who enter on the work of advocates or apologists of revealed religion. There are comparatively few who can bring themselves to give up an argument which has once done good service. They are eager to put all their witnesses into the box, to lay all their pleadings before the court. To question the character of one witness, to detect a flaw in one of the pleadings, is in their eyes to take the other side; and they resent the antagonism. They do not consciously reproduce arguments which they know to be unsound, but they suppress the question which would lead them to recognise the unsoundness. They give an undue weight to the *consensus* of divines, or to the consideration whether this or that view tends most to edify. It is characteristic of Mr. Perowne that he is swayed by no such influences, that he faces all such questions with a courageous honesty. It would seem as if he had learnt the lesson of a noble and fearless truthfulness from the honoured master* to whom he dedicates his volume.

In his first Lecture Mr. Perowne deals with the speculations of the Materialist and the Pantheist. He urges against the theory that resolves consciousness into a function of the brain, that all that has been proved is a connection of some kind between two sets of phenomena, not an absolute dependence of one upon the other, as of an effect upon its cause. He falls back upon the other facts which the system of the Materialist ignores, or at best fails to explain:—

* The Bishop of St. David's.

"The heart and the conscience of men will raise their everlasting protest against this cruel degradation; the natural majesty of man lifts itself up as if with a sense of wrong and insult, when you thus strip the crown from its head, and in spite of all your efforts to debase and dethrone it, asserts its high lineage as an heir of immortality."

Pantheism, in its turn, is charged with mocking the craving which Materialism crushes, with an unreal phantom of immortality—an existence in which the *Ego* is no longer conscious of itself, lost in the great whole, swallowed up in the infinitude of the universe. This, he urges, has nothing in it to sustain or comfort. Whatever elevation of thought may be found belongs only to the aristocracy of great thinkers who can find, while they live on earth, a satisfaction in the thought that they are and will be for ever, though hereafter they shall not know it, part of that world which is the thought of God. It has no message of glad tidings for the millions who toil and suffer.

It would be unreasonable to complain that Mr. Perowne has not dealt with questions which he tells us he deliberately postpones for want of leisure; and yet it may be asked—it surely will be asked, till they are answered—whether the doctrine of Immortality has not often been so preached that it, too, belongs, so far as it proclaims an immortality of blessedness to a spiritual "aristocracy" only, to an infinitely small fraction of the countless myriads of mankind. The first effect of the reception of the doctrine as a living truth is, in most cases, the "fearful looking for of judgment." It is only when the conscience finds its true peace, or is narcotized by false comforters, that it clings to the hope as an anchor of the soul. And that which repels many who else would accept it is, that it offers them, on certain conditions, a happiness from which others are excluded through the decrees of the Supreme Ruler. Mr. Perowne protests with a righteous indignation against M. Renan's scornful saying that he "can see no reason why a Papuan should be immortal." Can he meet the scorn as it should be met until he has examined the question, "What has the Papuan to hope for in immortality?"

The survey of the guesses of men of past ages and other creeds in the second Lecture is necessarily brief, and for the most part does but summarize what Mr. Hardwick and others have given with greater fullness. The influences at work on the theology of Greece between the Homeric period and that of the dramatic poets, and the teaching of Pindar and Sophocles as to the unseen world, in its relation to that of Æschylus, would doubtless have been dealt with more adequately had time permitted. As it is, it is satisfactory to note that Mr. Perowne does full justice to the character and teaching of Sakya Muni, and sides with those who hold that the Nirvana which the Buddhist seeks for as the goal of all his strivings is the negation not of existence absolutely, but of the conditions under which we now exist, and which bury us in misery and delusion. The glowing hopes of the Socrates of Plato are recognised as free from the scepticism which has been imputed to him; but the summing-up of the whole matter is, that the hopes of the Heathen never have risen and cannot rise above a "sublime probability," and that "everlasting metempsychosis, everlasting evolution with everlasting re-absorption," is "the future life in which sixty millions of the human race at this day believe;" while the yet greater multitude of Buddhists cling to a belief which, like that of the Brahman, though in another way, "denies the only immortality which is worth contending for—the immortality of the conscious individual life." The fact is, doubtless, a very solemn one. By far the larger portion of the human race have wrought out for themselves, or accepted as most satisfying, that answer to the question, What is death, and what comes after it? They seek to be rid of the ever-haunting burden of memory, and the consciousness of sin which seems inseparable from it. But if so, it militates in some degree against the force of the argument drawn from the protest of the "natural majesty of man" against the efforts to "debase and dethrone it by robbing him of his belief in his personal immortality."

The third Lecture is in some respects, as might be expected from Mr. Perowne's previous studies, the most interesting portion of the book. He states with admirable clearness and beauty the position in which the devout Israelites stand to the doctrine of a future state.

"It cannot be denied, then, that so far as any distinct knowledge of a future life went, the Jew had no advantage over the Gentile. Like the Gentile he thought that

in some form, he knew not what, his emotion would be prolonged after death. To him as to the Gentile, Sheol was a gloomy sunless world, and life in this world more blessed than life in the next even for the righteous. But there is one marked and characteristic difference between the thought of the Jew and the thought of the Greek, as they look upon death. Both cling to life, both recoil from the awful shadow that sits at the portal of the grave. But the Jew clings to life, not for the sake of its pleasures or its gifts, but because here he can know and praise God; he hates death, because there he is cut off from God, forgotten of His hand. The Greek clings to life, because it is life, because the sun is bright, and there is much animal and sensible enjoyment; he hates death because with death all his earthly pleasures are extinguished. The thought of God is far from him, the thought of this world only is in his heart."

Not less striking or less true is the description of the way in which the Israelites rose from this comparative dimness to a clearer intuition.

"No philosophic reasoning comes to the aid of the Hebrew, as he questions with himself concerning a life hereafter. He can construct no argument for the immateriality of the soul, he can build up no plausible hypothesis, and find no legends of his race which shall stay his trembling heart in the hour of his dissolution. He does not reason 'I think; therefore I am;' 'I shall continue to think; therefore I shall continue to be.' He does not argue with himself 'The soul is one and indivisible; therefore it cannot perish.' He does not draw his hopes from the constitution of man, from his memory, his affections, his intellect, his sense of law and duty. Even in face of the terrible problems of life, and sight of all the prosperous wrong doing, which was so great a trial to his constancy, he does not escape from his perplexity by any chain of reasoning, by any analogies that nature might suggest or philosophy conform. . . . His is a grander logic, for it is the logic of the heart. His conclusions are reached, not in the schools, but in the sanctuary of God. There, drawing near to God, who is his life, in penitence, in humility, in adoration, in faith, he can but wonder that he should have so 'pierced himself' with the goads of doubt, that he should have been like the beasts in his ignorance and folly. There, casting himself into the everlasting arms, he knows that these shall be beneath him though heart and flesh should fail. There, holding sweet converse with his eternal friend, he is sure that the God who has stooped to speak to him as a friend, will not suffer him to drop into the abyss of annihilation." (Pp. 75, 76.)

In the spirit of truthful honesty of which I have already spoken Mr. Perowne, while he maintains that the faith of Israel laid hold on the eternity of God and found in that a resting-place for its hope of immortality, rejects as untenable the familiar interpretation of the words in the Book of Job which are commonly thought to express his belief in a resurrection. In spite of the authority of scholars at such opposite extremes of religious thought as Dr. Pusey on the one side, of Ewald and Renan on the other, who agree with differences in detail in so reading the passage, he utters his conviction that "that rendering is certainly false;" that there is "no allusion in it either to a resurrection or to a future existence."

The fourth Lecture takes the familiar thesis that the Resurrection of the Christ and our experience of the Risen Life are a pledge of the future resurrection, such as no Jew or heathen could attain to. Here, too, it may be questioned whether the conclusion is not wider than the premises, unless another fact be taken into account on which the lecturer lays scarcely sufficient stress. Logically the fact of one resurrection would only prove that it was possible in the case of others. The argument from spiritual experience would tend to narrow the limits of the resurrection to those who had passed through it. The precise position assigned by Scripture to the former seems rather to be that it attests the authority of the Teacher who thus rose again, and that His words proclaimed that there should be a general resurrection both of the just and unjust. The precise position assigned to the latter is that it is for those who have it a pledge of their future blessedness, and that those who have it not now, can look for no participation in it hereafter. I confess myself unable to understand Mr. Perowne's statement that only twice in the New Testament is there any mention of the resurrection of the wicked. It is surely implied in every parable and prophecy, in every promise or threat that speaks of the second advent and the final judgment.

Mr. Perowne indicates, in a passage of glowing beauty, what his belief is as to the ultimate destinies of mankind and of the universe. He does not enter on the question as to the nature and duration of punishments after death;

whether, as many Christian teachers held before the doctrine of Purgatory had taken its later form, that they will be cleansing and remedial for the baptized and the penitent; or whether, as Stier, and Martensen, and Nitzsch, and other Lutheran divines teach now, there will be an extension of probation and possibility of repentance between the hour of death and the final judgment. He takes the promises of Scripture in their fullest and widest sense.

"There shall be new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. This is the great consummation to which all is tending. The universal curse shall be changed into the universal blessing. The signature of sin and death and the serpent's trail shall be for ever effaced, and the signature of God, unblotted and undefiled, shall be seen on every portion of the works of His hands. All things shall reach that perfection, that ideal which now, as it were, with sighs and groans of travail, they seem ever to be seeking, never to attain. For there is nothing created so mean, or so trifling, that it is not a thought of God, and therefore it must be realized, it must be perfected. . . . Nothing has been made only to be destroyed, but that all has been made to be perfected, transfigured, glorified. 'Behold I make all things new,' these are the words of glorious hope, of boundless promise, which the seer of the New Testament hears issuing from the everlasting Throne." (P. 115.)

: E. H. P.

The Doctrine of the Church of England, as stated in Ecclesiastical Documents set forth by authority of Church and State in the Reformation Period between 1536 and 1662. Rivingtons.

Voices of the Church of England against modern Sacerdotalism: being a Manual of Authorities on the Nature of the Lord's Supper and the Christian Ministry. Selected and arranged, with an Introduction, by EDWARD GARBERT, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Surbiton, &c. London: Hunt & Co.

THE writer of this notice once professed, in far-off and inexperienced days, to prove from John Wesley's writings that his followers never ought to have left the Established Church. "Yes," replied a friend whose years doubled his own, "and you would be immediately met with a counter proof from the same writings, that they are fully justified in their separation."

Even so it seems now to have happened to the Church of England herself. For we need hardly say that the former of these works has for its object, though it be unavowed, to establish as the doctrine of the Church of England those very points respecting the Sacraments and priesthood which the latter of them makes it its business to prove not to be held by that Church at all. But it will be noted in the outset that the combatants do not occupy the same ground. The one set of proofs is limited to "the Reformation Period:" and when we come to look into it, is found to be most curiously constructed. In the preface, we read that "no changes have been made in the language of them (the authoritative documents) *except here and there for the purpose of facilitating the process of 'dove-tailing.'*" This is very funny: especially when we come to see that it involves re-inserting, as matter of "dove-tail," in later documents, the very things which they were drawn up to supersede. We will give an instance of this.

The number of the Sacraments is authoritatively stated in the Catechism and Articles to be two only. The 25th Article expressly says that the five commonly called Sacraments *are not to be counted for Sacraments of the Gospel.* Then comes a bit of "dove-tail" from the "Institution of a Christian Man," of which the date is *carefully concealed* in the preface to this book, to give the impression that it was concurrent with the Prayer-book, but which was really drawn up in 1537, and *superseded* by the "*Erudition*" in 1543. In this dove-tail the so-called *Sacraments* are stated to have "the name and dignity of Sacraments, as indeed they be well worthy to have." And then comes the conclusion, from the "*Erudition*:" "The seven Sacraments thus declared, the use and effect of them doth manifestly appear."

And this is the way in which the doctrine of the Church of England is to be declared! What would be thought of "dove-tailing" a recent Act of Parliament by re-inserting all that it has repealed? And if it be argued, that in case of an Act of Parliament there is usually a formal clause repealing all other Acts on the subject, whereas in case of these documents there is no such clause, we submit that, where there is no such clause, common-sense must be

the arbiter. If an ancient belief that the Sacraments are *seven* still lingers in the "Institution," promulgated at the early stage of the Reformation, and if a subsequent authoritative document have expressly declared that five of these commonly-called Sacraments have no title to the name, then to dovetail the latter document with the former is simple dishonesty.

And such, we are sorry to say, is throughout the spirit and practice of this book. It is a sample of the dealing of that thoroughly demoralized party, who, beaten by all fair appeals to history and authoritative documents, are now striving, by such fair-seeming attempts as this of "dove-tailing," to make capital, and gain converts, out of the very simplicity and ignorance of the so-called educated classes.

We are happy to greet, in Mr. Garbett's book, a very different method of procedure: one fair, and above ground, and that challenges the most rigorous examination. Mr. Garbett deals with these six propositions of Sacerdotalism:—

"I. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is a sacrifice for sin and an oblation to God the Father of the body and blood of Christ, corresponding on earth to the intercession of our Lord and Master in Heaven.

"II. The body and blood of Christ are objectively present, under the outward visible part or sign, or form of bread and wine.

"III. The wicked receive the body of Christ in the use of the Lord's Supper, though albeit they do not receive it to salvation.

"IV. Ministers of the Church of England are Sacrificing Priests, representatives of the great Head of the Church, and exercise by delegation His powers and prerogatives.

"V. In the exercise of these powers, the clergy of the Church of England possess judicial authority to forgive sin, and the forgiveness of sin is not complete without the absolution of the Priest.

"VI. In order to exercise the disciplinary powers of their office, for the exclusion of unbelieving or impenitent persons from the Communion, clergymen of the Church of England are authorized to hear confessions, as an habitual part of religious practice, and to give formal absolution from sin."

After the statement of each of these propositions, Mr. Garbett sets down the sacerdotalist testimonies on which he grounds them as held by that party, and next in order the "voices of the Church of England against sacerdotalism," with reference to the particular proposition in hand. These he derives, first, from "Authoritative Documents;" secondly, from "quasi-authoritative documents," being two in number, the Apology of Jewell, accepted as authoritative by the 30th Canon of 1604, and Bullinger's Decades, ordered by the Convocation of 1586 to be read regularly by ministers under certain degrees, and not licensed as preachers; and, thirdly, from the "written Traditions of the Church," *i.e.*, the writings of her great Divines, especially those who were engaged in the settlement of our present Articles and liturgy. Mr. Garbett believes that in this "written tradition" every variety of doctrine admissible in the Church of England will be found; but he submits that nothing will be found in it at all corresponding to the two extreme opposite poles of belief which now claim a place within her pale—the one represented by Bishop Colenso; the other by the modern Sacerdotalists, such as Mr. Bennett, Mr. Orby Shipley, and Dr. Littledale.

Mr. Garbett's *catenæ* therefore embrace a wide variety of views on each of the propositions. He claims to have drawn them up fairly: he disclaims the imputation of accepting all the writers as equally fair expositors of the true teaching of the Church of England. His words on this point are worth citing:—

"I dissent from the extreme importance many of them placed upon Councils and Fathers as the pure fountains of divine Truth, conceiving it to be alike dishonourable to God's word, and contrary to the principle expressly laid down by the Church of England in her Sixth Article. I have no sympathy with that object, of approaching as near as possible to the apostate Church of Rome, by which some of them were actuated. My judgment and my conscience equally revolt from the system of belief regarding the ground of man's acceptance with God, which some of them maintained, and especially from the distorted proportion in which I think them to have presented the various parts of revealed truth. But the more widely they departed from the Scriptural purity of Reformation doctrine, the more valuable they are as witnesses

against sacerdotalism. If it can be shown that although these writers strained the meaning of the formularies to the utmost in the direction of Romish doctrine, there still remains a broad, substantial, and all-important difference between their teaching and the teaching of modern sacerdotalism, we shall have found an argument of great weight. If no Laudian gloss ever made the formularies to teach that sacerdotal character of the ministry, and that proper sacrificial character of the Lord's Supper which they are now affirmed to teach, these doctrines can have no place in the system of our Church, as understood by the great divines. In other words, they are outside the fair toleration afforded to varying shades of opinion by the wise comprehensiveness of the Church of England."

Of course, if the fairness of Mr. Garbett's procedure can be impugned, such an argument falls to the ground. When we end his book, as when we began it, we have to trust him that he has not excluded from his *catenæ* instances which might have gone counter to his thesis. We wonder he has not seen that he has embarked on the hopeless task of proving a negative: that no accumulation of High Church testimonies falling short of modern sacerdotalism can ever demonstrate that they did not, in any other utterances, come up to it.

And even were his thesis made out, it would only have proved that *never yet* have the sacerdotalist claims been advanced, not that they are illegitimate or intolerable within the Church of England *whenever they may be advanced*. For there can be no denying that various new modes of thought and belief have been evolved by the necessity of various times: and, for all that Mr. Garbett's argument has to say, this sacerdotalism may be one of these.

That it is not, must be shown by the former of Mr. Garbett's classes of proofs under each proposition, viz., by its entire dissonance from the authoritative standards of the Church. His other modes of proof raise, it is true, an apparent wall of defence—but they have an opening at each end, through which a subtle antagonist will be sure to enter.

H. A.

The Pentateuch in the Authorized Version, with a critically revised translation; a collation of various readings translated into English, and of various translations; with a critical and exegetical commentary. For the use of English Students. Pt. I. Gen. i.—iv. By C. H. H. Wright, M. A. London: Williams and Norgate.

BEARING in mind what was justly observed in a notice in this Review of the Dean of Canterbury's New Testament, that, admirable as the Authorized Version is in general, it represents an original text which can be clearly proved to be in many passages incorrect; and often, when it represents a true text, fails to convey the true meaning of that original distinctly to any ordinary English reader; we must admit that a revision is greatly needed. We must admit, further, that the failure of translation is at least as great in the rendering of the Hebrew Old as of the Greek New Testament. Hence, while fully agreeing with the Dean of Canterbury, that it is impossible for *one man's* work ever to fulfil the requisites for an accepted version of the Scriptures, we are disposed to welcome kindly any attempt to set clearly before non-Hebrew scholars the full meaning of the original.

Though we have only seen the first part of this work, there is enough to show that much labour and careful research have been employed upon it. But it bears too great a resemblance to the "Hebrew-made-easy" manuals to afford the promise of a satisfactory critical compilation. The arrangement is good, the Authorized Version and the author's "Revised Version" are placed in parallel columns, with the readings and various translations below, the commentary being appended separately. But, as we might have expected, this new version, though compiled after elaborate reference to authorities, and correcting many inaccuracies in the Authorized Version, does not always commend itself. *E.g.*, Gen. i. 20, "Let the waters creep with creeping things, living souls," an expression which will scarcely convey to non-metaphysical readers the true idea. Surely "life-breathing" would here more adequately have expressed נָשָׁם, though the rendering is defended in the commentary by the remark that "all creatures that have in any degree conscious life are said in Scripture to have souls." But as the work is professedly for the exclusively English scholar, does not such rendering convey an idea the Hebrew does not—that of immortality? Nor does the rendering of chap. iv. 7, seem altogether satisfactory

—“If thou doest well, is there not a lifting up of *the countenance*? but if thou doest not well, sin is at the door, a crouching lion—towards thee is his desire, but thou shouldest rule over him.” This is surely less intelligible than our confessedly imperfect version. Though the idea of “crouching” is well supported by references to the commentaries of the Targums, Bishop Wordsworth, adopting the same interpretation, has expressed it with much more clearness in his notes.

Mr. Wright has not always kept sufficiently before him the important canon, that every revised translation should harmonize as clearly as possible in style with the received version, and that the idiom and words should be carefully selected with this view.

The commentary, which is exclusively critical and exegetical, is, so far as this part goes, complete and exhaustive in giving fairly the views of different critics, though somewhat overlaid with authorities. The author has by no means confined himself to one school of thought, and generally leaves his readers to decide for themselves between conflicting doctors. The work will be useful as a *Conspectus Criticorum* to those who are ignorant of the original tongues; but still such must accept much on faith; for who can grasp the niceties of inflections and idioms—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and even German—through an exclusively English medium?

Though the Hebrew words are for the most part rendered phonetically in Roman type, yet occasionally we are favoured with an original word, sometimes with, sometimes without points. Similarly we are here and there presented with an Arabic word in its native dress. These instances occur sufficiently often to take away any excuse for giving the LXX. and Vulgate lections merely in an English rendering. Notwithstanding these minor blemishes, the work will doubtless be useful to those who have no other means of solving many difficulties of translation, and we therefore wish its author all success.

H. B. T.

An Exposition of the Sermon on the Mount drawn from the Writings of St. Augustine, with Observations, and an Introductory Essay on his Merits as an Interpreter of Holy Scripture. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Third Edition, revised. London: Macmillan & Co.

ALL NEW Testament students will heartily welcome a new edition of one of Archbishop Trench's most valuable contributions to Biblical exegesis. We use these last words advisedly; for though of course St. Augustine is the foundation of the work, its modern editor has added the superstructure which, for us in these days, is a no less practically useful portion, than the text of the great Doctor on which it is raised.

We may be allowed to express our satisfaction at finding that in the midst of anxieties peculiarly trying to his Church and himself, Archbishop Trench should have found leisure and inclination to carry through the revision of this edition.

H. A.

The Word was made Flesh: Short Family Readings on the Gospels, for every Sunday of the Christian Year. London: William Hunt & Co.

THE account of this work is thus given in the Preface:—

“In the country, at some distance from a church, short Sunday services were prepared for the family at home. Week by week, throughout the year, these comments on the Gospel for the day were written by one member of the family, confined to bed by illness.”

The leading idea of the comments is well given in the title. The writer traces, in every incident of our Blessed Lord's life, the presence of God in union with man—the working and influence of Him who has taken our manhood into His Godhead, and become the Second and righteous Head of our whole race.

This subject is pursued with all the single clearness of a devout woman's mind, and with an unaffected simplicity of style which acts as a charm to carry the thoughts home to the reader.

The writer of this notice was first made acquainted with the book by a travelling companion on the Riviera, and further familiarity with its pages has more than justified all that was then said in its praise.

H. A.

II.—HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL.

Lectures on the History of Ireland, down to A.D. 1534. By A. G. RICHEY, Esq.
Dublin: E. Ponsonby. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

WITHIN the compass of these 225 pages we have a most carefully studied survey of Irish history down to the eve of the Reformation, fully entitling Mr. Richey, in our opinion, to be reckoned of the noble school of Petrie. We must never expect that Irish history will become widely attractive in Ireland—or indeed anywhere. It is the constant complaint that it is not so, and that complaint will never cease. Its materials are not such as to kindle any general enthusiasm. Ireland's long-continued position, as dependent and colonial, has not been such as to furnish the historian with the narrative of famous wars, civil contests on a large and organized scale, and constitutional struggles of the highest class. Irish history is but the tale of disorganized tribes that never achieved their own unity. That history has so persistently waited upon crowns and been identified with tales of kings is the frequent observation of a cynicism that will not pardon the unfortunate lacking of other and less showy materials; but let any one compare for interest the current histories of England and Scotland, with their long lines of sovereigns, and that of Ireland, and he will see how much is missed when kings are absent and there is nothing to take their places. Ireland has no Magna Charta, no foreign conquests, no Parliamentary War, no striking reigns, no cabinet struggles, to warm the imagination of youthful years and secure an unwearied study in riper life. But yet it would be an entire mistake to say that Irish history has no interest. It has, in fact, when traced out with a master's hand, an intense interest; but it can only be one for the cultivated mind which can appreciate the noble muse in her more thoughtful and less popular aspects, and sympathise with some of her more melancholy strains. Those who have sickened over the rapid romance that often passes for Irish history will thoroughly enjoy this series of "Lectures." It is not a formal history, but a pilotage-through some of its more intricate navigation, showing us the salient features in a remarkably lucid style. It looks moreover beyond Ireland, and even beyond England, and sees Irish history as a well-defined department of European and general politics; not forgetting either to explain the bearing of Ireland's striking physical geography upon her history. It is not one of Mr. Richey's least merits, that he makes us feel that there is comparative history as well as comparative anatomy. We will support our earnest recommendation of this volume by the following quotation from its pages:—

"Thoroughly to appreciate the history of this or any country, it is necessary to sympathise with all parties—to understand their prejudices, their difficulties, and their errors. Those who take an interest in the subject must feel a warm sympathy for the tragic decay and ruin of the noble Celtic nation, but will feel an equal sympathy for the gallant Norman gentlemen who, turning their backs upon France and Italy, were wafted by an ill wind to this country, and thus involved in a net of difficulties common to themselves and the conquered. To understand the wars of Elizabeth, we must appreciate the difficulties and high aims of the Tudor statesmen, while we mourn over the despairing struggles of the last Irish prince. We must understand the perplexity of the Catholic noblemen of the Council of Kilkenny and the loyal Protestantism of the Duke of Ormonde. We all must respect those stern men who maintained their religion and the English connection behind the walls of Derry, but we should at the same time sympathise with the faith and loyalty of the high-born gentlemen who abandoned home and wealth for their Church and their King. A study of Irish history teaches us sympathy for all Irish parties" (p. 2).

Most sincerely shall we welcome this author again if he continues his lectures, as we cannot help thinking he contemplates doing, through the more exciting and equally difficult periods of the Reformation and the Penal Laws. The latter require for their treatment just such a temper and such a broad view (one embracing not Ireland alone) as Mr. Richey possesses, to bring them fairly before the modern mind and rescue them from regions of pure declamation. His exposition of the famous "Statute of Kilkenny" in particular, as well as the general tone of the whole work, lead us to say this. C. H.

Memoir of Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. By JOHN VEITCH, M.A., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

A MEMOIR of Sir William Hamilton is sure to be full of interest, and cannot fail to be extensively read. It is the biography of one who, in the words of Lockhart, was "the most noble-minded, the most generous, and the most tender-hearted of men." It is the biography, we shall not say of one of the greatest, but certainly of one of the most active, thinkers of this century—one who gave a new impulse to the study of metaphysics among his countrymen, and who has earned for himself a high place among the great teachers of the science of mind. There is a common error that metaphysicians are men who love nothing so much as the impractical, and that the only end of their studies is to weave cobwebs for other men to brush away. The life of Sir William Hamilton is a sufficient answer to this. He did not scorn the useful, or what some would call the practical, but he did not measure truth by its capacity for immediate application. He sought truth not for its results, not for the reward which might accompany it, but for its own sake.

The choice of the profession of metaphysician was with Sir William Hamilton the act of a man who instinctively follows the natural bent of his own mind: He had other tastes: no branch of literature, no kind of science was alien to him, but the love of abstract thinking was supreme. His father had been a physician, a professor of anatomy in the College of Glasgow. Sir William was destined for the same profession, and had entered with enthusiasm into the study of anatomy and physiology—studies not so far apart from the study of metaphysics as some imagine. The true dissector of man should be a skilful demonstrator both of the anatomy of the mind and of the body. Sir William was sent early to school and college. He was a gownsman of Glasgow when he was only twelve years of age. His scholarship as a youth was creditable, yet his friends did not think him a lad of ability, and on this ground objections were made to his mother's proposal of sending him to Oxford. They could not see the necessity of an English university education for one whose life was to be spent in the practice of medicine. Sir William, however, obtained a Snell exhibition to Balliol College. His career at Oxford was remarkable for work, but not for strictly college work. To Oxford he owed but little. The Master of Balliol said he was one of those men who are best left to themselves. His education was of the best kind, because, with all his advantages, it was really self-education. His mental appetite was voracious: the extent of his reading made him the wonder of his fellow-students, and on examination days the dread of the examiners.

After finishing his course at Oxford, Sir William changed his mind about his future calling in life, and abandoned medicine for law. In 1813 he passed Advocate at the Scottish bar. He had no great success as a lawyer; in fact, law was only a secondary study. It was something taken up as a necessity for the sake of existence. His mind was elsewhere. Like the souls of the metaphysicians in Dante, his soul was dwelling apart by itself, engaged in questions which to other men seemed far removed from reality, but which to him were the most real of all questions.

In 1820 the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh was vacant. There was no man living whose competency to fill it was equal to Sir William Hamilton's. The appointment rested with the Town Council. The capacity of baillies, aldermen, or burgomeisters to judge of the competency of a Moral Philosophy Professor we do not dare to call in question, even though reminded of echo's proverbial answer from Oberwesel. "Have mercy on all fools and idiots, especially the Town Council of Edinburgh," was part of the Sunday morning prayer of a worthy minister of the Kirk in the early part of the last century. Men who have to depend on their brains for an existence are often subjected to odd indignities. Sir William Hamilton had to apply to the Town Council of Edinburgh to be allowed to teach philosophy when there was no man in the nation more fitted to teach it, and he was rejected because the politics of the councillors were not the same as the politics of the candidate for the professorship. The members of the Council had heard of Napoleon and the

French Revolution; and, trembling for their own miserable existence in the flesh, they dreaded a Whig professor, though only teaching abstractions so far removed from their ideas as men with souls are removed from men that have merely bodies. Before these councillors, Sir William Hamilton had to appear with *Testimonials*! He had to get other men to recommend him, and to certify that he was really capable of giving instructions in moral philosophy. Sixteen years after, when he applied for the chair of Logic and Metaphysics, and was successful by a small majority, it was objected by some of the councillors that he brought no testimonial to certify that he was a religious man. One member, who by some accident had got in advance of the rest, stood up and said, that he would not have voted for him if he had. It was objected also that he had been a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, and, moreover, that he had studied German Philosophy, and it was gravely doubted and debated if a man who understood German Philosophy could really be a believer in God. Sir William, as we have said, failed in 1820, but in 1836 the voices of the most learned men in Europe, testifying to his ability, prevailed even with a majority of the Town Council of Edinburgh.

Sir William's influence in the world of metaphysics was already great when he entered on his professorship. He had contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* three articles which sufficiently indicated his relations to the old school of Scotch metaphysicians, and also his position as to the new philosophy of Germany. The first was the famous essay on the "Philosophy of the Unconditioned," in review of M. Cousin. It was published in October, 1829. The next, on the "Philosophy of Perception," appeared in October, 1830; and the last, on "Logic," in April, 1833. Each of these essays has a marked significance, as indicating salient, we may say cardinal points in Sir William's philosophy. In the first, he maintains, in opposition to Cousin and the German philosophers, the incognizability and the inconceivability of the Infinite. The argument was grounded on the supposed incapacity of human thought to go beyond phenomenal knowledge. In the second essay, which was a review of M. Jouffroy's French edition of Reid, Sir William tries to explain the principle on which our knowledge, such as it is, is founded. Though improving on the doctrines of his Scotch predecessors, Sir William, in both these essays, is yet on their side as opposed to the philosophers of Germany. The third essay is a review of Whately's "Logic," in which the science of Formal Logic is restored to its proper place, from which it had been cast down by the too daring hands of the inductive observationalists, who, as Hegel said, had the audacity to call themselves philosophers.

The growth of Sir William Hamilton's mind ceased early. It cannot be said to have progressed after these articles were written. His subsequent writings, including his College Lectures, were but amplifications of what he had already advanced; and these College Lectures were re-delivered every winter, without change, from the first year of his professorship. While admitting the great services which Sir William has rendered to philosophy, we think it may fairly be left as a very open question, if he was really a philosopher. An intense love of philosophy he had, and a boundless knowledge of its history. He had also a keen perception of distinctions such as is possessed only by genuine metaphysicians. But he wanted originality, and he wanted great conceptions,—in a word, he wanted that inspiration which is necessary to make a true philosopher. Our judgment may be biassed by our want of agreement with him as to the doctrine with which, we may say, his name will ever be associated. We believe that the human mind has an idea of the Infinite—that it can conceive the Infinite, and that we have a knowledge of the Absolute.

Yet Sir William Hamilton had the spirit of the philosopher, and then, as to his life, how beautiful and simple it was! What self-sacrifice! what devotion to truth! what love for wisdom, and what industry in pursuing it! When Carlyle was a student in Edinburgh about 1819, some one pointed out to him a house as Sir William's residence.

"The name of Sir William Hamilton," says Carlyle, "I had before heard, but this was the first time he appeared definitely before my memory or imagination, in which his place was permanently thenceforth. A man of good birth, I was told, though of small fortune, who had deep faculties, and an unsatiable appetite for wise knowledge, and was titularly an advocate here, but had no practice, nor sought any, had gathered

his modest means thriftily together, and sat down here with his mother and his sister (cousin, it is supposed, afterwards his wife), and his ample store of books, frankly renouncing all lower ambitions, and indeed all ambitions together, except what I well recognised to be the highest and one real ambition in this dark ambiguous world; a man honourable to me, a man lovingly enviable, to whom, in silence, I heartily bade good speed. It was also an interesting circumstance, which did not fail of mention, that his ancestor, Hamilton of Preston, was leader of the Cameronians at Bothwell Brig, and had stood by the covenant and cause of Scotland in that old time and form. 'This baronetcy,' thought I, 'if carried forward on those principles, may well enough be poor, and beautifully well may it issue in such a Hamilton as this one seems to be, still piously bearing aloft, on the new terms, *his* God's banner intrepidly against the world and the devil.'

Sir William was a poor baronet. He might have been rich if he had followed his father's profession, richer still if he had kept to the Bar. But he did not live for riches, nor by riches, except so far as riches could be turned into knowledge. The works of Thomas Aquinas, Peter Lombard, Durandus, or John Major; the Latin poems of Balde, Sannazarius, Vida, or Fracastorius; the grammars of Zonaras, Sanctius, Lascaris, or Linacer, were more precious to him than much fine gold. He lived to think. This, as Mr. Veitch beautifully says, was "not only the business of his life, but his very life." He did not choose the road to wealth, and he was never rich. The Faculty of Advocates in 1821 gave him the chair of Civil History in the university, the income of which was £100 a year. When he came in 1836 to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics he reached an income of £500 a year, minus £100 for seven years to the previous professor, who had resigned. In 1844 he had a stroke of paralysis, from which he never recovered, though he lived till 1856. There is no intimation that Sir William lived beyond this very limited income; yet after his illness, in 1846, application was made to the Government for a pension, in recognition of his services to philosophy. Lord John Russell offered £100, which he said was all that was left. It was at first declined, but three years later it was bestowed on Lady Hamilton, and accepted, in the hope that it might be increased. After Sir William's death, an application for this end was made to Lord Palmerston, but though supported by the highest names in Scotland in law, literature, and science, by some heads of colleges in England, and such men in the Church as Drs. Tait, Milman, Stanley, and Mansel, it met with no success. Politicians only understand the concrete; their philosophy must be weighed and measured. We cannot conclude without quoting what Professor Ferrier says of Sir William Hamilton. It expresses our own judgment, and it is all the more valuable that Ferrier differed from Sir William, and agreed with us, in having no horror of the Absolute. "A simpler and a grander nature," says Ferrier, "never arose out of darkness into human life; a truer and manlier character God never made. How plain, and yet how polished was his life in all its ways! how refined, and yet how robust and broad his intelligence in all its workings! His contributions to philosophy have been great, but the man himself was greater far." And we ought not to omit the praise which is due to Mr. Veitch for the calm, elegant, and impartial manner in which he has written this charming memoir of Sir William Hamilton.

J. H.

Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini, Autobiographical and Political. Vol. V.
London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

THIS volume is the fifth of the translated edition of Mazzini's works, and contains the account of the struggles of 1848—9. That there is a very sad and bitter tone in the pages which introduce this struggle, one could not but expect; but the grandeur of the writer's mind comes out as much in defeat as in the few days of triumph that have encouraged him in his daring career.

"Successive generations," he says, "either represent *ideas* or *interests*, according to their moral education. When they are governed by the first we are enabled to foresee their actions and to arrange our plans by a logical calculation of the degree of capacity and constancy they are likely to display. When they are governed by the last—which in their very nature are variable from hour to hour—all logic is mute."

It was, then, the subservience to interests rather than ideas which Mazzini holds to have ruined the efforts of 1848; as he sadly sums it up, "God was not,

and, alas! is not, in the heart of the century;" and this failure, he holds, will always be repeated "so long as we are disinherited of faith in God and in duty."

The scene opens with the rise of what was called the Moderate Party, from whom, through Mr. Gladstone's translation of "Farini's History," most Englishmen probably derive their knowledge of this period. These men seem to have tried to defer the struggle by various compromises, till they had to retire for a time from the scene in favour of the bolder and nobler spirits, who began the actual work of the Revolution.

The account of their intrigues and feeblenesses is no doubt a necessary and even interesting part of the history; but those who wish really to understand Mazzini should look rather to the account of his own utterances and acts at this crisis. His persistent Republicanism is well known, but it is generally supposed that it was founded merely on abstract theory. Those who think this should study the summary of the letter to Leopardi, which is given at p. 27 of this translation. In the previous volumes too he has shown his wish to co-operate with those who looked first to Charles Albert, then to Pius IX., for the regeneration of Italy, so long as there was even the shadow of hope in such a course; and that his want of hope in that course was justified by rather bitter facts.

The main facts of the great insurrection of this time are printed here partly in a chapter, headed, "Royalty and Republicanism," partly in some documents called "Special Acts of the Roman Republic," which are placed at the end of this volume.

The story begins with the summary of the purely anti-Austrian movements in 1846—7, which found their most definite expression in the support of Pius IX. in his reforming tendencies. Upon this movement Mazzini looked, as we have said, silently, but hopelessly. To the Moderate Party, and those of his Republican friends who were inclined to support them, he pointed out the hopelessness of their object; but he saw that there was a lower element collecting round and defiling this movement. He says, "From the last and lowest party—the intriguers—we kept aloof, that we might not be sullied by contact with them. Friends or foes, we were, and would preserve ourselves, loyal. Nations, I have often said it, are not to be regenerated by a lie." The causes of the first outbreak Mazzini refers to a work of Carlo Cattaneo. We wish, we confess, that the translator had quoted more largely from that work.

The revolution was begun, apparently, by a small knot of Republicans, headed by Cattaneo, and burst forth on the occasion of some unusual severity on the part of the Austrians. It lasted five days, unaided from without, and at last Radetzky fled. Then Charles Albert, who had been only dallying with the insurrection till then, signed a proclamation of war with Austria. The motives for that proclamation, as gathered from English despatches of the time, seem to have been mainly a desire to save his crown, and to hinder the Republic from being proclaimed. The progress of the insurrection is told most vigorously.

"The Lombard insurrection had already been victorious upon every point when the royal troops advanced upon Lombard territory, and pushed onwards in the direction of the Tyrol. The volunteers had gathered towards those passes, driving the enemy before them. The passes leading to the valleys of the Adda and Oglio were already occupied by our men. The insurrection in Venetia had been accomplished with inconceivable rapidity, and had placed the defiles which lead from Austria into Italy in the hands of our mountaineers of Carnia and Cadore. Palma and Osopo were ours. The sea and the Alps, as Cattaneo writes, were closed to the enemy, and they would have remained so had the royal war recognised as our true strategic points, not the fortresses and Piedmont, but the Alps and the sea—the Tyrol and Venice."

Then follows a description of the enthusiasm of the people for the war, and the desertion of the Italians who were in the Austrian service. "In all Italy there only remained to Austria—and these cyphers are proved by the official reports—50,000 men, defeated, discouraged, and exhausted." The war spread to Tuscany and the other northern grand duchies, and at last to Naples. During all this movement the Republicans stood by Charles Albert, Mazzini urging them to support him, but the royalist party were already preparing for treachery.

"While we were urging the government to aid the volunteers, encourage them, and

send them on towards the Alps, the destruction of the volunteer element (republican for the most part) was decided, decided during the last day of march, when Teodoro Secchi was named to command the future army. They were left without arms, without clothing, without money, and yet violently accused each time that necessity compelled them to help themselves; sent forward to the Tyrol and the passes of the Alps, and then prevented from fighting; forced to quit those positions, and thus abandon the rising insurrections there; and finally recalled—they, the victors of the Austrians in the glorious five days—wounded to the heart's core, only to be dissolved."

—Mazzini urged them to supply the army from the Republican exiles who had been fighting in Spain and Greece. His offer was accepted; but when the exiles arrived they were refused commissions. Amongst these were Cialdini and Garibaldi.

While, too, Charles Albert was refusing to advance into the Tyrol, the princes were gradually withdrawing from the struggle, and Pio Nono was forbidding the Romans to cross the Po.

Mazzini's advice was called for on one occasion, and he suggested that they should choose three men—whom they pleased—to carry on the war, and to raise a levy of the five classes *en masse*. The Government declared "that the peasants were Austrian at heart;" "while," adds Mazzini, "the poor peasants of the two first classes were actually revolting against the surgeons who rejected some of them as unfit for service." He then urged them to appeal to the volunteers, and engaged to form a legion of a thousand volunteers in Milan, placing his own name at the head of the list. This was first agreed to, then the consent was contemptuously withdrawn. Then came an offer to Mazzini from the king's secretary, through a Republican friend, of the place of First Minister to the Crown, if he would bring over the Republicans to the royal party. A summary of his answer is given on pp. 96—8. It was, of course, a rejection of the offer, but also an appeal to the king to declare more fully his intentions towards Italy.

The annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont finally induced the Republicans to break silence, and draw up a protest to the Provisional Government. Then followed the cession of Venice to Austria; then various intrigues and diplomatic discussions, in which England appears as the mediator between Austria and Piedmont; then the strange period of reaction while the Austrians were pushing forward. Mazzini refused to upset the Provisional Government, and prevented an attempt of his friends to upset it. Instead of the three men whom he had named, three royal commissioners were chosen. Charles Albert promised to defend Milan, and the very next day announced that he had already completed the capitulation for its surrender. General Medici, in the meantime, rallied the Republicans, and Mazzini himself became their standard-bearer. The news of the capitulation caused Garibaldi and Medici to retreat. This they did, though harassed by the enemy, "in a compact and united form;" and Medici said of Mazzini on this occasion—"His conduct has been a proof that to the greatest qualities of the civilian he joins the courage and intrepidity of a soldier." Then followed the flight of the Pope and the other princes; the proclamation of the Roman Republic, and Mazzini's election as a deputy. The history is continued to the taking of Rome by the French, and many interesting documents relating to the decrees of the Republic, &c., are given at the end of the volume. Besides, there are several addresses and letters of Mazzini's on various occasions.

C. E. M.

Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson, Barrister-at-Law, F.S.A. Selected and edited by THOMAS SADLER, Ph.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

In the great whirlwind of political and religious excitement that burst over England, as everywhere else, at the French Revolution, there was a young attorney's clerk, native of Bury St. Edmunds, Henry Crabb Robinson by name, that yielded to all its impetuosity; he toasted Dr. Priestley, ran wild for the popular Confessors, Hardy, Tooke, and Thelwall, and at the age of twenty-three was marked as the dangerous infidel of his neighbourhood by no less a man than Robert Hall. A German University, with his own energy and natural gifts, secured him a status higher than his birth in the dissenting connexion

would have opened to him, and he took position in life successively as foreign correspondent, foreign editor of the *Times*, and barrister-at-law. No work in literature bears his name except this posthumous Diary, but henceforth he will by these volumes rank with the most distinguished observers and recorders of passing men and events. Retiring early from his profession with a moderate fortune as a bachelor, keenly alive to social enjoyment and eminently fitted to adorn every intellectual circle, Crabb Robinson was found qverywhere and was welcome evrywhere, *tête-à-tête* in the family or in the reunions of the wits, and for half a century he had the time and inclination punctually to chronicle, with excellent taste and most unexceptionable judgment, the current of thought around him, the words of the wise and their bright sayings, with endless personal anecdotes and traits of character which will be hereafter eagerly referred to by biographers. The names wedded to imperishable intellect strung together in pleasant gossip, of which the world never feels it has had enough, may be found in these three volumes to any heart's content. Dr. Sadler's Index is full of them, and many are the marks of reference against the more prominent. We only want a companion gallery of photographs and we are completely in the midst of the intellectual world of the last generation, moving about as the shadows of H. C. R. We see him at Rogers' breakfasts, Coleridge's Lecture or Monologue, and "dear" Charles Lamb's whists; sitting out the old year with the Flaxmans, walking with Arnold in the Lake country, and reading aloud in Mr. Wordsworth's family circle at Christmas time: we see, or fancy, Southey that can't be got off from his books, Irving declaiming, father Wesley and his homagers, Braham and "All's Well," and every star of the buskined stage. We get a glimpse of the *Times*' parlour and the thunderers in the reign of Walter the First; and we have a Crabb Robinson dinner-table in plan—five or six of them—with who were there and who sat next to whom, and the feast of reason easily imagined. One must be hard indeed to please who ever gets tired of these pages. But what, our reader may ask, must be the colouring of this pleasant outline if all the while the Diarist is diarizing beneath the smiles of a Godwin and the frown of a Robert Hall? Happily there is a better report to be made than that which is here suspected; and one principal interest of the work is to watch the effect of growing years and the intercourse with so much mind. We know how Coleridge, in the same era, out of as dark a night worked his way towards the dawn; and besides him H. C. R. had many constant associates whose principles were far enough removed from the *Political Justice*. How then, we are curious to learn, fared it with Godwin's disciple at 50—at 70—at 90? Let us remember he was of the age of twenty-three when he received Robert Hall's admirable letter (Oct. 13, 1798)—a perfect model of the kind, and by no means without its effect. Between twenty-five and thirty he was a student at Jena; and here he became sensible (vol. iii. p. 38) of the shallowness of the whole class of writers whom he had before respected; he was made conscious of his own ignorance and felt inclined to a favourable study of religious doctrines. This, he expressly states in later years, was the result of his "German studies." Would Oxford or Cambridge University "Studies" at the same period have been likely to help a young man of Robinson's stamp? It is but fair to ask the question whenever we are inclined to speak most regretfully of the influence of the German mind on England. Let us not forget however that while our dissenter was at Jena, such young men as Reginald Heber, Daniel Wilson, and Shuttleworth were reciting prize poems and essays at Oxford. But be that as it might, neither English Alma Mater was at that period open to the Non-con. Within the next five years after quitting Germany he is introduced to Mrs. Barbauld, Lamb, Southey, Wordsworth. In 1810 we find him discussing some of the foundations of Christianity with Coleridge. In 1815 he was one Sunday morning lounging in the Temple Gardens with Wordsworth's poems in company with a friend. The latter, he writes, "had taken the Sacrament at Belsham's, for which I felt additional respect towards him. Though I am not religious myself, I have great respect for a conduct which proceeds from a sense of duty and is under the influence of religious feelings" (i. 492). At the close of the same year he records having read several chapters of Paley's *Evidences*, "having resolved to read attentively and seriously that and other works on a subject transcendently important, and which I am ashamed thus long to have

delayed studying" (p. 507). The friend of the Temple Gardens quite gratified him by the lively pleasure he expressed on hearing this resolution. In 1819 he became acquainted with Mr. Benecke of Heidelberg; who won his hearty sympathy for what he regarded the earnestness of his impressions, his thoughtful views, and careful statements, on the various mysteries of religion. Robinson entertained an ineradicable repugnance to the usual orthodox doctrines, at any rate as popularly expressed; and Benecke's conversation awakened in him "a very important and salutary doubt" as to whether the tenets which his own mind rejected as absolute falsehoods might not be after all rather ill-stated, erroneously stated, and misunderstood truths, than falsehoods" (iii. 38).

At this time too he begins to speak of Flaxman the sculptor as one whose unaffected piety went to his heart. "He makes religion most amiable and respectable at the same time. A childlike faith is delightful in a man of distinguished genius" (ii. 136). In 1821 he earnestly wishes he were in all respects like Flaxman. At the end of 1823 he records in his diary—"As to myself I have become more and more desirous to be religious, but seem to be further off than ever. Whenever I draw near, the negative side of the magnet works and I am pushed back by an invisible power" (264). At the end of 1824 he writes—"What have I to do with mystical devotion, who am in vain striving to gain a taste for a more rational religion?" (287). Interesting notices are constantly occurring, amongst many others of a miscellaneous character, showing this kind of thought alive within him. He tells us exactly what he thinks of a sermon by Irving, Dr. Andrew Thomson, or Dr. Chalmers. He resolves (1824) to devote Sundays to religious reading: then we hear of Jeremy Taylor, Irving, "Woolman's Journal," and Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection;" also of long and interesting conversations with Julius Hare at Cambridge, or Benecke. In 1834 he went to Heidelberg on purpose to get more constant intercourse with the latter and a thorough acquaintance with his views, but the result was short of his expectations. From 1836 his visits to the Lakes brought him into contact with Dr. Arnold who had just before established his holiday home at Fox How, and we frequently hear of a sermon, a chat, and a walking discussion with him. In 1839 he is deeply interested in Isaac Taylor's writings, which "delighted me as much as Godwin and Hume did forty years ago, notwithstanding their religious tone and orthodox character." In the summer of 1841 he records—"The older we become our speculations about religion become more earnest and attractive: theological discussion supersedes even the politics of the day." He was then just turned 66.

Various indications have occurred in the Diary down to this period, which would not perhaps have attracted the reader's notice very particularly, but are significant taken in connexion with the sequel, that Mr. Robinson's strongest bias lay in the Unitarian direction, and now we are to see that tendency fully developed. In 1844—having never shown himself for many years before an active politician—he took a leading part out of doors in favour of the Dissenters' Chapels Bill;—"not, if I know my own feelings from any great interest I take in Unitarians as such, but because they are standing in the breach in a case of religious liberty." This was written in May; in December he informed Wordsworth that he had joined the Unitarian Association. In April, 1846, he went to the Essex Street Chapel, then under Mr. Madge, Belsham's successor. He enjoyed it much, and thought with regret how much he had lost by not attending before. Henceforth he became a regular attendant there, and frequently expressed the great pleasure he had in the services of Mr. Madge.

In October of that year he first met, at Heidelberg, an English clergyman whose sermons and conversations never ceased to engage his warmest admiration and regards, Mr. Frederick Robertson, then a Cheltenham curate and shortly after of Brighton. In subsequent years Mr. Robinson frequently records himself a delighted hearer of his new friend in the latter town, and pronounced him at his early death the best preacher he ever saw in the pulpit. It does not however appear, notwithstanding, that Mr. Crabb Robinson was ever the more reconciled to Church of England "orthodoxy." In 1847 he remarked to Robertson, "I am as convinced as a man can be on any matter of speculation that the orthodox doctrines, as vulgarly understood, are false" ("and so am I," interposed Robertson), "but I have never ventured to deny that possibly there

is an important truth at the bottom of every one of those doctrines of which they are a misrepresentation." Here Robinson expected his friend to reply, and was perplexed that he did not reply,—“I go farther than saying it is possible; I have no doubt that they are all substantially true.” Robertson seems to have made no reply at all. In the following year we read:—

“We talked to-day on religion: he (Robertson) spoke of the happiness he felt in being able freely to be a member of the Church of England, which implies a harmonious consent to all its doctrines. How he can be this, and yet entertain such liberal opinions and, what is much better, liberal feelings, I cannot comprehend; but this is not perhaps of much moment.” (iii. 327.)

In 1851 again:—

“Heard Robertson preach an extraordinary sermon, reconciling philosophy with piety in a remarkable way. . . . In the course of the sermon he uttered a number of valuable philosophical truths, which I cannot reconcile with Church doctrines, though I have no doubt he does so with perfect good faith. . . . He acknowledges that he is surprised at being so long permitted to preach: he is aware how much he must be the object of distrust.” (iii. 392.)

A few days afterwards:—

“I heard Robertson both morning and afternoon, and had a conversation with him in the evening. My astonishment at this man increases every time I see him. . . . As he interprets even the words ‘without blood there is no remission of sins,’ they become inoffensive, for it means no more than this—Christ died to exhibit the perfectest Christian truth, that the essence of Christianity is self-sacrifice. . . . I have told him that on Trinity Sunday, if possible, I will go to Brighton, to hear him expound, in this way, the Trinity.” (*Ibid.*)

It does not appear that he went on Trinity Sunday; and shortly after (1853) Robertson died. Mr. Robinson himself survived till 1867, but there is no additional record of his religious views that need be given after the above extremely interesting quotations.

The impatient youth then that called Robert Hall to account for taking away his character as a Christian is at length content to assist at three sermons in one day if Robertson and Sortain might preach them; and so the reader of this latest Diary need not fear he is to be dragged along through fifty years of irreverent scoffing. On the contrary, Crabb Robinson claims a standing within the Catholic Church on a level with the most favoured doxy. He is indignant at being tolerated. “I have,” says he, “the general impression that sometimes Church Liberals take great credit for a very small kindness, as if Unitarians were a sort of eleemosynary Christians, admitted to the title by a special favour” (iii. 512). And indeed who can have the heart to warn away as a trespasser one who claims, by any title that he can reconcile with his conscience, to stand upon that blessed ground? Yet one’s heart must fail one indeed, if a just liberality forbids us to question the genuineness of that Christianity which will not accept the direct statements of Christ’s selected and Spirit-taught disciples except under strange interpretations. H. C. R. admits, or rather will not deny, that there may be possibly a truth underlying the vulgar statements of orthodoxy. Very faint this! One might fancy he had in his eye the gross religionism of some third-rate “Primitive.” We should be comforted to think so. But he is at one with Robertson, and deems Robertson’s Churchmanship untenable; *ergo*, the official measured statements of the Church of England are within his view of the culprit “vulgar.” He is perplexed that Coleridge should (in 1811) have declared his adherence to Bull and Waterland; he will not however question his sincerity but only his consistency (i. 350); and of the “Aids” he remarks (in 1826), “His religion that of the vulgar, his philosophy his own” (ii. 327). It is tolerably clear therefore what that “vulgar” orthodoxy is which he cannot be reconciled to. And if this is not enough, where do we find in all his Diary any hearty reliance on or soul-felt quotation of a sentence like—“He died for our sins and rose again for our justification”? There is no sign from beginning to end that such statements as this, under any interpretation whatever, were resorted to for peace and consolation. But instead we have religious speculations embracing the origin of evil and its future consequences, sufficient grace for prayer, necessity, freewill, and the life to come; most interesting

tonics doubtless, but if one might say so, equally within the horizon of a Plato or a Tully.

There is one more point in H. C. R. to challenge. He has an ingenious observation, that he prefers Dissent to the Church but likes Churchmen better than Dissenters. The saying is quite as paradoxical as it looks; since the better crops invariably spring from the better ground, and if the Church makes better fellows than dissent the Church is the better land. But genuine "Church" does not logically produce Robertsonism, *teste*, H. C. R.; this therefore must be removed and the only crops left are the Anglo-Catholic, the Evangelical, and the High-and-dry. But our Diarist is opposed to the pretensions of the first, though he likes the Puseyites better than the Evangelicals (iii. 287), and the last moreover have (he declares) no connexion with gentility; sweep both away then, and there remains that ripe dry corn that will not offend H. C. R. with too much dogma. But all this trifling aside; and we say that Liberalism is a glorious gem, in whose preservation if Liberals fail, where else shall it be found? And when men write, as Henry Crabb Robinson does (*setatis* 78), "Of all the combinations the most unreal and spurious is that of gentility and Evangelicism" (iii. 421), which can only be meant as a short-cut argument for modern use parallel to Charles II.'s gentle saying about Presbyterianism and gentlemen, which the Diarist undoubtedly had in his mind (compare the date with that of iii. 287, *note*, and the latter half of the note itself), they must be prepared for a retort mayhap from the unfortunate Evangelical, that the secret of their dislike is that he may be after all the truest and the stubbornest exponent of a Pauline Orthodoxy which so much puzzles them as "vulgar."
C. H.

Memoir of John Grey of Dilston. By his Daughter, JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER.
Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1869.

THIS is the life of a British worthy. John Grey of Dilston was a man famous as an agriculturist (as manager of the Greenwich Hospital estates in Northumberland he increased their rental from £25,000 to £40,000), not unimportant as a politician, and very noticeable for a certain simplicity and gentle greatness of nature which every letter and speech of his revealed. The life was well worth writing, and it has been well and shortly written—or suffered for the most part to write itself, in the chronicle of deeds done, and in the familiar letters of the dead. It is a book which breathes of Northumberland, of the valley of the rushing Tyne, and of blown and rainy hills. It is from lives like this that men may learn, for the record of a great and pure personality is the best bequest of time. To those who knew John Grey—as what Northern man did not?—this plain portraiture will recall the majesty of his later days, when, though the hair of the "Black Prince of Northumberland" was weather-beaten to an iron-grey, and his towering stature bent a little with eighty years, yet his natural force was not abated, nor the fire of his eye or of his spirit in anywise quenched or overborne.
F. W. H. M.

III.—PHILOSOPHICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

The Subjection of Women. By JOHN STUART MILL. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer.

THOSE who take delight in spying out the faults and weaknesses of great men have rarely, perhaps, had a better chance of gratification than in this book. Noble as ever in tone of thought, as forcible and clear in statement, it is yet, we fear, far more likely to damage than to assist the cause for which it was written. The reason of this expectation is the constant ignoring throughout the argument of the first chapter, and to a great degree throughout the book, of the truth so admirably set forth in the first two pages:—

"It would be a mistake," says Mr. Mill, "to suppose that the difficulty of the case must lie in the insufficiency or obscurity of the grounds of reason on which my conviction rests. The difficulty is that which exists in all cases in which there is a mass of

feeling to be contended against. So long as an opinion is strongly rooted in the feelings, it gains rather than loses in stability by having a preponderating weight of argument against it. For if it were accepted as a result of argument, the refutation of the argument might shake the solidity of the conviction; but when it rests solely on feeling, the worse it fares in argumentative contest, the more persuaded its adherents are that their feelings must have some deeper ground which the arguments do not reach, and while the feeling remains it is always throwing up fresh intrenchments of argument to repair any breach made in the old."

Starting with this admission, one would expect in a book which is meant to convert waverers (if not to conciliate opponents), that such feelings would be treated with some degree of tenderness; and that, however strongly our author might state his own side of the question, he would even go out of his way to make allowances for the "weaker brethren" who shrank from his conclusions. Yet while the parallel between the position of women and of slaves is pushed to the uttermost, while the half-dishonest, half-meaningless compliments by which the emancipation of women is met are treated with the scorn which they so richly deserve, there is no recognition of the real reverence for the sacredness of domestic relations which makes the most daring and the most unselfish men dread *any* interference with them whatever, and, what is far more startling, no admission of the real difference which distinguishes the *present* position of women from slavery. This is most clearly brought out in the passage in which he contemptuously summarizes what he considers the difference between the two cases:—

"Men do not want solely the obedience of women, they want their sentiments. All men, except the most brutish, desire to have in the woman most nearly connected with them, not a forced slave, but a willing one, not a slave merely but a favourite. They have, therefore, put everything in practice to enslave their minds. The masters of all other slaves rely for maintaining obedience on fear, either fear of themselves or religious fears. The masters of women wanted more than simple obedience, and they turned the whole force of education to effect their purpose."

"Can it be doubted that any of the other yokes which mankind have succeeded in breaking, would have subsisted till now if the same means had existed and been as sedulously used to bow down their minds to it. If it had been made the object of life of every young plebeian to find personal favour in the eyes of some patrician, of every serf with some seignour; if domestication with him, and a share of his personal affections had been held out as the prize which they all should look out for, the most gifted and aspiring being able to reckon on the most desirable prizes; and if when the prize had been obtained they had been shut out by a wall of brass from all interests not centering in him, all feelings and desires but those which he shewed or inculcated, would not serfs and seigneurs, plebeians and patricians have been as broadly distinguished at this day as men and women are, and would not all but a thinker here and there have believed the distinction to be a fundamental and unalterable fact in human nature?"

This description seems slightly modified by the remarks at page 69, but why did they not appear earlier in the book? We confess that we are not ready to answer this question decidedly in the affirmative; but whether we do so or not, the description certainly is not an exhaustive account of the real relations between husband and wife. So long as the serf, however petted and favoured, is in a state of serfdom, there *must* come in at some point or other that great distinction between him and the wife,—“the servant knoweth not what his master doeth,” or, it might be added, *thinketh and feeleth*. No doubt Mr. Mill would admit that the “bond of man and wife” was something higher in many cases than this description implies; but it is just this omission of the modifications of his view that must weaken the good effect of this book, and through it the cause which the writer has at heart.

I speak as ever jealous for the reputation of a man from whom all we of the younger generation have learnt something, and for a cause which has far more to fear from ridicule and prejudice than from argument. How much they have to fear in respect of prejudice I may instance by the misrepresentations to which this book has been already subjected. It has been quoted, for instance, in such a way as to give the impression that Mr. Mill wishes to advocate *unlimited* right of divorce. The following passage will show how false is such a statement:—

“Surely if a woman is denied any lot in life but that of being the personal body servant of a despot, and is dependent for everything upon the chance of finding one who

may be disposed to make a favourite of her instead of merely a drudge, it is a very cruel aggravation of her fate that she should be allowed to try this chance only once. The natural sequel and corollary from this state of things would be that since her all in life depends on her having a good master, she should be allowed to change again and again until she finds one. *I am not saying that she ought to be allowed this privilege, that is a totally different consideration.* "The question of divorce in the sense involving liberty of re-marriage, is one into which it is foreign to my purpose to enter, all I now say is that to those to whom nothing but servitude is allowed, the free choice of servitude is the only, though a most insufficient, alleviation."

In the chapter from which this piece of bitter irony is quoted, Mr. Mill—if we may venture to say so—becomes far more convincing. He no longer takes his stand on the general iniquity of men towards women, but on the old and sound principle that "the law was made for the unjust:—"

"Marriage is not an institution designed for the select few. Men are not required as a preliminary to the marriage ceremony to prove by testimonials that they are fit to be trusted with absolute power. The tie of affection and obligation to a wife and children is very strong with those whose general social feelings are strong, and with those who are little sensible to any other social ties; but there are all degrees of sensibility and insensibility to it, as there are all grades of good and wickedness in men down to those whom no ties will bind, and on whom society has no action but through its *ultima ratio*, the penalties of the law. In every grade of this descending scale are men to whom are committed all the legal powers of a husband. . . ."

Here, too, is introduced a passage which, however one-sided as a statement of fact, seems to us, in depth of feeling and height of moral tone, unsurpassed even in the other writings of Mr. Mill.

Speaking of the *undue* influence sometimes exercised by women over men, he adds:—

"But neither in the affairs of families nor in those of States is power a compensation for the loss of freedom. Her power often gives her what she has no right to, but does not enable her to assert her own rights. A sultan's favourite slave has slaves under her over whom she tyrannizes, but the desirable thing would be that she should neither have slaves nor be a slave."

While, too, we have commented with the freedom with which little people generally criticize their betters, on the imperfections of this remarkable book, we must admit that some of the objections which have been made, and which will no doubt be repeated, to its language, seem to us neither just nor reasonable. We allude especially to the irritation caused to some people by the use of words like "partnership," "contract," &c., as applied to marriage. Among women, at any rate, this objection is very sincere and very deep. They think that legal terms imply something hard and worldly, and are connected mainly with ideas of bargain and sale, &c. We are sorry to see that a writer in one of our ablest and generally most conscientious journals (the *Spectator*) speaks of Mr. Mill's desire to "abolish marriage in any other form than a free-will partnership." A more false impression of the effect of his argument could not be given. Now I would point out that the whole discussion from p. 71 to p. 74 is concerned purely with the question of the management of the *property* after marriage; and any one who reads the chapter in an unprejudiced spirit will feel, first of all, that Mr. Mill does not for a moment consider this—the only one or the most important question in family relations, and secondly that directly this question becomes mixed up with a more general discussion of the relations of married life, he passes from cold legal arguments to appeal to religious and moral feelings. The following sentence may perhaps offend the feelings of some women, as it will no doubt prick the consciences of many men, but it cannot be charged with *dryness* of tone or lowness of feeling:—

"I believe that equality of rights would abate the exaggerated self-abnegation which is the present artificial ideal of feminine character, and that a good woman would not be more self-sacrificing than the best man; but, on the other hand, men would be much more unselfish and self-sacrificing than at present, because they would no longer be taught to worship their own will as such a grand thing that it is actually the law for another rational being."

Even on the question of property, too, he does homage to sincere sentiment far more than in the earlier chapter:—

"Some people are sentimentally shocked at the idea of a separate interest in money

matter as inconsistent with the ideal fusion of two lives in one. For my own part, I am one of the strongest supporters of community of goods when resulting from an entire unity of feeling in the owners which makes all things common between them. But I have no relish for a community of goods resting on the doctrine that what is mine is yours, but what is yours is not mine; and I should prefer to decline entering into such a compact with any one, though I were myself the person to profit by it."

The third chapter is concerned with the exclusion of women from the professions and the suffrage. On the injustice of the first of these exclusions we fancy people in general are at bottom agreed, and the battle of women's champions on this point must be therefore, as Mr. Mill pointed out in the passage quoted above, against sentiment rather than logical argument. Yet here again Mr. Mill assumes that this sentiment is mere selfishness—a point which he might at least have proved (by an analysis, for instance, of the phrases in which it is expressed) instead of assuming it at starting. The argument, however, both on this point and on the question of the suffrage, is worthy of the writer. On the latter question the following passage strikes us as very forcible:—

"When we consider how sedulously they are all trained away from, instead of being trained towards, any of the occupations or objects reserved for men, it is evident that I am taking a very humble ground for them when I rest their case on what they have actually achieved. It cannot be inferred to be impossible that a woman should be a Homer, or an Aristotle, or a Michael Angelo, or a Beethoven, because no woman has yet actually produced works comparable to theirs in any of those lines of excellence. The negative fact at most leaves the question uncertain and open to psychological discussion. But it is quite certain that a woman can be an Elizabeth, or a Deborah, or a Joan of Arc, since this is not inference but fact. Now it is a curious consideration that the very things which the existing law excludes women from doing, are the things which they have proved that they are able to do. There is no law to prevent a woman from having written all the plays of Shakspeare, or composed all the operas of Mozart. But Queen Elizabeth or Queen Victoria, had they not inherited the throne, could not have been entrusted with the smallest of the political duties of which the former showed herself equal to the greatest."

Even, however, in this most instructive chapter, Mr. Mill's bitterness against his opponents carries him away; not I think in this instance into injustice, but into the omission of a point in his argument which one would have expected that he of all men in England would have been the most likely to drive home. The charge that women are led away by their personal partialities in political matters he meets by a bitter sarcasm on men's devotion to their personal interests. No doubt there is a great deal of truth in this retort, nor is it at all over-stated; but why treat the charge against women as entirely a reproach? Surely, if there is one improvement more than another which we need in political feeling, it is the introduction of the idea that we should vote for the best man, not for the party ticket. Such at least is the idea that I believed to have been the basis of Mr. Hare's Scheme of Personal Representation, and to have inspired a certain letter to Mr. Bouverie during the recent election.

The last chapter (on the general good to mankind which will result from the changes which are advocated in this book) contains many noble passages, but again the case seems strangely overstated.

In conclusion, I would assure any one who desires honestly to study this book, that he will find much to repay him; but those who read it only once, and then hastily, will, if inclined in the slightest degree to differ from its conclusions, find their prejudices developed and strengthened. C. E. M.

Vesuvius. By J. PHILLIPS, M.A., F.R.S., &c., Professor of Geology in the University of Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1869.

IF ever the geologist of the future shall be able to trace backward step by step with historic accuracy the faint and devious footprints of old Time, if ever he is to be able to systematize the phenomena of active and passive change, and mould the collective knowledge of his predecessors into more or less complete philosophic systems of cause and effect in connection with the great system of creation, it will be by the multiplication of works like this before us. He cannot yet tell, one by one, the volcanoes, above and below the sea, that have in turn laboured in melting the rocks beneath and in heaping up new matter above; the fire-fields spreading like a fever-rash from land to land in all ages—

staying for a while like a dread hectic, or passing on with tumours to burst in other regions with burning pustules, until Time, the curer, renews earth's face with verdure. This is more than the geologist of to-day can hope for. But we have here a monograph on one of these fire-centres, which will form no inconspicuous stone in the pyramid of geologic history, when once the edifice is completed.

For half a century, the name of Phillips has stood in the foremost rank of geological chieftains. He has had less to retract than any one of his contemporaries, for he never laid down a fact of which he could not produce the formal proof, and he never claimed it as his prerogative to speculate beyond the necessary productions from proven facts. The same caution, the same wisdom, shines here, mellowed by the *ingenium mite senectutis*, while the fire of youth is yet fervid enough to draw forth the veteran Professor, who has emulated the devotion of the elder Pliny, but happily escaped his premature fate, as notebook in hand he watched the heaving throes of the fire-mountain.

In the early part of last year Professor Phillips set out to visit Vesuvius, then in the throes of one of its greatest modern eruptions, and he has now collected an authentic history of the mountain and of its successive eruptions, has arranged the main facts and phenomena observed in and about it in a settled order, and finally has offered his interpretation founded on these observations and in harmony with the working laws of nature. The history is complete from the first recorded eruption, narrated by the younger Pliny, with the touching story of his uncle's death, and briefly recounts every eruption from that date. The effects of the eruption of 1794 were amongst the most remarkable:—

“In Torre del Greco metallic and other substances exposed to the current (of lava), were variously affected. Silver was melted, glass became porcelain, iron swelled to four times its volume, and lost its texture. Brass was decomposed, and its constituent copper crystallized in cubes and octahedral forms aggregated in beautiful branches. The zinc was sometimes tuned to blende.” (P. 94.)

The following is the description of last year's eruption as seen by the author:—

“In the evening of 21st March, 1868, after an interval of unquiet repose, during which, by day, wreaths of vapour rose from the summit, Vesuvius rekindled his watch-fires, and began to blaze at intervals much like an iron furnace in the north of England, and like that, occasionally lighting up the clouds above, while a broad glare of red reflection spread over the sea in front. It was bright star-light, and one serene star on the left of the crater gave its pure rays in contrast with the ruddy glow. . . . One more look at the evening lights of Vesuvius—27th March—the grandest of all the exhibitions. What a spectacle! One long burning stream down the north-eastern slope of the great cone. . . . On the top, fitful bursts of clouds of fiery bombs and wide-spread ashes; below, just where it appeared last night, but now far brighter, and glowing with a full steady eye of light, the second great burst of light and motion. Now it spreads a bright cloud above; then down to the valley knots and lines, sometimes double, of sharp white or reddish fire, swelling into considerable masses, and broken into many gleaming points. Toward the base, a wide cataract of fire is pouring toward us, and is stretching its red fingers over the older lava. Now and then a star-like point in advance seems to beckon onward—‘den freien tochten der natur.’ Finally, in the deepest part of the visible horizon, a horizontal row of fourteen small bright star or gem-like fires marks the conquest of the current over the flat space of the Atrio, and seems to unite again the long separated masses of Somma and Vesuvius—parent and child, the far-descended progeny of the struggling Titan.” (Pp. 122, 125.)

In the following chapters, the causes of earthquakes and volcanoes are examined. Internal fissures, occasioned by gradual pressure, not by sudden vibration, open the heated interior to the admission of water: the generation of steam—the sudden shock—the far-extended vibratory motion, are consequences of a slow change of dimensions, in presence of internal heat and admitted water. Hence active volcanoes are never found but in regions very near the sea, which supplies the subterranean force or requisite steam-power. Hence the author concludes:—

“These relations of volcanic energy are assignable to geographical conditions: first, it is not in high mountain chains, however great the disturbances in them, that volcanic energy is specially seated; next, that it is in the sea, or near the coast now, and that it was near the sea or great inland waters in early times, that volcanoes burst forth; thirdly, that this area of activity in Europe has been on the whole shifted southward during the course of geologic time.” (P. 236.)

The volcanoes of Germany, of Auvergne, of Northern Italy, seem to have ceased long before Vesuvius and Etna had passed beyond the fierceness of youth. Great mountain movements by which changes of vast extent have been made in restoring the terrestrial equilibrium, are by this very condition to be regarded as *bringing to rest* some primary state of extensive disturbance. Abundance of water, having access to the hot interior of the earth, is an element *not* of continental elevation and marine depression, but of *volcanic excitement*.

Examining more particularly the phenomena of Vesuvius, the Professor is inclined to doubt whether what has been supposed to be flame issuing from the crater is more than the light emanating from incandescent but not flaming bodies. "It is the light of the glowing lava, and masses ejected in a state of white or red heat, which makes the great column of seeming flame rushing up from Vesuvius." From his telescopic observations, he was also satisfied that the stone-throwing of Vesuvius arose from explosive forces near the upper surface of the lava:—

"The cause of these sudden and capricious explosions may be not the heating of the water-bubbles which explode, but the cooling of them below the 'spheroidal' state, to some red heat which admits of their collecting together and assuming the normal condition of vapour; whereas lower down in the lava, the bubbles of water, inclosed in the lava, are too much heated to be allowed to flash into steam. By this consideration we see that steam-power cannot be generated *in lava* to beyond a certain measure of intensity, depending on a limited temperature." (P. 265.)

The space at our disposal prevents our doing more than merely refer to the examination of the story told by the columns of the temple of Puteoli, in ch. viii., so well known to every geologist by the illustrations in Sir C. Lyell's "Principles of Geology." But we cannot omit Professor Phillips' generalization from his observations:—

"To me it appears clear that on the general fact of a cooling globe, two great systems of movement in the earth's crust are to be surely inferred: one downward, by reason of the determining of a general contraction to particular axes and centres; the other upward, arising from the crystallization of rocks, whose specific gravity is less than that of the whole mass. Whether these rocks entangle themselves below, so as to constitute practically a solid basis, or float in a magma of slow fluidity, is of no material consequence to the general theory of the earth, or to the particular theory of volcanoes. The conformity and diversity of these latter can be well enough explained either way; conformity of general phenomena from causes of like origin, diversity of particular effects from the varying depths and communications of the channels, and the different qualities of the solid rock which are rent by earthquakes, absorbed by heat, and ejected by steam.

"Here, then, we pause, not without a conviction that geology is acquiring, even with reference to the variable might of subterranean fire, a sure ground of conviction that it is a part of the system of slow and measured change, which has been traced in operation through the members of the solar system and the starry space beyond, to the greater and more distant masses of shining vapour, which, though they stand to us at present as the 'flammanitia mœnia mundi,' may even now be silently gathering into new suns, and planets, and satellites; or forming elliptic rings of asteroids, such as were seen on this morning of the 14th Nov. 1868, by the author at Oxford." (Pp. 336, 337.)

H. B. T.

IV.—CLASSICAL.

Juventus Mundi: The Gods and Men of the Heroic Age. By the Right Honourable WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

WE are not so much disposed to laud as to felicitate Mr. Gladstone, for that, amidst the cares of State, and his efforts to play a grand part, under Providence, in the "senectus mundi," he is able to abstract himself at seasons from the scene on which he moves, and transport himself for relaxation to the far past, that young day of the world's history, so vividly pictured in the Homeric page. Independent of the charm of associations so totally different, that, in recurring to these, he can most completely banish the claims and anxieties of time present, Mr. Gladstone's Homeric studies furnish him with what of all things must be most

delightful to his fervid nature, the seat of victory and success, and the luxury of maintaining a cause currently spoken against, with those weapons of rhetoric, research, and subtle analysis, which none know better how to wield. Whilst it may be said of his "Homeric studies," published ten years ago, that they gave a distinct impulse to the study of Homer among English scholars, and increased an hundred-fold the number of translators, commentators, and speculators, who had any sort of tribute to pay to the world's earliest bard, it is no less true that his "Juventus Mundi," (wherein is gathered up a fund of results and deductions from his larger work, along with much that is new in the nature of developments of former inquiries and theories,) will come in most opportunely to reinforce the battle, which Mure and others have had enough to do in fighting against the popular heresy of these days, and to convince the unprejudiced and calm-judging, of the oneness and individuality of Homer by conclusions resulting from an insight singularly minute and penetrative. It is hard to conceive an aim more generous or more enkindling than to rehabilitate (if the word can be with reverence used of the Divine Poet) the glorious author of the Iliad and the Odyssey, or a luxury more enviable than to dint the shields and shiver the lances of those light-weighted critics who now-a-days devote themselves to removing Homer from his time-honoured vantage-ground, making him a "vox et præterea nihil," and substituting Pindar, or even later poets still, for him, as the first substantial occupant of the throne of Greek poesy. One great result of Mr. Gladstone's "Juventus Mundi" will have been to accomplish this aim; for it is quite impossible to follow him through its circumstantial and minute deductions, with anything like concurrent reference to the Homeric text, without being possessed with a conviction that in the Iliad and Odyssey, taken in their entirety, or compared part with part, there is incontestable evidence of a system, and plot, and detail, which could not by possibility have originated in other than a single brain. Here and there we find direct and telling arguments in this behalf. He finds these—

"In the innumerable particulars of manners, institutions, and ideas which pervade both the Iliad and the Odyssey with a marvellous consistency, and by the incommunicable stamp of extraordinary genius which they carry throughout. If discrepancies exist, the difficulty they present is not only small, but infinitesimal, compared with the hypothesis which assumes that Greece produced in early times a multitude of Homers, and all of them with the very same stamp of mind. Whether, in short, we consider these works as poetry or as record, the marks of their unity are innumerable and ineffaceable. A part of their force is sensible to the ordinary reader; but it will be felt constantly and immensely to increase in proportion as the reader becomes the student, by virtue of a patient, constant, and thorough examination of the text." (16—17).

In fact, it is in the *bonâ-fide* observance of the minute plan thus laid down that he both arrives at separate proofs, and also accumulates a body of coincidences and consistencies quite irreconcilable with divided authorship, or any other than one constructive mind. This comes out perhaps more than elsewhere in those sketches of *ἦθος*, which make so attractive the latter pages of "Juventus Mundi," reproducing more or less a great charm of the "Studies." Odusseus, for example, is made in the Homeric poems "a model of the domestic affections." It was the scope of the "Odyssey" to make him so, and no reader marvels to see him therein pre-eminent in the character of father and husband. But why do we find undesigned coincidental notes of the same character in the "Iliad?" "The 'Iliad,'" observes Mr. Gladstone, "sustains by its slighter indications the sister poem: for he alone of the Greek chieftains desires to be known as the father of his son; and touchingly sets forth his sense of the hardship of being detained, even but a single month, away from a wife" (p. 501).

It is not, however, so much separate and several points, as the cogency of Mr. Gladstone's analysis and accumulative consistent evidence, which beat out of court the destructive theories of a later day of Homeric criticism. There may be here and there an argument too finespun, and too subtle; but the web, as a whole, is so well and vigilantly woven, that we shall be curious to see the efforts of modern "chorizontes," "sceptics," and "setters up of rival Homers," to get out of it. As for the author of "Juventus Mundi," he holds no terms with those recent critics who seek to invalidate Homer by bringing his date as near as they can to that of poets whom we have been taught to

consider far later in the chronology of Greek literature. With him Homer was born "before or during the war," "immediately and intensely Greek," and "the song of Homer was 'historic song'" (p. 7). "Indeed, he has probably told us more about the world and its inhabitants at his own epoch than any historian that ever lived." And when we come to that very interesting portion of Mr. Gladstone's further researches since the publication of his "Studies on Homer" in 1858, which consists in tracing out the Phœnician element in the ethnological division of his subject, we discover, incidentally, collateral proof, or approximation to proof, of the poet's date, in the course of his remarks as to the Semitic influences of Phœnician settlers on the Greece of Homer.

"It is plain," writes Mr. Gladstone, "from both the poems, that at the epoch of the Troica, Sidon was in its vigour. The Sidonians are mentioned apart from Phoinikè in the list of the countries which Menelaos visited. Here, as we find, were produced the noblest works of metallic art, here the richly-embroidered robes. From the King of Sidon (who has the poetical name of Phaidimos) Menelaos receives a noble gift. And some of Homer's Phœnician personages are also called Sidonian. Now the period of the Sidonian supremacy closes, as we are told, with the razing of that city by the Philistines in the year 1209 B.C. Then began the supremacy of Tyre, a city of which we have no indication throughout the poems, unless we may be thought to find one in the name of Turo, the grandmother of Nestor. From many signs it appears that Turo must have been Phœnician. But Homer tells nothing, knows nothing, of a Tyrian. It seems pretty clear, then, that the epoch of the war, and probably of the poems, must have been antecedent to the fall of Sidon, reputed to have taken place in 1209 B.C. (144).

A little further on he argues, with much cogency, the probability that an invasion of Egypt by the Libyans, with the aid of Achæians and Laconians, held to have occurred at the end of the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty, with the reputed date of the fourteenth century before Christ, was made *before*, not *after*, the War of Troy. But here he speaks as one feeling after the light, rather than as having yet attained to it, and anticipates a time when it will be possible to define more precisely the relations of Egyptian Chronology with the Homeric poems and their subjects, and avers with justice that discoveries, already made, sustain the judgment of those inquirers, "who have assigned the greatest measure of antiquity and of historical character to the works of Homer."

In January, 1868, there appeared an article in the *Quarterly Review* on "Phœnicia and Greece," and this article Mr. Gladstone seems to acknowledge as his own in the pages we are reviewing. The topic is pursued and followed out with much fruit in "Juventus Mundi," and will, we are confident, bear more fruit yet. Once put on the scent, we track a hundred notes of Phœnician influence in the Homeric mythology, history, and geography, "Phœnician" standing with Homer, in its widest sense, for the "old parental East." Into the composition of the Greek race there entered, beside the Pelasgic and the Hellenic, a strong Phœnician element. And this clue may be made of vast service in accounting for other wise inexplicable coincidences of Homeric legend with Hebraic tradition, as well as strange and scarcely unintentional resemblances between features of Homeric mythology and the Messianic ideas concerning man's redemption preserved in the Bible. Mr. Gladstone naturally touches on the striking similarity between the legend of Bellerophon, solicited by the wife of Proitos, and that of Joseph by the wife of Potiphar, and finds two evident links between the legend of Bellerophon and the source to which he ascribes it, in the name *Proitan* (see Pausanias and Æschylus), given to one of the gates of Thebes that marked its Phœnician re-foundation, and in the connection in Homer's *Iliad* of the name of Proitos with written characters, it being a patent later tradition that the Phœnicians introduced into Greece the art of writing (p. 201). But even more curiously interesting is the line of argument by which those most remarkable members of the Homeric Theogony, its best and highest-toned members, Leto, Athene, and Apollo, are traced to an origin in Hebraic tradition. Leto has no source in Pelasgian nature-worship, and is not referable to Assyrian or to Egyptian systems. Her dignity is referable to her motherhood. She is represented "as a mother set in a commanding position by her son Apollo's transcending dignity" (259). There may be in the Pelasgian or other mythologies a base for the Homeric Leto, as there are, for the Homeric Apollo, deities to form his basis. But, says Mr. Gladstone, we must seek out-

side the limits of the system a mode of accounting for the high properties of the latter, and the majesty and reverence of the former:—

“If in Apollo there are exhibited together with other matter the features of that tradition of a Deliverer, divine, and yet in human form, which was handed down through the line of patriarchs, and enshrined in the sacred Scriptures, we have to bear in mind that this Deliverer was emphatically described as the seed of the woman. Whether by the woman was meant his mother, or Eve, the general mother of our race, is immaterial to our present purpose. What appears obvious is, that if such a tradition imparted its glory to the character of Apollo, it could hardly fail to shed a portion of collateral lustre upon the person in whom the human descent was signified and foreshadowed. And it would be no matter of wonder if the human figure of such a person was elevated to the Olympian Court, whose manifold orders make such admission easy, and whose anthropomorphic principle tended to efface or weaken the lines of separation between its divinities and mortal man.” (Pp. 259-60.)

And then as to Apollo and Athene he goes on to note that their position, in but few points inferior to that of Zeus, in none inferior to that of Poseidon, is a solecism under any other explanation than that of an infusion of the Messianic ideas into Homeric legends and theogonies. The differences between the birth of both, according to Homer, “correspond with the differences between the two forms of the Messianic tradition represented respectively in the Logos and the Son of the Woman” (p. 270). Their “sanctitas” is greater than that of Zeus: they are less subject to the stain of sensual passion, to contact of external violence, and to visible putting to shame; and the unbroken harmony with the will of Zeus which Apollo, though not Athenè, exhibits, and which is wholly wanting in Poseidon and Herè, are to be accounted for by no traditions save those of the Hebrew race (p. 273). It is impossible to follow in a short notice this comparatively exhaustive survey of the characteristics of these two pre-eminent members of the Homeric mythology; but it would be less than candour to reserve our opinion that, in the main, if not in every particular, the author of “*Juventus Mundi*” makes out his case, and successfully marks out the line of an investigation of most absorbing and universal interest. There is a great deal to arrest and to attract in the reasoning whereby he arrives at the conclusion that Poseidon is a deity also due to the mythology of the Phœnicians; and, apropos of this question, it is probable that he will meet with more or less gainsaying; but the subject to which we have before adverted is one, the scope of which is assuredly true and rightly directed; and we shall look with curiosity to its further development, as stimulated by the brilliant and subtle inquiries here initiated. Whilst touching on the Divinities of Olympus, and seeking for an illustration of Mr. Gladstone’s masterly analysis of character, apart from these deities, which he takes to be of Phœnician origin, we are tempted to quote his sketch of Zeus, the type of anthropomorphism, as an ensample of the breadth as well as minuteness of his survey.

“While the Olympian Court and Zeus as its head present to our view the weight of political care, and are commonly seen working for good, the individual character of Zeus is of a far lower order than his public capacity would lead us to expect. Into this there enters almost as much of Falstaff, as of Lear into the character of Priam. The basis of it is radically Epicurean. A profound attachment to ease and self-enjoyment is its first governing principle. Except for its pleasures, and indeed with a view to indulging in them, he never disturbs the established order, and he resents in a high degree the fiery restlessness as well as the jealousy of Herè. The sacrificing man is the pious man; but the love of Zeus for such men appears to be closely associated with the animal enjoyment of the libation and the reek. To avoid trouble he acquiesces in the death of Sarpedon, whom he singularly loves; he dreads to give offence to the goddess of Night, and he hesitates to grant the request of Thetis, notwithstanding the debt of gratitude he owes her. And generally he hates those gods who trouble him, and in proportion as they trouble him, especially his son Ares” (234).

As a pendant to this neat portraiture, we would refer our readers to the character of Agamemnon in the fourteenth chapter, where the resemblances between it and that of the Olympian chief are nicely noted. Whether Zeus be or be not in part the reflection of a human prototype, Mr. Gladstone certainly does not err in seeing to a great extent in Zeus the Agamemnon of Olympus, and in Agamemnon the Zeus of Greece. (P. 502.)

We regret the utter inadequacy of our space to do justice to a tithe of the interesting, deeply interesting, problems which the strenuous and enthusiastic scholar, who has done so much to stimulate his countrymen to a more thorough acquaintance with Homer, has gone far towards solving in this volume. We can but commend it to careful and step-by-step perusal. It is not to be judged of by specimen pieces. Like an intricate mosaic, it must be examined altogether, not piecemeal. But we can assure students of this, that in a minute and steady mastering of it, they will lay in a store of collateral learning and information. Herein they will find curious analogies, of Iris with the "Bow in the Clouds," of "Atè" with the Serpent and his punishment (355), of woman's position in the heroic age with that she holds in a Christian dispensation (405), pursued and handled with nicety and acuteness. They will come upon an appreciative sketch of Homeric oratory and debate (431-3), which is all the more interesting as proceeding from the most acknowledged modern master of these means of swaying and moving the minds and wills of men. They will find in the monosyllabic *τις*, so often brought in to express the current voice of the mass of an Homeric assembly, after some wordy encounter, that "public opinion" which "modern statesmanship" has given up the vain attempt to defy. In matters of verbal and of poetical criticism they will follow in the main a safe and trustworthy guide, though we are not sure that here and there a text is not unconsciously strained to enforce a foregone conclusion. A case of this occurs, surely, when proving in his ethics of the Heroic age that the Greek sentiment of admiration for beauty of form was pure—purer than that of other nations—he adds, "it is in Troy that the *gloating* eyes of the old men follow Helen as she walks" (p. 399),—a remark which he reinforces in other words where he makes "reverence for beauty one of the principles that animated the polity of the Greeks of the Heroic age, as contradistinguished from the Asiatic" (p. 449). Yet that there is no warrant for this deduction may be shown by quoting Lord Derby's faithful version of the passage in question:—

"Helen they saw as to the tower she came;
And 'tis no marvel' one to other said,
Tho' valiant Trojans and the well-greaved Greeks
For beauty such as this should long endure
The toils of war; for goddess-like she seems;
And yet, despite her beauty, let her go,
Nor bring on us and on our sons a curse."—Book iii. 185-90.

Not a word or syllable here, or in the Greek, justifies the imputation to Priam and his elders, of *gloating eyes*: and in like manner, we fancy that Mr. Gladstone is unduly hard in his character of Hector—as contrasted with that of Achilles. Perhaps intense partizanship is but natural. With the general scope of his remarks on the purity of Homeric manners we are in perfect accord. Indeed he does not go one whit too far, when he puts a word in our mouths, and bids us decide that the duty of man towards the deity, and of man towards his fellow, were not better understood in the days of Pericles and Alexander, Sylla or Augustus, than in those of Homer (401).

For its bearing on the moot question of the single or multifold authorship of Iliad and Odyssey, for its clear and photographic pictures of Homeric simplicity, for its help towards solving some of the most curious analogies between sacred and profane literature, we heartily commend this compact and manageable volume to such of our readers as have not forgotten or forsaken the Homer of their early days.

J. D.

V.—POETRY AND FICTION.

Poems. By JAMES R. WITHERS, Fordham, Cambridgeshire. London:
F. Bowyer Kitto.

WE do not like the tone of "Polly Banyard's Experience" as well as we might, though it is good in its way. But "Granny's Tale" is so admirable that we can begin by recommending every one who reads this notice to buy the

thin little quarto which contains it. Mr. Withers is known to a good many people as a peasant poet, who has brought up a family on seven or ten shillings a week, and has made himself largely respected. We regret to add that we believe he has even been into the workhouse; indeed, we fancy the first time we ever read of him was about three years ago, when Mr. Alexander Strahan printed in *The Argosy* some of this author's poems, which had reached him from the workhouse.

"Granny's Tale" is a village grandmother's account of her own courtship and married life; it contains about eight hundred lines, and we believe no one who begins it will lay it down unfinished. There are one or two weak passages, the author not having the requisite tact or the requisite gifts of expression for handling religious ideas, or for moralizing by the way; but, taken as a whole, the poem is one of the sweetest and most natural things we ever read. Nor are humour and character wanting. The humour is, from the nature of the case, kindly, but we fancy Mr. Withers knows how, when angered, to put an edge upon a joke; for once or twice there is a touch of rather keen irony amid the quiet pleasantries of the story. As for the character-sketching, it is, considering the smallness of canvas, wonderful. Take Patty Giles. She is represented as being frightened with the swing:—

"Poor Patty Giles, a timid thing, was scared out of her wits,
And if they had not stopp'd the swing I think she'd gone in fits."

This is little by itself, but the author did not put it in for nothing; as you note when, several pages afterwards, you find Patty Giles a gentle old maid. Take Nancy Blake, again:—

"But Nancy Blake (a deuce she was) kept crying 'Higher yet!
I want to kick the beam,' says she, 'as high as I can get!'"

This, also, is not put in for nothing; for when years are past, Nancy appears upon the scene again:—

"Poor Nancy Blake, soon after that, took up with poaching Jack,
And what a life she led with him—a nasty drunken shack!
She took to swear and smoke and drink, and everything that's bad,
She'd three or four children—but a husband never had."

The last line, in which "four" must be read as two syllables—fo-ur—and "children" as three—chil-de-ren—may serve for an instance of the frank provincialism of the author. Here is another, from "Polly Banyard":—

"You bring to my mind the time long gone by
When I was a youth and went wooing,—
'Go along with your lumber and nonsense,' said I,
'And think about where you are going.'"

Here you can see plainly that the author is in the habit of pronouncing "going" "gooting;" and there are other instances of the same kind. We have only found two lines that want altering; one on page 13, line 5, in which "lances" are said to "stream" in a way which makes a confused metaphor; and one in "Polly Banyard," in which "psalm" is made to rhyme with "warm." In "Granny," there is a stanza in which "oppose" and "suppose" are used as rhyme; but this, though contrary to modern usage, is quite correct, and the author may please himself about altering it. "Granny's Tale," by James B. Withers, Fordham, Cambridgeshire, has given us very great pleasure. We should like to see it in an illustrated edition, and have no doubt whatever that it will live as a poem. It is only fair to add that this is not what is called an "indulgent" review. We have read "Granny" several times with unchanged delight, and think it a very truthful and beautiful product of a fine nature.

M. B.

Every Day; a Story of Common Life. By the Author of "Ismael and Cas-sander," "Color Considered," &c. &c. London: Provost & Co.

THIS is a queer book: written—we should say by a lady—in a self-asserting kind of manner, and with marvellous harshness of construction and style. There can hardly be said to be a plot at all. We are introduced to a number of teachers in a girls' college, who cluster around the heroine, Dor (Dorothy

Brown), herself a teacher. She and a Mr. Rupert Lacy (also a teacher) go on snubbing and wounding each other's feelings through half the book, when on a sudden comes a popping of the question, and everybody marries everybody.

Now and then we have a racy bit, but oftener, would-be maxims of wisdom and discernment of character, whose truth, if they be transposed into a less taking form, becomes gradually non-apparent.

It is the oddest book in punctuation which we have seen for many a day. Think of the following :

"Most parents (whose daughters go to a boarding-school), prefer that these shall study a fractional part of each, of the different subjects, rather than one subject in its fulness."

The writer evidently did not mean the parenthesis to give the impression that the daughters of "most parents" go to a boarding-school. What the comma after "each" means, one is at a loss to conceive.

"Looking, only, at her features, you might have called her plain."

"If she had not known to feign devotion, she never felt"

"That which she instinctively knew, would displease."

"Had not since, referred to the matter."

He, being now in earnest, that is a question of time."

Had had her, two or three times to her own house."

In one place we have a portentous quotation—*De gustibus non disputantibus* (sic, and with no claim of its being even a sorry joke). H. A.

Erick Thorburn. A Novel. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1869.

THIS is a thoroughly good story, and well told. The authoress (here one can hardly be wrong) has powers of an unusual kind, but has also the good sense not to use them in attempting unusual effects. There is nothing out of the ordinary beat of men's lives, except the complication necessarily induced by the plot itself.

Erick Thorburn, the hero, is the somewhat dull but upright son of a lawyer in a country metropolis. Among his father's clients is a solitary morose old gentleman, owner of the "Place" of the neighbourhood. The acknowledged heir to this place is the father of Maurice O'Keefe, Erick's school friend. But old Mr. Curtis, in a moment of offence, has sent for Mr. Thorburn, and made another will, leaving all to a little crippled grandchild whom he has hitherto neglected. Immediately after, he dies, and the second will is not to be found; which is strange, as its existence was matter of notoriety. It is given out that the old gentleman had changed his mind and destroyed it. The elder O'Keefe succeeds to Sandilands, and coincidentally there is a remarkable relief in Mr. Thorburn's pecuniary circumstances, which were in an anxious condition. Meantime, Erick has become engaged to a neighbouring clergyman's daughter, Evy Carew. He has set up for himself in a farm in the flat part of the country, on the sea. Here the Carews visit him, and hence he goes backwards and forwards on frequent visits to his lady love. All goes merrily, and the day of his marriage is fixed.

And now falls the shadow of his life. On one of these journeys, he comes upon the elder O'Keefe, who has been mortally hurt by an accident in a steeple-chase. He sees him taken home; and, watching him in his last hours, receives his confession that the second will was destroyed by him, Mr. Thorburn getting ten thousand pounds as hush-money. The dying man charges him to see the little cripple righted, and passes into unconsciousness before his son or any others can arrive.

And thus Erick is the depositary of a terrible secret. His conflict with himself, his half revelation to Evy, his tender interviews with his mother (who is one of the charms of the book), are admirably drawn.

Evy's advice, given on a mere hypothetical statement, is plain and clear, even when she knows that by it their marriage must be broken off. "Do your duty." It is needless to say that this was the echo of the verdict of his own conscience, interfered with, but never overborne, in the great struggle which he underwent.

He has the decisive interview with his father, who denies the whole matter

with a high hand, and cuts him off from intercourse with home. No less determinedly does Erick resolve never to touch the unlawful gain; abandons his allowance, and his engagement, which was dependent on it, and spends the flower of his youth a branded and saddened man, always waiting for the opportunity of carrying out the righting of her who had been wronged.

His school friend Maurice O'Keefe has ere this married a heartless London beauty, who persuades him that Erick has broken off with Evy and is trying to supplant them at Sandilands, in order that he may eventually marry the would-be heiress; and thus all Erick's attempts to awaken his friend to the nature of his father's dying revelation are worse than frustrated.

It is not our purpose to tell the whole story. Of course, things come right in the end: how, must be left to the pages of the book to declare. We are bound to admit that the authoress has shewn very considerable skill both in the working out of her plot, and in the abundant byplay by which it is relieved.

Mrs. Thorburn and Evy are both delightful: fresh, and natural, not passing the bounds of ordinary experience, but with mark enough to identify and realize them. The two aunts, the shallow and worldly Mrs. Lambert, and the excellent Puritan Miss Harley, are well given, and not exaggerated; while old Job Cranfield, the Wesleyan Flatland fisherman, is a capital sketch from life.

We may venture perhaps to say, that the authoress has been not altogether un beholden to the influence of George Eliot: there are touches just here and there in Erick's character which bring Adam Bede before one: and the great flood, when the sea-wall is carried away, and Erick barely escapes, could hardly have been described except by one who had read the "Mill on the Floss," and, we may add, Jean Ingelow's exquisite "High Tide."

When a tale flows smoothly and is skilfully woven together, it is difficult to give any satisfactory specimen of the author's powers. We will confine ourselves to jotting down just a few *notabilia* which we have observed:—

"Does this description of the hero of the story sound unpromising? It cannot be helped if it does. Three-quarters of the true work that is done in the world is done by men who are neither clever nor brilliant—who get lost directly they begin to wander in the mazes of metaphysics, and who have no taste for obscure poetry. And it cannot be said that there was at any time anything exceptional about Erick Thorburn, except, perhaps, one or two qualities which in after days arose from the training of circumstances, and not from his own natural temper."

Of his friend, it is said—

"He had a quicksilver nature, which paid the penalty of its rapidity by extreme sensitiveness to outward influence."

"Their fun was that intangible merry nonsense which is so delightful at the time, and so flat when we try to recall it after its effervescence has departed."

"It often happens that a woman who leads a very busy, practical, useful life, has her mind so filled with her work, that she loses, in some degree, the power of sympathy with minds that are unlike hers: and of all varieties of character, active and contemplative find it most difficult to understand one another."

"The old proverb says that good lovers are also good haters: but perhaps it may be questioned whether vehement and warm-hearted persons, however strongly they may at times express themselves with regard to those they dislike, can ever actually feel such a 'weight and persistence of hate' as those with whom self is the moving spring, and who do not know what the word 'love' means."

"Erick himself, active and useful as he was, had his times of depression. Sometimes when he sat in his lonely room, and the world seemed narrowed by the grey mist which hung over land and sea, and no sound came to his ears but the splash of the waves and the cry of the sea-gull—it seemed to him a hard fate that the best years of his life were passing, and the promise of brighter days had not yet appeared. Had that dying confession of Mr. O'Keefe never been made, he would now have been married seven years, his desolate home might have been brightened with wifely love, and glad with children's voices, and loneliness and solitary grief unknown. This dark hour sometimes came upon him and would not go away. His strong practical sense and energy made him inclined to judge matters by their success. He liked to be successful, and in circumstances under his own control he usually was so. If he failed in anything, it was natural to him to examine all the bearings of the case, and see where the fault lay. The land which he had reclaimed from the sea or the fen was there as a fact, green with root-

crops or pasture: the farm was in good order, its natural deficiencies supplied as far as might be by care and knowledge: the people he tried to civilize were civilized as far as reasonably might have been expected. He did not doubt that he had acted rightly; he would have done so again in the same circumstances; but it did seem to him sometimes that his life was a failure, when, had it been in his own hand, it might have been as successful as his daily work. He had no lofty idea of what his own conduct had been under his great trial. He had done the right thing simply because it was right, after a struggle which had been so intensely painful that he never willingly recalled it to his mind. The old doubts which have been familiar to human souls since the time of Job assailed him at these times. It seemed to him as if there must be a mistake somewhere, which had foiled his best efforts, and as if the doctrine of blind fate must be true, justice a myth, and faith a delusion.

"But Erick could not bear to sit down quietly with these ideas; they were intolerable to him. He gave himself up to argue with them and to prove them untrue. He succeeded, and the old belief which he had learned at his mother's knee came more clearly and strongly than ever into his mind.

"It was hard work to him, as to us all, to give up our (query, his?) own will; but he was learning it. Sometimes he felt that he might be content with failure here, if success came in the far-off future—nay, that failure itself might be nobler than success: a lesson which was hard for his strong practical nature to learn. And, perhaps, since we in this world are all, more or less, like children who learn their lessons overnight, trusting to another look in the morning to make them perfect, Erick was learning his lessons as perfectly as most of us succeed in doing. Well for us if, when that morning comes, we can say that we have done our best."

"Mrs. Thorburn never had any idea that it was possible for others to wrong her. She always thought, if anything went wrong, that it was because she had failed in something—in gentleness, or tact, or decision; and though she did not make herself fretful or nervous about her shortcomings, as many women in her state of health might have done, it gave her an habitually humble estimate of herself: she thought that every one she met was wiser, stronger, more energetic than herself, or superior in some way to her. Evy, on the other hand, who had a naturally clear sight and keen sense of humour, might, under other training and less kindly influences, have come to be satirical, and inclined to look down upon others. Erick's mother, in perfect unconsciousness, had supplied the missing element in her education."

"The days passed slowly on, and Mr. Thorburn grew gradually weaker. His reluctance to see Erick was as strong as ever. He seemed to shrink from the humiliation of seeing the son he had wronged. He had no return of delirium, and except on that one occasion he did not recur to the past. There was no sudden change in him: a man whose heart had been set upon visible and tangible things all the days of his life, was hardly likely suddenly to become at home in religious subjects. He clung to his wife more than ever; he liked to listen to her reading, to hear the little comforting words with which she bent over him; but his old reserve had come back, and his inner thoughts were hard to penetrate. She hoped the best as she always had done; she kept away Aunt Maria's well-meant but hard and unsympathetic questioning: she believed that she could tell from his expression what his thoughts were."

We will just touch a few trifling blemishes.

"The houses either stood back for a few yards behind a brick wall or an equally unsightly paling," must have slipped the usually careful eye of the authoress. "*He thought that the spine had apparently been injured.*" One or other of the italicized portions of this sentence is manifestly superfluous. When the authoress quotes "*Ich habe gelebt und geliebt,*" is she aware that the exquisite metre absolutely requires "*geliebet?*" In the very fine description of the great flood, the authoress speaks of "*the ground-swell of the coming storm.*" We hardly dare question the accuracy of one who is evidently so much at home with the sea; but we venture to ask, is this possible? The *ground-swell* is surely the result of the *deep* sea having been stirred in the course of a storm, and the great undulations rolling themselves out after the shallower waters have subsided. How then should this belong to a "*coming storm?*"

It will be seen that we estimate very highly the powers of the writer of "*Erick Thorburn.*" It is a work of great promise for the future. And not the less so, because there is no "*religious tract*" writing about it. The religion is there, but it is where it ought to be, and where it is ordinarily in the most truly religious—in the depths, not on the surface. Conduct like Erick's, pursued in sorrow and self-denial for years, is a truer proof of religious principle, and will do more to recommend it, than all the unctuous phraseology without which a tale is by most people hardly esteemed religious.

One thing we earnestly hope, and we think we see signs of it: that the writer of "Erick Thorburn" has wisely kept a reserve for future and greater work. It is the temptation of young story-writers to empty their quiver at the first essay. And thence comes failure by self-repetition, incident to all novelists, but from that very circumstance the more carefully to be provided against by the wise and far-seeing. Whether our authoress has so provided, her next work will shew.

H. A.

Arthur Clifford. By the Author of "Basil St. John," and "Love and Duty."
Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

We well remember the two previous stories of this author, whom we take to be a lady. We found it necessary, in reviewing "Basil St. John," to say that it did not seem likely that the author would ever produce a good novel; and "Arthur Clifford" does not carry us a step farther. We have here good feeling, knowledge of good manners, plenty of reading, an unshaken tendency to take such high and generous views of life as are consistent with "good form," and, perhaps, some views that would be voted "bad form." But there is no power of drawing character, or of taking firm hold of a reader's mind; none of the instinct which teaches the sparing and cautious use of second-hand knowledge, and no literary skill which rises above the level of amateur work. We can discover no growth since "Basil St. John;" and the best thing we can say of "Arthur Clifford" is, that it is perfectly innocent in tone, and at about the circulating-library level in point of insight. There is no reason, that we know of, why such books should not be written and read, unless it may be truly said that weak writing of a certain high tone damages the chances of better writing of a similar tone.

Some of our contemporaries, indeed, have already made themselves merry with "Arthur Clifford;" and it is not to be greatly wondered at. Arthur Clifford, disgraced by his father's fault, assumes a debt of £5,000. Supported by a love which is returned by the heroine, Mabel, he rushes to London, and pegs away at journalism. His writings in the *Daily Budget* shake the heart of the nation. His great work on "Social Diseases" makes him a public man—a lion among lions. As his articles, under the signature of "Kappa," have long been enough to make the fortune of any magazine to which he contributed, that trifle of £5,000 has, of course, been paid off. In former days, Mabel's mother, Lady Selina, had spurned Arthur's suit for her hand; but now the gentleman has his revenge. Mother and daughter are invited to dinner by the Duke of Tewkesbury to meet a distinguished man. Of course the distinguished man is Arthur Clifford—and the curtain may fall. In the basis of the conception here there is nothing but what is noble; but to attempt to work out such a conception with the help of only second-hand knowledge, was a great mistake. It is impossible not to respect the author of "Arthur Clifford;" the work may have good points that we have not noticed; but we cannot commend it to any but very idle people, who are so placed (what a condition!) that a few false pictures of the world will do them no harm.

If the book, like many of its stamp, is a love-letter in disguise, we sincerely hope it may catch the eye of "Kappa."

B. W.

VI.—MISCELLANEOUS.

The Appropriation of the Railways by the State. A Popular Statement, with a Map. By ARTHUR JOHN WILLIAMS, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Edward Stanford.

THIS most useful and interesting little work is the reprint, in an expanded form, of some letters to the *Daily News*. The author has the advantage of having carefully studied a subject which has not yet become a party question. The objections to centralization are touched on, the general difficulties in the way of carrying out the scheme are met, and then the whole scheme is set forth and justified by the experience of Belgium and the recommendations of prac-

tical men. The difference in principle between compulsion towards railways and private persons is thus neatly stated:—

“Mr. Frederic Hill treats a railway company as if it were an individual or a small firm having a common interest. He does not seem to be aware that not only is each railway company a society composed of distinct and often discordant elements, but, that though its constitution is theoretically democratic, the great body of the shareholders have no influence whatever upon its management or final acts of policy. Its affairs are under the control of a comparatively few interested holders. The retired tradesman or the country parson who receives three circulars all asking him to repose implicit confidence in three different men, each of whom is antagonistic to the other; who does not, and, indeed, is not meant to, understand anything of the working of the company in which his money is sunk, either shrinks from exercising any judgment in the matter, or when he does, is usually misled by some specious misrepresentation and makes a sad mistake. The trustee class and spinsters or widows, as matter of universal practice, will not in any way interfere. Even the intelligent man of business, after attending one or two general meetings, gives it up in despair; for he finds that good sense and just general views are thrown away on meetings where those having sinister views are well organized and act in pre-arranged concert. Yet it is with corporations thus constituted that it is gravely proposed to deal by way of voluntary negotiation.”

The details of the scheme are worked out with the greatest care from the question of the governing body of the new department to the delivery of cheap parcels. A system of uniform fares (with two instead of three classes) is advocated. Some idea of the elaboration of this work may be gathered from the following sentence. After giving a description of the “clearing-house” system under the present railway arrangements, and attributing its confusion to the different view of freights taken by different companies, Mr. Williams says:—

“In the hands of the State this difficulty would be got rid of. The whole subject could be dealt with as a whole, and a classification might be made on the simple and reasonable basis of (1) the facility with which each commodity can be carried, and (2) its liability to be damaged.”

This is followed by a distribution into three classes of these commodities. The last chapter is devoted to a consideration of the best way of applying this scheme in the first instance to Ireland.

C. E. M.

Romantic Episodes of Chivalric and Mediæval France. Now done into English by ALEXANDER VANCE. Dublin: Moffat & Co.

THIS is a beautifully got-up volume, with white and gold cover, *semée* with *fleurs-de-lis*. It is quite that which it professes to be: and the reader going to it for romance will not fail to find it. Such adventures and catastrophes as the “Combat between Damp Abbot and De Saintré,” “the Birth and Death of Henry the Fourth,” our old acquaintance “the Story of Patient Grizzel,” and others, whencesoever drawn, and however told, must always be pleasant pass-time.

One regret we venture to express, and that is, that Mr. Vance has not more studied the writing of good English. Among his faults in this respect we may especially instance that very offensive, and we are sorry to say very common one, the use of “and whom,” “and which,” when not justified by the construction.

We are quite aware that it is hardly possible to take up a newspaper, metropolitan or provincial, in which some instances of this offence against grammar may not be found. But we do not remember ever finding such a treasure-house of examples of this blunder: amazing both in quantity and quality. Here are some of them:

“No sooner was all this conveyed to the marchioness, and whom it staggered almost beyond the reach of credence”

“The lady was peremptorily desired by the king (and which was a terrible affront) to”

“I made straight for the apartment of Mademoiselle de Courteney: and to whom the sacrifice was represented in a somewhat more flattering light than, to be candid, it altogether merited.”

“The king had made a testament, and which the princess was exceedingly curious to see.”

“An old wound compelled me to place myself in the hands of my physicians, and by whom I was prescribed”

"Has a little errand to do to-day in town, and of which he will acquaint you."

"He went into his cabinet, and from which he issued at the expiration of a quarter of an hour."

"Walter caused the old Janicola to be carried up to the palace of Saluces; and whom, up to this time, if he had neglected, it was simply to try his wife."

Some of these are, we presume, perfectly unique: and it is to us no small wonder how a writer who knows no better than to express himself thus, should ever have acquired the general ease of style which we find in these translations.

H. A.

VII.—GERMAN AND FRENCH LITERATURE.

Geschichte Wallensteins. Von LEOPOLD VON RANKE. Leipzig: Verlag von Duncker und Humblot. London: David Nutt.

A WORK from the pen of Ranke is always a genuine contribution to our knowledge of some historical period. We know no historian who so completely wins confidence. It is not his vast knowledge alone, for others have possessed a knowledge scarcely less extensive without inspiring the same confidence. But there is such a clear daylight of truth about all he writes, such evidence of candour as well as sagacity on every page, that the student turns away from volumes of historical special pleading, to him, with something of the feeling bewildered jurymen listen to the Bench after the speeches of opposing Counsel. This candour is all the more honourable because his course as an historian has led him across, so many of the great battle-grounds of political and religious strife.

The present work, although not one of the author's greatest, is worthy of his reputation, and shows that the weight of seventy years has not weakened his powers. It is for the most part occupied with clear and rapid narratives of the campaigns in which Wallenstein served or commanded as subaltern, Colonel, or Generalissimo, with some account also of the politics in which he became entangled. There are not wanting, however, biographical portions, and many will turn with most interest to those pages which throw light upon the character of the mysterious soldier and star-gazer. In the beginning of the volume we have a distinct and well-defined picture of young Wallenstein. Descended from an old Bohemian family who had followed the evangelical cause, he lost his father and mother before he was twelve years of age, and was left to the care of a maternal uncle. At school and at the Lutheran University of Altdorf, at which he studied, he manifested a spirit so ungovernable that nothing but respect for his family saved him from expulsion. At Padua, where we find him studying next, he appears to have put more restraint upon himself, for we are told the Italians admired the manner in which the young German accommodated himself to their more refined manners and modes of life. Entering the army, he soon attracted notice by his ability, but as want of money barred his path, he very characteristically married an old lady of rank, whose speedy death left him the possessor of a large property in Moravia. As one of the magnates of that country, he now appeared at the court of the Emperor Matthias, in all the magnificence which he so loved. With that economical vein, however, which always tempered his love for splendour, he never, we are told, remained long at Court, lest he should impoverish himself. In the struggle between the new Emperor and the Estates of Bohemia, Wallenstein abandoned the side of his ancestors, and espoused the cause of Ferdinand. He took along with him also the military chest of the Estates—an action which was considered even more disgraceful than his desertion of the hereditary politics of his house. But a fine sense of honour, and a regard for the property of others, was not one of the refinements which Wallenstein learned in Italy. He was richly rewarded by titles and confiscated estates, sometimes those of his own relatives, for his services to the imperial cause. His fame and fortunes grew apace, until at length the Duke of Friedland, as he was created, was able to make the splendid offer that, if the Emperor would but give his name, he would raise and maintain a vast army for the defence of the imperial cause in Germany.

Ranke gives a most interesting description of Wallenstein in the midst of this army. Although the vast host, which the magic of his name had drawn together, was composed of such various elements that one could sometimes count as many as ten nationalities in a single regiment, it was in perfect discipline. Swift and often savage punishment followed on the slightest breach of military law. But if the General's punishments were severe, his rewards were on a scale of unheard-of munificence. A supply of gold chains was kept in constant readiness, to throw round the neck of the author of any piece of successful daring. He even bestowed diplomas of nobility by his own authority, never consulting the Emperor, at all events until the honour had been conferred. He also gave away immense sums of money in largess; but one reward was valued more in the army than any other, and that was when the General laid his hand, as he sometimes did, on the head or shoulder, and spoke a word of praise.

The tendency of his whole military system was to centre all power and honour in his own person, and to make the name of Wallenstein felt at every moment in all parts of the camp. For this purpose he was fond of introducing new regulations and novelties of every kind. The very beat of his drums was peculiar to himself. With regard to his plans and movements he would take no inspiration or counsel from any one. He declared that he had never been able to bend his spirit to obey the commands of another. Unlike his fanatically Catholic master, he had no regard for the Church. He would not hear of gifts to the priests, which was only, he said, robbing the soldier. He was accustomed to make a jest of the dignitaries of the Church, who had discovered, he said, the cabbala of reconciling the flesh and the spirit, which in other men strive against one another. Protestants were as welcome as Catholics to Wallenstein's camp. His Protestant officers and soldiers, of whom he had many, were allowed their preachers and the free exercise of their religion. Freedom of conscience, he once said, was a German privilege. For himself, the only higher powers in which he believed were the stars. In order to complete the picture of this extraordinary man, we must add that he was subject to fits of most violent passion. Woe to those who crossed his path when these moods were on him. He seemed, however, to fear them himself as much as others did, and took care, we are told, to avoid the occasions of them. His quarters had at all times to be approached with caution. The noises of horses, dogs, or even the jingling of spurs, were not permitted near the General's tent. With all this moodiness, however, he possessed considerable humour, and was fond of merry talk; but he was so easily provoked to passion and rudeness, that Ranke says his reputation varied between the two characters of being the rudest beast Bohemia had ever produced, and the greatest soldier the world had seen. In personal appearance he was not imposing, but he had a manly and sagacious countenance, a high, thoughtful, but not careworn brow, and clear, cunning eyes. He became early old and grey, and suffered almost constantly from gout in his latter years, but his indomitable spirit kept him on his saddle.

It has been Wallenstein's misfortune to be constantly compared with Gustavus Adolphus. By the side of the *Re d'oro*, "the blameless king," as we might almost call him, Wallenstein appears to great disadvantage. In the case of the one leader, as has been truly said, "the glory of the saint is distinguishable around the casque of the Protestant warrior," while "there is a gloom in the grandeur of the other—a shadow of pride, and passion and evil destiny, which pains while it fascinates." Both, however, had this in common; they were possessed of that mastery over men which is the prerogative only of the greatest. Ranke contrasts the two leaders in one of those fine delineations of character which surprise us at times in his plain pages, and put us in mind that he is a man of genius, as well as of truth and toil. It is not equal to some of his finest, those of Luther, Loyola, or Pescara, for instance, but the concise power, and unaffected penetration are visible. Gustavus he describes as a man of the people, homely and humble, doing battle for the evangelical cause with all his heart, the darling of the German commons who joyfully recognised him as their leader, while he almost refused the reverence they wished to pay him.

"The Duke of Friedland, on the other hand, could never get reverence enough. People did not know whether he really believed in the religion which he professed; some said he believed more in the stars his astrologer consulted; many thought he did

not even believe in them. With him everything was considered plan, comprehensive combination, and a passion for honour stretching always higher. Even if the king pursued an ulterior end, it was always second to the free popular impulses, to which he constantly gave play. Wallenstein was a gouty strategist; the king a general of active movements, with a living soldier's heart. Wallenstein wished to preserve the forms of the empire, possibly with protection of Protestantism; Gustavus Adolphus wished to overturn them, and aimed at a complete establishment of the Confession. No one placed reliance on Wallenstein; Gustavus Adolphus every one trusted."

The volume closes with an interesting parallel between Wallenstein and four other great captains. He stands midway, says Ranke, between Essex and Biron on the one hand, and Cromwell and Napoleon on the other. The reason that he as well as Essex and Biron failed, while Cromwell and Napoleon succeeded, was that the former had to contend with legitimate monarchs whose power had been consolidated by centuries, and was connected with national institutions. Cromwell and Napoleon, again, found this legitimate authority overthrown before they entered upon the contest. They had to contend with republican elements only, which had no deep roots, and none but citizen soldiers were ever opposed to their veteran armies. If the further question be asked, why the Protectorate ceased with Cromwell, while from the ruins of the first empire a second has in our day arisen, Professor Ranke answers, that Cromwell found the social framework of England in a state of preservation, and, instead of endeavouring to destroy it, he took it under his protection. At his death, accordingly, it required a government kindred to itself. Napoleon, on the other hand, found a revolution of the vastest character already accomplished, and had only to consolidate, by military power, in order to erect a new empire.

J. G.

Nazareth in Palästina. Nebst anhang der vierten wanderung. Von TITUS TOBLER. Berlin: Verlegt bei G. Reimer. London: Williams and Norgate.

THIS author having already written at great length upon Bethlehem and other holy places, found, he tells us, no rest in his spirit so long as Nazareth remained undescribed. Ill health, however, prevented him from carrying out his project of a second and special journey to a spot he had already visited more than twenty years ago. He therefore applied to the missionary Zeller, now resident in Nazareth. Having received from him answers to two hundred questions, and, as would appear from copious notes and references, consulted every kind of authority, he set about the present work, which is written in a touching spirit of reverence and earnestness, and brings together much varied information in an easily accessible form.

L. O. S.

Blicke in das verborgene Leben des Menscheingeistes. Von MAXIMILIAN PERTY. Leipzig und Heidelberg: C. F. Winter'sche Verlagshandlung. London: Williams and Norgate.

In this scientific age, as well as in others, lovers of the inexplicable abound. We say the inexplicable rather than the marvellous—all things whatever being marvellous; but the special characteristic of the minds to which we now allude is, that while men of science strive after a law, they are ever in pursuit of the abnormal, while the former devote their energies to ascertaining the order at least, if not the nature of the mysteries by and in which we have our being, the latter exult in every instance of apparent departure from that order. The more startling, the more opposed to common sense and common experience, so much the better for these dwellers by preference in an "unintelligible world." As to evidence, they are easily satisfied so only the case be sufficiently amazing, belief being with them in an inverse ratio to probability. Between this class and the rigidly scientific come would-be mediators like Herr Perty—men of the wonder-loving sort, but so far influenced by the spirit of their age as to endeavour to systematize the portents they collect, and reduce exceptions to some rule of their own devising. Writers of this type are pretty sure to be popular, and we observe that this is Herr Perty's third work on kindred subjects, "mystical appearances," "the reality of magical influence," &c. &c. In the present book, which reminds us somewhat of Mrs. Crowe's "Night-Side of Nature," the author merely strings together what he calls supernatural facts; his theory respecting them has been put out elsewhere. Here we have the usual marvels of sleep-walking, second-sight, ecstasy, spectral illusions; ghost stories (none of them to our thinking equal in "eeriness" to one or two reported

by Mrs. Crowe); we have records of lycanthropy, vampirism, and other psychological epidemics of the middle ages; and the volume winds up with two chapters upon the conflicting theories regarding spiritual life and personal immortality. As a specimen of the book, and of the perennial nature of human credulity, we abridge his account of the wonder-working Zouave of whom not long ago some mention was made in our English newspapers:—

“Jacob—one of the band of a Zouave regiment, to whom in the course of 1867 many thousands, great and small, resorted—held his consultations in Paris, Versailles, and the camp at Chalons. When asked the secret of the healing power ascribed to him, he replied that he knew nothing about it; spiritualists set it down to spirits, doctors to charlatanism, &c., for himself, he could not tell, neither would he assert that he did really cure, only people said he did them good, and that was enough for him, it was for science to inquire into the subject. He told patients their diseases, how, he could not say, he had never studied medicine. Those who could not move before, he bid move, and they almost always did so. He told them all to beware of much physic. He belonged to no particular religious sect or nation. He had read Gall and Lavater. He neither required money nor presents, nor even thanks. M. de Château-Villard, who published an account of him, saw the lame throw away their crutches at his bidding; saw a girl who had to be carried into his presence run back to the hackney coach; had himself been cured from his lameness at the Zouave's word. In his gratitude he wished to set apart rooms in his hotel for Jacob's use; but, meanwhile, the latter's wonder-working was brought to a sudden close. Marshal Forey, who had applied to him and received temporary relief by means of the stimulus given to his own will, soon relapsed into more than his former helplessness. This got noised abroad, and the public began to turn against the practitioner. The crowds that rendered all traffic impossible in the Rue de la Roquette, where he had taken up his abode, may have had something to do with the policy of his suspension; anyhow, the military authorities ordered him to discontinue practising. Afterwards came a report that the Zouave had gone mad and been removed to Bicêtre; but this was contradicted. Further information respecting him may be found in the ‘Union Magnétique,’ as well as sharp attacks upon the doctors who denounced him.”

L. C. S.

Johann Franz Encke, königl. Astronom und Director der Sternwarte in Berlin.
 Sein Leben und Wirken bearbeitet nach dem Schriftlichen nachlass von
 Seinem Dankbaren Schüler Dr. C. BRUHNS, Director der Sternwarte,
 Professor der Astronomie in Leipzig. Leipzig: Ernst Julius Günther.
 London: Williams and Norgate.

WE owe this memoir of the distinguished astronomer, with whose name at least all are so familiar, to the pen of an attached and grateful pupil, fully competent to do justice to the subject, Dr. Bruhns having been for several years Encke's assistant at the Berlin Observatory, where he found a fatherly friend combined with an invaluable instructor. The volume is prefaced, as all memoirs should be, by a photographic portrait, more efficient than any description; and in this instance the shrewd, earnest, kindly, honest face prepares us to believe all of good that may be told us of the man. Encke was born in Hamburg in 1791, and was the eighth child in a family of nine. His father, a Lutheran pastor, died when he was still very little, and left him and the rest to the care of an admirable mother, who “formed the character of her children by her own example, and won from them a devoted love that long outlived her.” Such details as are given of Encke's childhood are imparted by his sole surviving sister of eighty-eight. He was delicate in health, sensitive, and passionate in temper, and very early took the greatest delight in figures. At the Gymnasium he distinguished himself in mathematics, but his mother did not approve of his devoting his life to a mathematical career; and even when he lost her in 1811 he had some scruples about adopting it, modestly doubting the sufficiency of his talent, and believing that the study of medicine would earlier lead to independence, and be more consonant with the wishes of his brothers and sisters, between whom and himself there existed the strongest bond of family love. However, his natural bias was fortunately destined to prevail. At Göttingen he was a diligent attendant upon Gauss's astronomical lectures, and soon attracted the lecturer's attention by the rapidity and precision of his calculations. In 1813, however, the young Encke's university career was interrupted by Frederick William III.'s appeal to his people to fight with God for king and fatherland. Hamburg had suffered peculiarly from French occupation, and Encke never hesitated. But on entering the Hanseatic Legion his military duties were combined with astronomical studies. He could make time to carry

on his calculations respecting comets, and in 1816 was found qualified to fill a post in the Gotha Observatory. From that time his life was happy in having one single undivided aim. His researches and discourses in connection with cometary laws, the smaller planets, &c., acquired for him European reputation; and at the early age of thirty-four he had already won the highest honours his profession could bestow. He was Royal Astronomer and Director of the Berlin Observatory. This post he held until his death from apoplexy in 1866. After giving an account of his latter days, their sufferings and alleviations, his attached pher writes:—

“Thus passed away a man who, for nearly fifty years, was uninterruptedly active in his own special scientific domain; who for nearly forty years held the foremost astronomical position in Prussia, and whose career as *savant* and instructor I have hitherto endeavoured to delineate. As the father of a family, as a *man*, he was one of the noblest and most unselfish characters, full of an exceeding modesty that never strove to shine in the eyes of the world; throughout life and in old age alike the same simple, straightforward Eneke.”

L. C. S.

Ueber das Geistige nach seinem ersten Unterschiede vom Physischen im engeren Sinne. Von HERMANN LANGENBROCK. Berlin: Nicolaische Verlagsbuchhandlung. London: David Nutt.

WE are all familiar with an old-fashioned spiritualism which allows nothing to exist but spirit, and regards that spirit as one, indivisible and unextended. But our author has devised a new kind of spiritualism, if we may so express it, of an *atomic* character. Instead of atoms of matter we have “*animula*,” whose aggregative and reciprocal action constitute the individual mind. We beg pardon of the author if we have not expressed his idea with sufficient accuracy. Perhaps the following extract may give our readers some clue to his views:—

“It will be admitted that a psychological theory which does not trouble itself about physiology is at least conceivable. Let it be proved *not* possible to frame a system which only undertakes to explain certain phenomena of spiritual life on the condition of one *psychichideon* being affected by another, influencing another, entering into reciprocal action let this be once for all proved wholly unthinkable! If, however, such a theory be established in a narrow sphere, then it is very possible that one of these days the whole of our empirical view of nature should undergo a remarkable revolution; that this theory should triumphantly extend far beyond that narrow sphere, that the molecule and molecular action should vanish from our conception of nature, and the animule and animular action obtain fundamental importance in all natural sciences whatever. That animula support phenomena in a very different sense to what molecules do will have become apparent to the thoughtful reader. Let such a one confine himself to bare facts; let him for once abstract himself from all physical and metaphysical theories, and just answer me this: What supports colour, temperature, sound? Not the molecule, but perceptions form that support. As an integral part of a perception colour exists, as an integral part of a perception temperature exists, as an integral part of a perception sound exists. Extension, smell, taste, weight, hardness, all these are included in perceptions.”

“*Ueber das Geistige*” is a thin pamphlet of some thirty pages, and written in no forbidding or difficult style, so that the curious reader may easily consult it for himself. It seems to us a mere confusion of physical and psychical properties.

L. C. S.

Ursprung und Entwicklung der menschlichen Sprache und Vernunft. Von L. GEIGER. Erster Band. Stuttgart: Verlag der J. G. Cotta'schen Buchhandlung. London: Williams and Norgate.

IT would hardly be possible to select any one problem of philosophy more replete with interest than that which makes the subject of Herr Geiger's book, the connection between Reason and Language. From a purely psychological view we have not been without writers who have fully estimated the importance of language as an instrument of thought. Some of our analysts have even gone too far, it has been held, in this direction. Language does not seem to be necessary for all kinds of reasoning, though indispensable for some. In our days, however, we are not satisfied with a purely psychological view of such a question. We go back to the history of the human race itself, and we ask how language and reason concurrently developed themselves. For this we want the *logist* as well as the psychologist. We want the union of a Max Müller

with a Herbert Spencer. Whether Herr^s Geiger will present us with such a union remains to be proved. His views at all events are sufficiently bold, for he is more inclined to consider reason as developing from language, than language from reason.

We have but the first portion of the work, and can only say that it bids fair to be an exhaustive treatise, well deserving attention from all who are disposed seriously to grapple with so great a subject.

L. C. S.

Reisen in Indien und Hochasien. Eine Darstellung der Landschaft, der Cultur und Sitten der Bewohner in Verbindung mit klimatischen und geologischen Verhältnissen. Basirt auf die Resultate der wissenschaftlichen Mission von Hermann, Adolph und Robert von Schlagintweit, ausgeführt in den Jahren 1854—1858.
VON HERMANN VON SCHLAGINTWEIT-SAKÜNLÜNSKI. Jena: Hermann Costenoble. London: Williams and Norgate.

WITH the name of the distinguished travellers, the three brothers Von Schlagintweit, most English readers will be familiar, for it was our own Government that sent them out fifteen years ago to explore the East, and their important work, entitled, "Results of a Scientific Mission in India and High Asia," is now in course of publication, four English volumes out of the projected nine, and forty-three maps out of a hundred-and-twenty prepared, having already appeared. Such a work, however, must necessarily come within the reach of few, and therefore in order to render the fruit of so much travel and so much research accessible and profitable to a larger circle, the eldest brother determined upon publishing a shorter and comparatively popular edition in his own language, in which, besides the narrative of the expedition, and ethnological and geographical illustrations, the purely scientific results will be presented in a more easy and familiar form than in the English work.

This German edition will consist of two good-sized volumes, of which the first only has as yet come out. It treats of India, and is enriched with seven engravings from original sketches, as well as with maps. The second volume will lead into more untravelled ground—into regions of High Asia, where this brave band of brothers were the first European explorers, and where, alas! the second of them, Adolph, in spite of all precautions, fell a victim to the native enmity against all foreign intrusion. Such a work as this will assuredly meet with the wide welcome it deserves.

L. C. S.

Ahmed le Fellah. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris. 1869.

M. ABOUT does not shine in plots; perhaps rather we should say that his brilliancy is too much for the feeble eyes of his English readers. Anyhow, dull or brilliant, his plot is always uncompromisingly subordinated to the purpose of his novel. His characters start into life, make love, and disappear more or less naturally; but they live and act solely to illustrate the matter in hand. Even Mr. Dickens never shaped this story so entirely to prove his point as M. About does; and the general verdict on "Bleak House," and such like, showed that even Mr. Dickens could not make novels with a purpose popular in England. They are popular in France, and always have been since the days of the Grand Cyrus; and no wonder, when writers like M. About adopt this mode of enforcing their views. His sparkle, which is not false glare, his incisive terseness, make amends for a good deal of extravagance in construction. And then, M. About is so amusing: he always believes so thoroughly in himself. In "Ahmed le Fellah" he takes Egypt in hand with the same undoubting assurance with which in former novels he inculcated his plans for improving the *Landes* and for abolishing the *petite culture*. No doubt many of his suggestions are useful; the author of the "A B C des Travailleurs" is a sensible man, able not only to lay his finger on a blot, but to point out how it may be got rid of; but then he is so thoroughly French, so unconsciously patronizing in his assumption that, if Egypt is to do any good in the world, she must develop according to his ideas. Here is the story in which he enwraps his prescriptions for a country confessedly as sick, at least, as the so-called "sick man." Saïd Pacha—eccentric and cynical philanthropist, of whom the novel contains an admirable portrait, sketched off in the best About style, has caught

a number of young fellahs, and has sent them over to France to be educated. M. About, out for a day's shooting at a friend's near Paris, sees the man next him (who, by the way, has made the best shot of the morning) suddenly dive into the thicket, strip, break the ice of a pool, wet himself all over, throw his clothes on again, and, kneeling down with his face to the south-east, begin to pray vehemently. This is Ahmed, who by-and-by at dinner shows that he has not wasted his time in France, even though he has not become Christianized. M. About next meets him, ten years after, at Alexandria. Ahmed has during the interval become a great man and a pattern to his countrymen. As he was going back to Egypt some one at Marseilles grossly insulted Saïd Pacha; Ahmed knocked the offender down; there was a row; the young fellah got badly stabbed, and was left for dead by the effendi in charge of his party. That knife-thrust made his fortune. Saïd could hardly believe that "his chattel" would think of standing up in his defence. He at once sent off the effendi to penal servitude, and despatched nurses and a physician-extraordinary to tend his champion. Thanks to their care, Ahmed recovers. Saïd wants to give him a high place under government. "No," says he, "I'll be nothing but a fellah. Let your highness give me a farm, if you please." So a farm he gets—two, indeed; one of which he chooses in the desert, watering it by a wheel imitated from the French turbine, and manuring it with bones collected along the caravan tracks, where cartloads of them are flung away every journey. Rich as he soon gets to be, he still wears the fellah's dress (of course, in finer material), ostentatiously eschewing all European innovations. "We want nothing from you but your mechanical skill; in all else we are your superiors," is the finale of most of his discussions with our author. Naturally his house and farm are models; his harem, for instance, containing his mother and sister—his recovery of whom, after the break-up of his family while he was in France, is very prettily told—"has no eunuch but this patent lock which I picked up in Paris for fifteen francs, and to which my mother has a second key." He will not be a party to that waste of human power, by the needless multiplication of harem-servants, which he rightly looks on as one of the great curses of his country. Egypt wants example, not precept; and Ahmed's aim is to set a pattern to his countrymen—to show them that he is rich because he farms well, not that he farms well because he is rich. His house, wholly furnished with eastern goods, gives occasion for a diatribe (such as we saw some time ago in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) against the ruinous and absurd fashion which fills Turkish and Egyptian palaces with tawdry second-rate European ornaments, to the neglect of home-made wares. Ahmed, in fact, is *Maitre Pierre* over again, with fresh surroundings; and, like *Maitre Pierre*, Ahmed has to be married. M. About, with infinite dexterity, manages to marry him to an English girl; delicately hinting thereby that miscegenation of this kind would do us a world of good. A Miss Grace Thornton, ward of a Mr. Longman, had, with her guardian and his wife, come over in the same steamer with our author. Their carriage and Ahmed's drive up to the station at the same moment. The fellah falls in love at first sight; and, acting on his impulse, he leaps down, opens Miss Grace's door, and offers to hand her out, first carefully wiping off the mud from the step. She pushes by, and throws him a sixpence, which he kisses and lays next his heart. He then gets into the same railway carriage, amid her strong protests against travelling with "that dirty black slave." Hereupon the fellah, who had thanked her for her sixpence in excellent Parisian, reminds her, in perfect English, of Queen Elizabeth and Raleigh's cloak; and goes on to improve his opportunities by a discussion on polygamy, and by buying sugar-cane for the party and showing them how to chew it. It must tax all M. About's powers to bring two such opposite natures into harmony; but he does it. Miss Grace at last conquers her pride of race, and vows that she will never marry any one but Ahmed, though she never can marry him. With this cold comfort the fellah is left on the quay at Port-Saïd, while the Longmans' yacht steams out to sea. He can't bear it, and so leaps in and swims in pursuit. This *Leander-like coup* overcomes all resistance; the yacht is put about, and all ends like an orthodox novel.

With the thread of the story M. About ingeniously works in some very lively pictures of Egyptian manners, and even some notices of antiquities *à propos* of an interview with M. Mariette. He points out the evils of the consular system,

which places the Frank above the law, and gives rise to gross oppression of the native—"at Alexandria the sun goes by the watches of MM. the Consuls;" the evils of the forced labour system, which frightens away capital, for no one knows when his workmen may be hurried off to the other end of the country; the evils of the waste of human power in harems and elsewhere; of the neglect of native manufactures; and (above all) those springing from official corruption: and for all these evils he suggests remedies, one of these being the importation of European judges, and changes in the law courts, like those which Ismaïl Pasha is said to have in view. Of course he takes his party to the Suez Canal, "of which Egypt will be found to have had most of the expense, France most of the glory, and England most of the profit." M. Lesseps will, he tells us, go in for pisciculture on a vast scale in Lake Timsah and the rest; he will, too, change the climate of Egypt, "for these large tracts of surface-water are sure to bring down water from the clouds."

We heartily recommend the book to those who care about Egypt, as well as to those who like M. About's peculiar style. Our only quarrel with him is, that he could not resist his chance of caricaturing the English abroad. Miss Grace is just a little too much like the conventional "Meess Anglaise," and Mr. Longman is needlessly coarse and *bourru*. H. S. F.

Notice Historique sur la Vie et les Travaux de M. Victor Cousin. Par M. MIGNET. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1869.

THIS notice of M. Cousin's life and labours was read last January by M. Mignet at the annual public meeting of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. It is an *éloge*, not a criticism, and possesses the merits of an *éloge*, neither more nor less. It is a dignified, well-arranged, well-written piece of praise, but with the exception of a single passage it might have come as well from one to whom, except through his published works, M. Cousin was unknown, as from one who was his intimate friend for almost half a century. The following is the exceptional passage, which describes M. Cousin as a talker with evident truthfulness of characterization:—

"Qui ne se souvient, après en avoir joui, de cette conversation vive, élevée, séduisante? une grande richesse d'idées, une variété infinie de connaissances, une forte originalité de langage et même de certains mouvements dramatiques qui en faisaient comme un spectacle, la rendaient aussi instructive qu'attachante. Chez lui tout était animé, le regard et la parole, le geste et la pensée. En tête-à-tête, devant un public, dans un salon, quelquefois même dans la rue, il était toujours prêt à causer, et il le pouvait faire du matin au soir, en charmant les autres, sans s'épuiser lui-même. Il avait beaucoup d'esprit, et il était toujours en verve. Une gaieté aimable mêlait des aperçus enjoués à des réflexions sérieuses, et il sortait d'un ton un peu solennel par des saillies amusantes. Ses traits piquants et soudains, venus sans être cherchés, étaient tirés des choses, jamais des mots. La contradiction qu'il rencontrait quelquefois et l'enthousiasme auquel il s'abandonnait souvent pouvaient le pousser à des exagérations de jugement ou de langage dont il ne manquait pas de revenir si on laissait ses impétuosités se calmer et ses foux se refroidir. Tout servait d'étincelle à cet esprit ardent et l'enflammait. La philosophie et la politique, la morale et l'histoire, la littérature et l'art, l'animaient à l'envi, et faisaient le sujet varié de ses inépuisables conversations. Il s'y mettait tout entier, et l'on peut dire qu'il a répandu autant d'idées en causant qu'il en a laissées en écrivant."

E. D.

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